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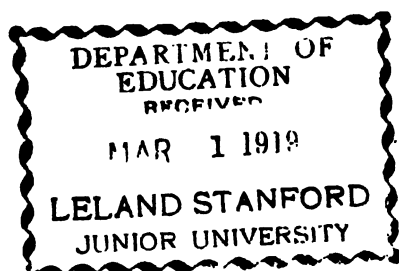


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# THE HILL READERS

BY

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## PREFACE

To help young readers in their first approach to the literature that is life, the editors of this book have sought to cull from the masters of thought and of expression, both in our own and in other tongues, such selections as illustrate the power and the methods of these writers, and also such as may by their intelligibility and attractiveness incite young minds to first-hand study. As a further introduction to such study the biographical sketches of the authors represented have been made unusually full.

In this book, as well as in the other books of the series, the fact that a large proportion of American children live in the country, and that all children are interested in country life, has been kept in mind. Many selections bearing on the various forms of rural life have been included. These it is hoped will help to foster a love for nature, for rural pursuits, and for the country home.

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to Harper & Brothers for the selection from *Wonder Stories from Herodotus*; to Doubleday, Page & Co. for the selections from Howard Weeden, Sidney Lanier, Thomas Dixon, Jr., and Grace King; to Frederick A. Stokes for the selection from Henry Haynie; to Little, Brown & Co. for the selection from Margaret Junkin Preston; also for the selection from *Quo Vadis*, by Henryk Sienkiewicz, translated from the original Polish by Jeremiah Curtin; to Frederick Warne & Co., New York, publishers of Norley Chester's *Stories from Dante*; to J. B. Lippincott & Co. for the selection from Fisher's *Men, Women, and Manners in Colonial Days*; to William Hamilton Hayne for *The Charge at Santiago* and the *Lyric of Action*; to the Butterick Publishing Company for *A Gallant Girl*; to James Pott & Co. for the selection from J. Paterson Smyth; to Mrs. J. H. Boner for the selection from John Henry Boner; to Bickers & Son, London, for the selection from Dixon's *Her Majesty's Tower*; to Longmans, Green & Co. for the selection from Henderson's *Life of Jackson*; to Ginn & Company for the selections from W. J. Long and Ripley Hitchcock; to Henry W. Grady, Jr., for the selections from Henry W. Grady; to *McClure's Magazine* for the selection from James Barnes; to Chatto & Windus, London, for a selection from their illustrated English edition of *Stories from Spenser*; and to Small, Maynard & Co. for the selection from Father Tabb. The selections from Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, Terhune, Thoreau, Whittier, and Fiske are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of their works.

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# THE HILL READERS

## BOOK FIVE

### BLAIR'S DARING LEAP<sup>1</sup>

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

THOMAS NELSON PAGE (1853- ), an American writer of fiction, was born at Oakland Plantation, Hanover County, Virginia. He was graduated from Washington and Lee University in 1872, and from the law department of the University of Virginia in 1874. He then opened a law office in Richmond. 5

While at school he had begun to write stories in the negro dialect, and he kept up the practice. This writing was usually done at night after his office duties were finished.

*Mars Chan*, a negro dialect story that was kept in the safe of the *Century Magazine* for four years after it was paid for, won 10 instant popularity on its publication in 1884. In 1887 Mr. Page collected a volume of his short stories and published them under the title *In Ole Virginia*. *Two Little Confederates*, *Among the Camps*, *A Captured Santa Claus*, all war-time stories, were written for children. *Red Rock*, a story of reconstruction days, is Page's 15 most elaborate work.

Jacquelin Gray — the one who figures in these pages — was born while his father was in Mexico,

<sup>1</sup> From *Red Rock*. Copyright, 1898. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

winning renown in those battles which helped to establish the security of the United States. Jacquelin grew up to be just what most other boys of his station, stature, and blood, living on a plantation under similar conditions, would have been.

5 He was a hale, hearty boy, who adored his cousin, Steve Allen, because Steve was older and stronger than he; despised Blair Cary because she was a girl; and envied every cart driver and stable boy on the  
10 place. He used to drive with string "lines" two or four or six of his black boon companions, giving them the names of his father's horses in the stable; or sometimes, even the names of those steeds of which his Aunt Thomasia, a famous story-teller,  
15 told him in the hour before the candles were lighted. But if he drove the black boys in harness, it was because they let him do it, and not because he was their master. If he possessed any privileges or power, he did not know it.

20 As to learning, Jacquelin was not very apt. It was only when Blair Cary came over one winter and went to school to Miss Thomasia — and he was laughed at by every one, particularly by Steve, because Blair, a girl several years younger than he,  
25 could read Latin better — that Jacquelin really tried to study. Though no one knew it, many of the

things that Jacquelin did were done in the hope that Steve might think well of him; and whether it were riding wild colts with the certainty of being thrown and possibly hurt, diving into deep pools with the prospect of being drowned, or doing any- 5 thing else that he was afraid to do, it was almost sure that it was done because of Steve.

Steve Allen had come to Red Rock before Jacquelin could remember,—the year after Steve's father was killed in Mexico, leading his company 10 up the heights of Cerro Gordo, and his mother died of fever far down South. Mr. Gray had brought the boy home on his mother's death; so Steve was part of Red Rock. Everybody spoiled him, particularly Miss Thomasia, who made him her especial 15 charge and was notoriously partial to him. Old Peggy, Steve's "Mammy," as she was called, who had come from the far South with him, and who with her sharp eyes and sharper tongue was ready to fight the world for him, fairly idolized him. 20

Steve was a tall, brown-haired young fellow as straight as a sapling, and with broad shoulders, gray eyes that could smile or flash, teeth as white as snow, and a chin that Dr. Cary used to say he must have got from his mother. He was as supple 25 as an eel. He could turn back somersaults like a

circus man, and as he was without fear so he was without reverence. He would tease Miss Thomasia and play practical jokes on Mr. Gray and Dr. Cary. To show his contempt for the "Indian Killer," he  
5 went alone and spent the night on the bloody rock, and when the other boys crept in a body to see if he were really there, he was found by the little party of scared searchers to be tranquilly asleep on the "Indian Killer's" very grave.

10 At length Steve went off to school to Dr. Maule, at "The Academy," as it was called. Jacquelin missed him sorely and tried to imitate him in many things; but he knew it was a poor imitation, for often he could not help being afraid, whilst Steve  
15 did not know what fear was. Jacquelin's knees would shake and his teeth sometimes chatter, whilst Steve performed his most dangerous feats with mantling cheeks and dancing eyes. However, the boy kept on, and began to do things simply because  
20 he was afraid. One day he read how a great general, named Marshal Turenne, on being laughed at because his knees were shaking as he mounted his horse to go into battle, replied that if his knees knew where he was going to take them that day  
25 they would shake still more. This incident helped Jacquelin mightily, and he took his knees into many

dangerous places. In time this had its effect, and as his knees began to shake less he began to grow more self-confident and conceited. He began to be very proud of himself, and to take opportunities to show his superiority over others, which developed 5 with some rapidity the character existent somewhere in most persons, — the prig.

Blair Cary gave the first, if not the final, shock to this development.

She was the daughter of Dr. Cary, Mr. Gray's 10 cousin, who lived a few miles off across the river, at Birdwood, perhaps the next most considerable place to Red Rock in that section. She was a slim little girl with a rather pale face, large brown eyes, and hair that was always blowing into them. 15

She would have given her eyes, no doubt, to have been accepted as companion by Jacquelin, who was several years her senior; but as that young man was now aspiring to be comrade to Steve and to Blair's brother, Morris, he relegated Blair to the 20 companionship of his small brother, Rupert, who was as much younger than Blair as she was younger than himself, and treated her himself with sovereign disdain. The first shock he received was when he found how much better Blair could read Latin than 25 he could, and how much Steve thought of her on

that account. After that Jacquelin condescended to play with her occasionally, and sometimes even to let her follow him about the plantation to admire his feats, whilst he tried to revenge himself on her  
5 for her superior learning by showing her how much more a boy could do than a girl. It was all in vain. For, with this taunt for a spur, she would follow him even to the tops of trees or the bottoms of ponds; so he determined to show his superiority  
10 by one final and supreme act. This was to climb to the roof of the "high barn," as it was called, and spring off into the top of a tree which spread its branches below. He had seen Steve do it, but had never ventured to try it himself. He had often  
15 climbed to the roof, and had fancied himself performing this feat to escape from pursuing Indians, but had never really contemplated doing it in fact, until Blair's persistent emulation, daunted by nothing that he attempted, spurred him to undertake  
20 it. So one day, after some boasting, he climbed to the peak of the roof. His heart beat so as he gazed down into the green mass far below him and saw the patches of brown earth through the leaves, that he wished he had not been so boastful; but there  
25 was Blair behind him, astride of the roof, her eyes fastened on him with a somewhat defiant gaze.

He thought how Steve would jeer if he knew he had turned back. So, with a call of derision to Blair to see what "a man could do," he set his teeth, shut his eyes, and took the jump, and landed safely below, among the boughs, his outstretched arms gathering them in as he sank amidst them, until they stopped his descent and he found a limb and climbed down, his heart bumping with excitement and pride. Blair, he felt sure, was at last "stumped." As he sprang to the ground and looked up he saw a sight which made his heart give a bigger bound than it had ever done in all his life. There was little Blair on the very peak of the roof, — the very point of the gable, — getting ready to follow him. Her face was white, her lips were tightly closed, and her eyes were opened so wide that he could see them even from where he was. She was poised like a bird ready to fly.

"Blair! Blair!" he cried, waving her back. "Don't! don't!" But Blair took no heed. She only settled herself for a firmer foothold, and the next second, with outstretched arms, she sprang into space. Whether it was that his cry distracted her, or whether her hair blew into her eyes and made her miss her step, or whether she would have misjudged her distance anyhow, instead of reaching



the thickly leaved part where Jacquelin had landed, she struck where the boughs were much less thick, and came crashing through, — down, down, from bough to bough, until she landed on the lowest  
5 limb, where she stopped for a second and then rolled over and fell in a limp little bundle on the ground, where she lay quite still. Jacquelin never forgot the feeling he had at that moment. He was sure she was dead, and that he was a murderer.  
10 In a second he was down on his knees, bending over her.

“Blair! Blair!” he cried. “Dear Blair, are you hurt?” But there was no answer. And he began to whimper in a very unmanly fashion for one who  
15 had been so boastful a moment before, and to pray, too, which is not so unmanly; but his wits were about him, and it came to him quite clearly that, if she were not dead, the best thing to do was to unfasten her neckband and bathe her face. So off to the  
20 nearest water he put as hard as his legs could take him, and dipped his handkerchief in the horse trough, and then, grabbing up a bucket near by, filled it and ran back with it. Blair was still motionless and white, but he wiped her scratched face and bathed  
25 it again and again, and presently, to his joy, she sighed and half opened her eyes, and sighed again,

and then, as he was still asking her how she felt, said faintly, "I'm all right — I did it."

The next quarter of an hour was passed in getting Blair's breath back. Fortunately for her, if not for her dress, her clothes had caught here and there 5 as she came crashing through the branches, and though the breath was knocked out of her, and she was shaken and scratched and stunned, no bones were broken, and she was not seriously hurt after all. She proposed that they should say nothing 10 about it to any one; she could get his Mammy to mend her clothes. But this magnanimous offer Jacquelin firmly declined. He was afraid that Blair might be hurt in some way that she did not know, and he declared that he should go straight and tell 15 it at the house.

"But I did it myself," persisted little Blair; "you were not to blame. You called to me not to do it."

"Did you hear me call? Then why did you do it?" asked Jacquelin. 20

"Because you had done it and said I could not."

"But did n't you know you would get hurt?"

She nodded.

"I thought so."

Jacquelin looked at her long and seriously, and 25 that moment a new idea seemed to enter his mind,

— that, after all, it might be as brave to do a dangerous thing which you are afraid to do as if you are not at all afraid.

“Blair, you are a brick,” he said. “You are braver  
5 than any boy I know — as brave as Steve, as brave as Marshal Turenne.” Which was sweet enough to Blair to make amends for all her bruises.

**renown**: fame. — **Cerro Gordo**: a fortified stronghold that the Americans took from the Mexicans during the Mexican War. — **Marshal Turenne**: one of the great soldiers of France. — **a prig**: a conceited person. — **relegated**: removed. — **condescended**: stooped. — **persistent**: never-ending. — **emulation**: rivalry. — **magnanimous**: generous.



## THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878), poet and editor, was born in Cummington, Massachusetts. Among his ancestors were two whom Longfellow has celebrated in his *Courtship of Miles Standish*, namely, Priscilla and John Alden.

Bryant's father, a physician of culture, took a loving interest 5 in the poetical development of his son, who early showed remarkable intelligence. When only eighteen months old Bryant is said to have known all the letters of the alphabet. At the age of eight he was writing verse, and at thirteen was the author of a political satire. At eighteen he had written *Thanatopsis*, the greatest 10 poem produced in America up to that time. So remarkable was the genius shown in this poem that Editor R. H. Dana, when it was submitted to him for publication, said to his associate: "Ah, Phillips, you have been imposed upon. No one on this side of the Atlantic is capable of writing such verse." 15

After practicing law for some years Bryant moved to the city of New York and engaged in editorial and other literary work, which in time brought him an ample income. For over half a century he was connected with the *Evening Post*. In addition to his original poems Bryant made admirable translations of Homer's 20 *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

His poetry overflows with natural religion,—with what Wordsworth calls the "religion of the woods."—JOHN WILSON.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,  
 When our mother Nature laughs around ; 25  
 When even the deep blue heavens look glad,  
 And gladness breathes from the blossoming  
 ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,  
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;  
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,  
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

5 The clouds are at play in the azure space,  
And their shadows at play on the bright green  
vale,  
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,  
And there they roll on the easy gale.

10 There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,  
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,  
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,  
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles  
15 On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,  
On the leaping waters and gay young isles,—  
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

**wilding** : wild. — **azure** : the clear blue of the sky.



## CURING BULLDOG

IAN MACLAREN

IAN MACLAREN is the pen name of Rev. Dr. John Watson. Dr. Watson was born in Manningtree, Essex County, England, in 1850. He received his education at the universities of Edinburgh, Scotland, and Tübingen, Germany.

In 1874 he was admitted to the ministry by the Free Church of Scotland, and was elected assistant pastor of Barclay Church, Edinburgh. He has just closed a long pastorate at Liverpool. 5

His ministerial duties have allowed him time for much reading, and in later years for much writing. His *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* first showed his gifts as a story-teller. This was published in 1894. His *Young Barbarians*, with its admirably drawn picture of Scotch schoolboy life, has raised up for him a host of youthful admirers. 10

NOTE. This selection is taken from *The Young Barbarians*. Mr. MacKinnon, master of the academy in the Scotch town of Muirtown, was nicknamed "Bulldog" by his pupils. In spite of his sternness he was so just and right-minded that his pupils, whether wild lads like Peter ("Speug") or gentle ones like Nestie, the master's ward, all honored and respected him. To make the story easier for American readers, the editors have translated some of the dialect. 20

When Dr. Manley came out from the master's garden door that evening he stumbled upon Speug, who was looking very miserable, but began to whistle violently the moment he was detected, and denied that he had come to ask for news. 25

“You did, you young limmer, and you need n’t tell me lies, for I know you, Speug, and your father before you. I wish I’d good news to give you, but I have n’t. I fear you’ve had your last thrashing  
5 from Bulldog.”

For a moment Speug kicked at a stone on the road and thrust his hands deep into his pockets; then the corners of his mouth began to twitch and, turning round, he hid his face upon the wall, while  
10 his tough little body that had stood many a fight shook all over. Dr. Manley was the first person that had seen Speug cry, and he stood over him to protect him from the gaze of any wandering message boys who might come along the lane. By and  
15 by Speug began to speak between his sobs.

“It was a lie, Doctor, for I did come up to ask, but I did n’t like to let on. . . . I heard you say that you could n’t rouse Bulldog to take an interest in anything, and I thought of something.”

20 “What was it, Speug?” And the doctor laid his hands on the boy’s shoulder and encouraged him to proceed. “I’ll never tell; you may trust me.”

“Nothing pleased Bulldog so well as giving us a licking; if he just had a cane in his hands and a  
25 laddie before him, Bulldog would soon be himself again, and — there’s not a laddie in school he’s

licked as often as me. And I came up — ” And Speug stuck.

“To offer yourself for a thrashing, you mean. You’ve mentioned the medicine. Upon my word, I believe it’s the very thing that will do the trick. 5 Confound you, Speug! if you haven’t found out what I was seeking after, and I’ve been doctoring those Muirtown sinners for more than thirty years! Come along, laddie; we’ve had our consultation and we’ll go to the patient.” And Manley hurried 10 Speug through the garden and into the house.

“Wait a minute here,” said the doctor, “and I’ll come back to you.” And in a little while Nestie came downstairs and found his friend in the lobby, confused and frightened for the first time 15 in his life, and Nestie saw the marks of distress upon his face. “Dr. M-Manley told me, Speug,” stammered Nestie, with an arm round Speug’s neck, “and you’re the g-goodest chap in Muirtown. It’s awfully d-decent of you, and it’ll p-please Bully 20 tremendous.” And then Speug went up as consulting physician to visit Bulldog. Nestie brought him forward to the bedside, and at last he had courage to look, and it took him all his time to play the man when he saw Bulldog so thin, so 25 quiet, so gentle, with his face almost as white as



the pillow, and his hands upon the bedclothes wasted like the hands of a skeleton. The master smiled faintly, and seemed to be glad to see the worst of his scholars, but he did not say anything.

5 Dr. Manley kept in the background and allowed the boys to manage their own business, being the wisest of men as well as the kindest. Although Nestie made signs of encouragement to Speug, Peter could not find a word, but stood helpless, biting his lip and looking the picture of abject misery.

“Peter has come, sir,” said Nestie, “to ask for you. He is very sorry that you are ill, and so are all the boys. Peter thought you might be wearying to—to use the c-cane, and Peter is wearying, too.

15 Just a little one, sir, to p-please Speug.” And Nestie laid an old cane he had hunted up, a cane retired from service, upon the bed within reach of Bulldog’s hand. A twinkle of amusement came into the master’s eye, the first expression of interest he had

20 shown during his illness. He turned his head and looked at Peter, the figure of chastened mischief. The remembrance of the past—the mathematical class room, the blackboard with its figures, the tricks of the boys, the scratching of the pens—came

25 up to him, and his soul was stirred within him. His hand closed again upon the scepter of authority,

and Peter laid a grimy paw open upon the bed-clothes. The master gave it one little stroke with all the strength he had. "The fiddlers," he said softly, "the little fiddlers can't do without me, after all." A tear gathered in his eye and over-  
flowed and rolled down Bulldog's cheek. Manley  
hurried the boys out of the room, and, being joined  
in the garden by the master's dog, the three together  
played every monkey trick they knew, while up-  
stairs in the sick room Manley declared that Bull-  
dog had turned the corner and would soon be back  
again among his "fiddlers."

The doctor insisted upon driving Peter home to his native stable yard, for this was only proper courtesy to a consulting physician. He called him  
"Doctor" and "Sir Peter" and such like names all  
the way, whereat Peter was so abashed that friends  
seeing him sitting in Manley's phaëton, with such  
an expression on his face, spread abroad the tale  
that the doctor was bringing him home with two  
broken legs as the result of riding a strange horse.  
The doctor bade him good-by in the presence of  
his father, tipping him ten shillings to treat the  
school on the news of Bulldog's convalescence.

**consultation** : a talk over a case by doctors. — **phaëton** : a low, four-wheeled carriage. — **convalescence** : recovery.

THE WHITE REINDEER<sup>1</sup>

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON (1860- ), an American artist and writer of animal stories, was born in South Shields, England. From his sixth to his ninth year he lived in the quiet of the back-woods of Canada, and from his eleventh to his sixteenth year his home was on the Western plains. Thus the young observer of nature had ample opportunity to begin the study of wild animals and their ways. This opportunity was greatly enlarged later when he was appointed official naturalist of Manitoba. As a result of studies made while holding this office, he wrote *Birds of Manitoba* and *Animals of Manitoba*.

In order that he might the better draw the birds and beasts in which he delighted, he spent six years in Paris studying art. On his return to America he was one of the chief illustrators of the *Century Dictionary*.

The freshness and interest of such stories as *Wild Animals that I Have Known*, the *Biography of a Grizzly*, and *Wild Animal Play* make this author popular with both old and young.

Many a little calf reindeer had been born that spring, and had drifted away on the moss barrens, to come back no more; for some were weaklings and some were fools; some fell by the way, for that is law; and some would not learn the rules, and so died. But the White Calf was strongest of them all, and he was wise, so he learned of his mother, who was wisest of them all. He learned

<sup>1</sup> From *Animal Heroes*. Copyright, 1905. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.



that the grass on the sunny side of a rock is sweet,  
and though it looks the same in the dark hollows,  
it is there worthless. He learned that when his  
mother's hoofs crackled he must be up and moving,  
5 and when all the herd's hoofs crackled there was  
danger, and he must keep by his mother's side.  
For this crackling is like the whistling of a Whis-  
tler Duck's wings ; it is to keep the kinds together.  
He learned that where the little Bomuldblomster  
10 hangs its cotton tufts is dangerous bog ; that the  
harsh cackle of the Ptarmigan means that close at  
hand are Eagles, as dangerous for fawn as for bird.  
He learned that the little troll berries are deadly,  
that when the verra-flies come stinging he must  
15 take refuge on a snow patch, and that of all ani-  
mal smells only that of his mother was to be fully  
trusted. He learned that he was growing. His flat  
calf sides and big joints were changing to the full  
barrel and clean limbs of the yearling, and the little  
20 bumps which began to show on his head when he  
was only a fortnight old were now sharp, hard spikes  
that could win in fight.

More than once the herd had smelt that dreaded  
destroyer of the north that men call the Gjerv, or  
25 Wolverene ; and one day, as this danger scent came  
suddenly and in great strength, a huge blot of dark

brown sprang rumbling from a rocky ledge, and straight for the foremost — the White Calf. His eye caught the flash of a whirling, shaggy mass, with gleaming teeth and eyes, hot-breathed and ferocious. Blank horror set his hair on end; his nostrils flared in fear; but before he fled there rose within another feeling, — one of anger at the breaker of his peace, a sense that swept all fear away, braced his legs, and set his horns at charge. The brown brute landed with a deep-chested growl, to be received on the young one's spikes. They pierced him deeply, but the shock was overmuch; it bore the White One down, and he might yet have been killed but that his mother, alert and ever near, now charged the attacking monster, and heavier, better armed, she hurled and speared him to the ground. And the White Calf, with a very demon glare in his once mild eyes, charged, too; and even after the Wolverine was a mere hairy mass, and his mother had retired to feed, he came snorting out his rage, to drive his spikes into the hateful thing, till his snowy head was stained with his adversary's blood.

**bomuldblomster**: a flower. — **ptarmigan** (tär'mīgan): a bird of the grouse family. — **yearling**: one year old. — **ferocious**: fierce. — **alert**: watchful. — **adversary**: enemy.

## LITTLE GIFFEN

FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR

FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR (1822-1874), an American poet and physician, spent most of his life at his home near Columbus, Georgia. He lived the life of a country doctor, busy, beloved, useful. *Little Giffen* was based on an incident of the Civil War.

5 The young hero of the poem was taken to the poet's own home.

Out of the focal and foremost fire,  
Out of the hospital walls as dire;  
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene—  
(Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen!)  
10 Specter such as you seldom see,  
Little Giffen of Tennessee.

“Take him and welcome!” the surgeons said;  
Little the doctor can help the dead!  
So we took him; and brought him where  
15 The balm was sweet in our summer air;  
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—  
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with bated breath,—  
Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death.  
20 Months of torture, how many such?  
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;  
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye  
Told of a spirit that would n't die,

And did n't. Nay, more, in death's despite  
The crippled skeleton learned to write.

"Dear mother," at first, of course; and then

"Dear captain," inquiring about the men.

Captain's answer: "Of eighty-and-five,                   5  
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day;

"Johnson pressed at the front," they say.

Little Giffen was up and away;

A tear — his first — as he bade good-by,                   10

Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.

"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of  
the fight;

But none of Giffen. He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that were I king                   15

Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,

With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,

I'd give the best on his bended knee,

The whitest soul of my chivalry,

For "Little Giffen" of Tennessee.                   20

**focal**: center. — **grapeshot**: small balls for cannon. — **gangrene**: the death of a tissue in a living body. — **specter**: a ghostly figure. — **Lazarus**: a Biblical character who was covered with sores. — **Golden Ring**: a reference to King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table. — **chivalry**: a body of knights.



THE SICK LITTLE OYSTER AND THE  
PEARL <sup>1</sup>

EUGENE FIELD

EUGENE FIELD (1850-1895), an American poet and storyteller, was born in St. Louis, Missouri. His course at Williams College being interrupted by his father's death, he spent two years at Knox College, Illinois, and then a year at the University  
5 of Missouri.

In 1873 he took up newspaper work, and, in various capacities, followed this pursuit until 1880. He was reporter, editorial writer, managing editor in St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, and Chicago. After 1880 his time was spent in lecturing and writing.

10 Among his best known works are *A Little Book of Profitable Tales, Songs and Other Verse*, *The Holy Cross and Other Tales*, *Echoes from the Sabine Farm*, the *Eugene Field Book*.

In a certain part of the sea, very many leagues from here, there once lived a large family of oysters  
15 noted for their beauty and size. But among them was one so small, so feeble, and so ill-looking as to excite the pity, if not the contempt, of the others.

The father, a venerable, bearded oyster of august appearance and solemn deportment, was much  
20 mortified that one of his family should happen to be so sickly; and he sent for all the doctors in the sea to come and treat her; from which

<sup>1</sup> From *Eugene Field Book*. Copyright, 1898. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

circumstance you are to note that doctors are an evil to be met with not alone upon terra firma.

The first to come was Dr. Porpoise, a gentleman of the old school, who floundered around in an important manner and was full of imposing ceremonies. 5

“Let me look at your tongue,” said Dr. Porpoise, stroking his beard with one fin. “Ahem! somewhat coated, I see. And your pulse is far from normal. No appetite, I presume? Yes, my dear, your system is out of order. You need medicine.” 10

The little oyster hated medicine; so she cried, —yes, she actually shed cold, briny tears at the very thought of taking old Dr. Porpoise’s prescriptions. But the father oyster and the mother oyster chided her sternly; they said that the medicine 15 would be nice and sweet, and that the little oyster would like it. But the little oyster knew better than all that; yes, she knew a thing or two, even though she was a little oyster.

Now Dr. Porpoise put a plaster on the little 20 oyster’s chest and a blister at her feet. He bade her eat nothing but a tiny bit of sea foam on toast twice a day. Every two hours she was to take a spoonful of cod-liver oil, and before each meal a wineglassful of the essence of distilled cuttlefish. 25 The plaster she did n’t mind, but the blister and

the cod-liver oil were terrible ; and when it came to the essence of distilled cuttlefish — well, she just could n't stand it !

In vain her mother reasoned with her, and  
5 promised her a new doll and a skipping rope and other nice things ; the little oyster would have none of the horrid drug, until at last her father, abandoning his dignity in order to maintain his authority, had to hold her down by main strength  
10 and pour the medicine into her mouth. This was, as you will allow, quite dreadful.

But this treatment did the little oyster no good ; and her parents made up their minds that they would send for another doctor, and one of a differ-  
15 ent school. Fortunately they were in a position to indulge in almost any expense, since the father oyster himself was president of one of the largest banks of Newfoundland. So Dr. Sculpin came with his neat little medicine box under his arm.  
20 And when he had looked at the sick little oyster's tongue, and had taken her temperature, and had felt her pulse, he said he knew what ailed her ; but he did not tell anybody what it was. He threw away the plasters, the cod-liver oil, and the  
25 essence of distilled cuttlefish, and said it was a wonder that the child had lived through it all.

"Will you please bring me two tumblerfuls of water?" he remarked to the mother oyster.

The mother oyster scuttled away and soon returned with two conch shells filled to the brim with pure, clear sea water. Dr. Sculpin counted 5 three grains of white sand into one shell, and three grains of yellow sand into the other shell, with great care.

"Now," said he to the mother oyster, "I have numbered these 1 and 2. First you are to give the 10 patient ten drops out of No. 2, and in an hour after that eight drops out of No. 1; the next hour eight drops out of No. 2; and the next or fourth hour ten drops out of No. 1. And so you are to continue hour by hour, until either the 15 medicine or the child gives out."

"Tell me, doctor," asked the mother, "shall she continue the food suggested by Dr. Porpoise?"

"What food did he recommend?" inquired Dr. Sculpin.

20

"Sea foam on toast," answered the mother.

Dr. Sculpin smiled a smile which seemed to suggest that Dr. Porpoise's ignorance was really quite annoying.

"My dear madam," said Dr. Sculpin, "the diet 25 suggested by that quack, Porpoise, passed out of

the books years ago. Give the child toast on sea foam, if you wish to build up her health."

Now the sick little oyster did not object to this treatment ; on the contrary, she liked it. But it  
5 did her no good. And one day, when she was feeling very dry, she drank both tumblerfuls of medicine, and it did not do her any harm ; neither did it cure her ; she remained the same sick little oyster,—oh, so sick ! This pained her parents  
10 very much. They did not know what to do. They took her traveling ; they gave her into the care of the eel for electric treatment ; they sent her to the Gulf Stream for warm baths,—they tried everything, but to no avail. The sick little oyster  
15 remained a sick little oyster, and there was an end of it.

At last one day — one cruel, fatal day — a horrid, fierce-looking machine was poked down from the surface of the water far above, and with slow  
20 but intrepid movement began exploring every nook and crevice of the oyster village. There was not a family into which it did not intrude, nor a home circle whose sanctity it did not ruthlessly invade. It scraped along the great mossy rock ; and lo !  
25 with a monstrous scratchy-te-scratch, the mother oyster and the father oyster and hundreds of other

oysters were torn from their resting places and borne aloft in a very jumbled and frightened condition by the impertinent machine.

Then down it came again, and this time the sick little oyster was among the number of those 5 who were seized by the horrid monster. She found herself raised to the top of the sea; and all at once she was bumped into a boat, where she lay, puny and helpless, on a huge pile of other oysters. Two men were handling the fierce-looking machine. A 10 little boy sat in the stern of the boat watching the huge pile of oysters. He was a pretty little boy, with bright eyes and long tangled hair. He wore no hat, and his feet were bare and brown.

“What a funny little oyster!” said the boy, 15 picking up the sick little oyster. “It is no bigger than my thumb and it is very pale.”

“Throw it away,” said one of the men. “Like as not it is bad and not fit to eat.”

“No, keep it and send it out West for a Blue 20 Point,” said the other man.

But the little boy had already thrown the sick little oyster overboard. She fell in shallow water, and the rising tide carried her still farther toward shore, until she lodged against an old gum boot 25 that lay half buried in the sand. There were no

other oysters in sight. Her head ached and she was very weak ; how lonesome, too, she was ! Yet anything was better than being eaten, — at least so thought the little oyster, and so, I presume,  
5 think you.

For many weeks and many months the sick little oyster lay hard by the old gum boot ; and in that time she made many acquaintances and friends among the crabs, the lobsters, the fiddlers, the  
10 starfish, the waves, the shells, and the gay little fishes of the ocean. They did not harm her, for they saw that she was sick ; they pitied her — some loved her. The one that loved her most was the perch with green fins that attended school  
15 every day in the academic shade of the big rocks in the quiet cove about a mile away.

He was very gentle and attentive, and every afternoon he brought fresh, cool sea foam for the sick oyster to eat ; he told her pretty stories, too,  
20 — stories which his grandmother, the venerable codfish, had told him of the sea king, the mermaids, the pixies, the water sprites, and the other beautiful dwellers in ocean depths.

The old gum boot was quite a motherly creature and the sick little oyster became very much  
25 attached to her. Many times as the little invalid

rested her aching head affectionately on the instep of the old gum boot, the old gum boot told her stories of the world beyond the sea.

The stories were all new to the little oyster, and amazing, too; she knew only of the sea, having lived therein all her life. She in turn told the old gum boot quaint legends of the ocean, — the simple tales she had heard in her early home; and there was a sweetness and a simplicity in these stories of the deep that charmed the old gum boot, 10 shriveled and hardened though she was. Yet, in spite of it all, — the kindness, the care, and the devotion of her friends, — the little oyster remained always a sick and fragile thing. But no one heard her complain. And as these years went by the 15 sick little oyster lay in the sea cuddled close to the old gum boot. She was wearier now than ever before, for there was no cure for her malady. The gallant perch with green fins was very sad.

Some children were wandering on the beach one 20 day. Presently, grown restless, many of the boys scampered into the water and stood there, with their trousers rolled up, boldly daring the little waves that rippled up from the overflow of the surf. And one little boy happened upon the old 25 gum boot. It was a great discovery.



“ See the old gum boot ! ” cried the boy, fishing it out of the water and holding it on high. “ And here is a little oyster fastened to it ! How funny ! ”

The children gathered round the curious object  
5 on the beach. None of them had ever seen such a funny old gum boot, and surely none of them had ever seen such a funny little oyster. They tore the pale, knotted little thing from her foster mother, and handled her with such rough curiosity that  
10 even had she been a robust oyster she must certainly have died. At any rate, the little oyster was dead now ; and the bereaved perch with green fins must have known it, for he swam sorrowfully up and down his native cove.

15 “ See ! ” cried one of the boys, holding the tiny shell in his hand. “ See what we have found in this strange little shell. Is it not beautiful ? ”

He took the dwarfed, misshapen thing, and lo ! it held a beauteous pearl.

**league** : a measure of distance varying in different countries from two to four miles. — **venerable** : old. — **august** : dignified. — **terra firma** : a Latin term meaning solid earth. — **normal** : natural. — **prescriptions** : directions for preparing medicine. — **essence** : the elements of which a thing is made ; the predominant qualities. — **scuttled** : hurried. — **intrepid** : brave. — **ruthless** : without pity. — **mermaid** : an imaginary being half woman and half fish. — **pixie** : a fairy.

## HOW WILLIAM, DUKE OF NORMANDY, WAS KNIGHTED

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

EVA MARCH TAPPAN (1854- ), an American author, was born in Blackstone, Massachusetts. She was educated at Vassar College and at the University of Pennsylvania. From the latter institution she received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Miss Tappan is both teacher and author. *In the Days of Alfred the Great, In the Days of William the Conqueror, England's Story, and America's Story* are very much enjoyed by young people.

William, in later years to win the proud title of William the Conqueror, was a boy of only twelve years, but most of his life had been spent among grave, stern warriors. Hardly an hour of his life had been free from danger. Many a time he had listened to his guardians while they discussed in which place there was least chance of his being murdered, and whether some knight who had seemed to be loyalty itself was more likely to stand by him or to attempt to kill him. He had learned of arms and warfare, understanding perfectly that some failure to know how to defend a stronghold might lose him a castle, that some slight lack of skill in arms might cost him his life. Hawking and hunting had been almost his only recreations, and even in the hunting field there

were many dangers for one who threw himself into the chase with such headlong eagerness and keen delight.

One would not expect such a childhood to make  
5 a boy gentle and tender-hearted, but it could hardly fail to bring him to an early maturity, to make him bold and strong and hardy, and to give him coolness and judgment far beyond his years. This was why, when the young duke arose to speak,  
10 his council turned toward him not with the mere polite attention of vassals to their feudal chief, not even with a keen curiosity to see what a boy of his age would say, but with much the same kind of consideration that they would have shown  
15 for the opinion of a man of twice his years. It hardly seemed possible that he was but a boy of twelve, so dignified and composed did he seem. He was tall and well developed, and more than one of the councilors before him said to himself,  
20 "If I were on a field of battle, I would rather have him for a friend than a foe."

Quietly assuming that the final decision lay in his own hands, the boy said:

"I have listened to the advice of my council-  
25 ors. King Henry of France has summoned me to come to his court to do homage for my duchy of



Normandy. Since I am the duke of Normandy, I must not fear danger, neither must I plunge my country into war with France. I will go to the king and I will say, 'King Henry, I am now  
5 fully twelve years of age, and I come to you not only to do homage to my liege lord but to ask the honor of knighthood from the king of France.'

"Never was there such wisdom in so young a head," said one councilor to another, as they  
10 went out of the room. "Boy as he is, he has cut the knot when we could not. However it may be about going to do homage whenever and wherever the king of France may ask it, a young noble may go to an older one and demand the blow of the  
15 sword that shall make him a knight, and for this he must go to whatever place the older shall name."

"Surely," said another; "and no train of attendants can be too long for a young duke who is on  
20 his way to receive the golden spurs."

"It shall be as splendid an escort as the Norman duchy can furnish," said the nobles; and forthwith each one of them called out every man who was a vassal to him and owed him military service, to  
25 come to the appointed place with as handsome an equipment as he could command. The duke was

unarmed, — for a vassal must not appear in arms to do homage to his suzerain, — but every one else was in full armor.

The horses had been groomed until they fairly shone. The coats of mail and the bright shields and lances and helmets glittered in the sunshine as the brilliant company set out. William was at its head, carefully guarded by Ralph of Wacey and twenty of the strongest men and most experienced fighters. A little distance before the ducal line rode ten men as advance warders, for who could tell what danger might be lying in wait for the young man upon whom so much depended? The rear was as closely watched; for, although their force was so strong that they needed to have little fear of direct attack, who knew what treacherous foes might be about them ready to cut off the duke from his defenders?

King Henry received the duke with calm courtesy, but glanced with a shade of annoyance, the nobles thought, at the great company of armed men.

“You come to a friendly court in full array, it seems,” he said to the duke.

“I have many friends who wish to see me receive the golden spurs,” said the young noble; and the king was silent. A messenger had been

sent to King Henry long before the company set out to say to him that William would ask for knighthood, and so all things had been made ready. The ceremony of homage was short, but  
5 now came the preparations for receiving the accolade, and these were by no means short or simple.

Every part of the preliminary rites was full of deep significance. First came the bath followed by the white tunic to indicate the purity which  
10 was expected of every true knight. Over the spotless white tunic was put a red robe to call to mind the blood that the knight must always be ready to shed in a righteous cause. Over the red robe was drawn a close black coat, that the knight  
15 might never forget that death will finally come to all men.

If this ceremony had taken place in France, William would have been required to fast for twenty-four hours, to spend a night alone in the  
20 church praying before the altar, to confess and receive absolution, to attend service in the church and listen to a sermon about his new life and its duties; but the Normans were much inclined to feel that knighthood was more closely connected  
25 with warriors than with priests, and so much of the usual religious ceremony was omitted.

The rite, however, took place in the church, and it is possible that William followed the French custom of advancing to the altar with his sword hanging by a scarf about his neck; and that the priest took it off, laid it upon the altar, and blessed 5 it. William advanced to the king and knelt before him with hands clasped, and said, "I am come to you, King Henry of France, to ask that I may be armed as a knight, and that all forms may be fulfilled that are necessary to my having the right to 10 serve and command in all ranks."

The king asked: "To what purpose do you wish to become a knight? Is it because you seek to be rich, to take your ease, to be held in honor among men without doing that which shall make you de- 15 serving of honor?"

Then William answered: "I do not seek to become a knight for any honor save that of punishing those who do evil, of protecting the innocent and avenging their wrongs, and of maintaining 20 true religion. If I am admitted to the noble rank of knighthood, I will endeavor to perform its duties faithfully and well."

Then all the knights in their shining armor gathered about the young duke. Then, too, came 25 the ladies of the court in their most brilliant attire,



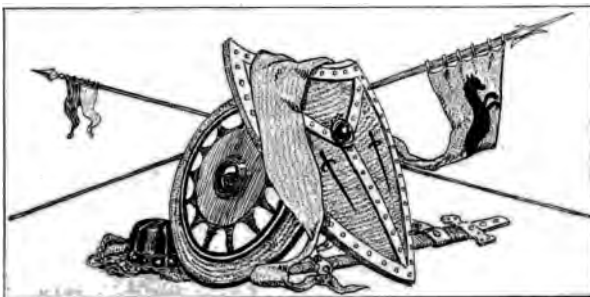
and together they put the young man's armor upon him, piece by piece ; first the golden spurs, then the coat of mail, the cuirass, and last of all the sword. Then the ladies and the knights drew  
5 back, and William, glittering in his flashing steel, advanced to the king and again knelt before him. The king unsheathed his own sword, a sword that had been reddened by the blood of many battles, and gave the duke the accolade,—that is, three  
10 light blows on the shoulder or the nape of the neck,—saying : “ In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I dub thee knight. Be valiant, bold, and loyal.”

Again the brilliant company gathered around  
15 him. The knights flashed their swords over their heads and embraced him and welcomed him among them. A helmet was brought for him and a horse was led up to the church door. The newly made knight sprang upon its back, disdaining to make  
20 use of the stirrups, and galloped back and forth, poising his lance and brandishing his sword. One of the old chroniclers says, “ It was a sight both pleasant and terrible to see him guiding his horse's career, flashing with his sword, gleaming with  
25 his shield, and threatening with his casque and javelins.”

After all this came a most elaborate feast, when every one drank to his health and every one rejoiced in his new honors. Generous gifts were made to the minstrels and to all that had helped to entertain the guests; and finally large sums of money were distributed among the servants, that every one, even the humblest, might be glad in the young knight's gladness.

Adapted

**recreations** : sports. — **maturity** : full development. — **vassals** : those who hold lands from an overlord. — **feudal** : relating to the feudal system, under which the king owned all the land and let it out to his lords on condition that they render him military service and certain dues. — **Normandy** : a province in the northern part of France. — **liege lord** : a lord on whom one was dependent. — **suzerain** : higher lord. — **golden spurs** : spurs given a young man when he became a knight. — **rites** : ceremonies. — **absolution** : forgiveness. — **cuirass** : a breastplate to protect the body in battle. — **accolade** : the embrace and slight blow on the shoulder used in conferring knighthood. — **St. Michael** : one of the patron saints of the church. — **St. George** : the patron saint of England. — **casque** : a piece of armor for the head.



## THE MOCKING-BIRD

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE (1795-1820), an American poet, was a native of New York. His brief life gave promise of high poetic attainment. He was a warm friend of Fitz-Greene Halleck, and the two friends worked in literary partnership for a time. When  
5 Drake died Halleck wrote the well-known elegy, beginning:

Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days!  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise.

10       Early on a pleasant day,  
In the poet's month of May,  
Field and forest looked so fair,  
So refreshing was the air,  
That, in spite of morning dew,  
15       Forth I walked where tangling grew  
Many a thorn and breezy bush;  
When the redbreast and the thrush  
Gayly raised their early lay,  
Thankful for returning day.

20       Every thicket, bush, and tree  
Swelled the grateful harmony:  
As it mildly swept along,  
Echo seemed to catch the song;

But the plain was wide and clear, —  
Echo never whispered near.  
From a neighboring mocking-bird  
Came the answering notes I heard.

Soft and low the song began : 5  
I scarcely caught it as it ran  
Through the melancholy trill  
Of the plaintive whip-poor-will, —  
Through the ringdove's gentle wail,  
Chattering jay and whistling quail, 10  
Sparrow's twitter, catbird's cry,  
Redbird's whistle, robin's sigh ;  
Blackbird, bluebird, swallow, lark,  
Each his native note might mark.

Oft he tried the lesson o'er, 15  
Each time louder than before ;  
Burst at length the finished song, —  
Loud and clear it poured along ;  
All the choir in silence heard,  
Hushed before this wondrous bird. 20  
All transported and amazed,  
Scarcely breathing, long I gazed.

Now it reached the loudest swell ;  
Lower, lower, now it fell, —

Lower, lower, lower, still,  
Scarce it sounded o'er the rill.  
Now the warbler ceased to sing;  
Then he spread his russet wing,  
5 And I saw him take his flight  
Other regions to delight.

## MADAM WASHINGTON AT THE PEACE BALL

MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE

MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE (1830- ), better known by her pen name of Marion Harland, was born in Amelia County, Virginia. She began to write for the press at the age of fourteen.  
10 She conducted the magazine *Babyhood* for two years, and has conducted departments of the magazines *Wide Awake* and *St. Nicholas*. She is now on the staff of the *Chicago Daily News*.

Mrs. Terhune has written extensively on household science and allied subjects. Her *Story of Mary Washington*, from which  
15 the following account of the Peace Ball is taken, was written in order to aid in raising funds to put up at Fredericksburg, Virginia, a monument to the mother of George Washington.

Madam Washington's only public appearance as a hero's mother was at the Peace Ball given in  
20 Fredericksburg during the visit of Washington to that town. With all her majestic self-command she did not disguise the pleasure with which she received the special request of the managers that she would

honor the occasion with her presence. There was even a happy flutter in the playful rejoinder that “her dancing days were pretty well over, but that if her coming would contribute to the general pleasure she would attend.”

5

. . . A path was opened from the foot to the top of the hall as they appeared in the doorway, and



“every head was bowed in reverence.” It must have been the proudest moment of her life, but she bore herself with perfect composure then and 10 after her son, seating her in an armchair upon the dais reserved for distinguished guests, faced the crowd in prideful expectancy that all his friends

would seek to know his mother. She had entered the hall at eight o'clock, and for two hours held court, the most distinguished people there pressing eagerly forward to be presented to her. . . . From  
5 her slightly elevated position she could, without rising, overlook the floor, and watched with quiet pleasure the dancers, among them the kingly figure of the Commander-in-Chief, who led a Fredericksburg matron through a minuet.

10 At ten o'clock she signed to him to approach, and rose to take his arm, saying in her clear, soft voice, "Come, George; it is time for old folks to be at home." Smiling a good night to all, she walked down the room, as erect in form and as  
15 steady in gait as any dancer there.

One of the French officers exclaimed aloud, as she disappeared, "If such are the matrons of America, she may well boast of illustrious sons."

Lafayette's report of his interview to his friends  
20 at Mount Vernon was: "I have seen the only Roman matron living at this day."

**rejoinder:** reply. — **dais** (dā'is): a platform raised above the floor. — **illustrious:** distinguished.

## LOVE IN LIFE

HENRY TIMROD

HENRY TIMROD (1829-1867), an American poet, was born in Charleston, South Carolina. At Charleston's best school he was the deskmate of Paul Hamilton Hayne. The two boys, both full of poetic talent, became dear friends, and showed each other their earliest poems. Timrod's course at the University of Georgia 5 being interrupted by sickness and lack of money, he returned to Charleston and undertook to prepare himself for a college professorship. He had, however, to be content with positions as tutor in private families.

During his years of teaching he still studied and wrote. His 10 poems were welcomed by the *Southern Literary Messenger*, then the leading magazine of the South, and later he contributed both prose and poetry to *Russell's Magazine*.

At the opening of the Civil War, Timrod's fragile health broke down in an attempt first to serve in the ranks, and second to act 15 as war correspondent. He then found a position as an editor in Columbia. But a year later Columbia was burned, his office wrecked, and he himself financially ruined. At the close of the war he had to sell even his household furniture for bread. In a humorous letter to Hayne he says, "We have, we have — let me 20 see, — yes, we have eaten two silver pitchers, one or two dozen silver forks, several sofas, innumerable chairs, and a huge bedstead." However, the "state's most eminent men, in their common need, tenderly cared for him and his."

In 1867, after a delightful month at Copse Hill with Hayne, 25 whom he loved as a brother, the poet went home to die of consumption.

Most men know love but as a part of life ;  
They hide it in some corner of the breast,



Even from themselves ; and only when they rest  
In the brief pauses of that daily strife,  
Wherewith the world might else be not so rife,  
They draw it forth (as one draws forth a toy  
5 To soothe some ardent, kiss-exacting boy)  
And hold it up to sister, child, or wife.  
Ah me ! Why may not love and life be one ?  
Why walk we thus alone, when by our side,  
Love, like a visible God, might be our guide ?  
10 How would the marts grow noble ! and the street,  
Worn like a dungeon-floor by weary feet,  
Seem then a golden court-way of the sun !

**marts** : market places.

### SONG

The year's at the Spring,  
And day's at the morn ;  
15 Morning's at seven ;  
The hillside's dew-pearled ;  
The lark's on the wing ;  
The snail's on the thorn :  
God's in his heaven —  
20 All's right with the world !

ROBERT BROWNING

## TOM AND MAGGIE'S HAPPY DAY

GEORGE ELIOT

GEORGE ELIOT (1819-1880) was the pen name of Mary Ann Evans, one of the greatest of English women novelists. Her father was first a carpenter and then a steward of landed estates. After her mother's death and the marriage of her elder sisters, the future novelist became both housekeeper and companion to her father. 5 She drove with him during the day and read Scott to him at night. "Her education, long pursued with unwavering industry, was unusually good, including Greek, Latin, French, German, Hebrew, and music. After her father's death she went abroad with some literary friends, tarried at Geneva to perfect herself in foreign 10 tongues, visited London on her return, met the editor of the *Westminster Review*, and began her memorable career as his assistant."

Her first great novel was *Adam Bede*. When it appeared Thackeray said that "a star of the first magnitude had just arisen." Tom and Maggie Tulliver are the central figures in her 15 next book, *Mill on the Floss*. In it she succeeded in interesting two continents in the simple lives of two children.

Much of George Eliot's best work deals with country life. She is as emphatically the great painter of English rural life as Dickens is of the wretched life of the city slums, as Thackeray 20 is of men and women of fashion, as Scott is of knightly customs.

George Eliot is genius and culture. — JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

George Eliot in all her novels instills her own faith in plain living and high thinking by showing that it is well in life to care greatly for something worthy of our care; choose worthy work, 25 and believe in it with all our souls. — JOHN MORLEY.

The next morning Maggie was trotting with her own fishing rod in one hand and a handle of the basket in the other, stepping always, by a peculiar

gift, in the muddiest places, and looking darkly radiant because Tom was good to her. She had told Tom, however, that she should like him to put the worms on the hook for her, although she  
5 accepted his word when he assured her that worms



could n't feel (it was Tom's private opinion that it did n't much matter if they did).

He knew all about worms, and fish, and those things ; and what birds were mischievous, and how  
10 padlocks opened, and which way the handles of the gates were to be lifted. Maggie thought this sort of knowledge was very wonderful, — much more difficult than remembering what was in the books ; and she was rather in awe of Tom's superiority, for  
15 he was the only person who called her knowledge

“stuff,” and did not feel surprised at her cleverness. Tom, indeed, was of opinion that Maggie was a silly little thing; all girls were silly; they could n’t throw a stone so as to hit anything, could n’t do anything with a pocketknife, and were frightened 5 at frogs. Still, he was very fond of his sister, and meant always to take care of her, make her his housekeeper, and punish her when she did wrong.

They were on their way to the Round Pool, — the wonderful pool which the floods had made a 10 long while ago. No one knew how deep it was; and it was mysterious, too, that it should be almost a perfect round, framed in with willows and tall reeds, so that the water was only to be seen when you got close to the brink. The sight of the old 15 favorite spot always heightened Tom’s good humor, and he spoke to Maggie in the most amicable whispers, as he opened the precious basket and prepared their tackle. He threw her line for her, and put the rod into her hand. Maggie thought it prob- 20 able that the small fish would come to her hook, and the large ones to Tom’s. But she had forgotten all about the fish, and was looking dreamily at the glassy water, when Tom said, in a loud whisper, “Look! look, Maggie!” and came run- 25 ning to prevent her from snatching her line away.

Maggie was frightened lest she had been doing something wrong, as usual, but presently Tom drew out her line and brought a large tench bouncing on the grass.

5 Tom was excited. "O Magsie! you little duck! Empty the basket."

Maggie was not conscious of unusual merit, but it was enough that Tom called her Magsie, and was pleased with her. There was nothing to mar  
10 her delight in the whispers and the dreamy silences, when she listened to the light dipping sounds of the rising fish, and the gentle rustling, as if the willows, and the reeds, and the water had their happy whisperings also. Maggie thought it would make  
15 a very nice heaven to sit by the pool in that way, and never be scolded. She never knew that she had a bite until Tom told her, but she liked fishing very much.

It was one of their happy mornings. They  
20 trotted along and sat down together, with no thought that life would ever change much for them; they would only get bigger and not go to school, and it would always be like the holidays; they would always live together and be fond of  
25 each other. And the mill with its booming, — the great chestnut tree under which they played at

houses, — their own little river, the Ripple, where the banks seemed like home, and Tom was always seeing the water rats, while Maggie gathered the purple plummy tops of the reeds, which she forgot and dropped afterward, — above all, the great Floss, 5 along which they wandered with a sense of travel, to see the rushing spring tide, the awful Eagre, come up like a hungry monster, or to see the Great Ash which had once wailed and groaned like a man, — these things would always be just the same 10 to them. Tom thought people were at a disadvantage who lived on any other spot on the globe; and Maggie, when she read about Christian's passing "the river over which there is no bridge," always saw the Floss between the green pastures. 15

Life did change for Tom and Maggie; and yet they were not wrong in believing that the thoughts and loves of these first years would always make part of their lives. We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it, — if 20 it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lisping to ourselves on the grass, — the same hips and haws on the autumn hedgerows, — the same redbreasts that we used to 25 call "God's birds," because they did no harm to

the precious crops. What novelty is worth that sweet monotony where everything is known, and loved because it is known?

The wood I walk in on this mild May day, with  
5 the young yellow-brown foliage of the oaks between me and the blue sky, the white star flowers, and the blue-eyed speedwell, and the ground ivy at my feet, — what grove of tropic palms, what strange ferns or splendid broad-petaled blossoms, could ever  
10 thrill such deep and delicate fibers within me as this home scene? These familiar flowers, these well-remembered bird notes, this sky with its fitful brightness, these furrowed and grassy fields, each with a sort of personality given to it by the capri-  
15 cious hedgerows, — such things as these are the mother tongue of our imagination, the language that is laden with all the subtle associations the fleeting hours of our childhood left behind them. Our delight in the sunshine on the deep-bladed  
20 grass to-day might be no more than the faint perception of wearied souls, if it were not for the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years, which still live in us and transform our perception into love.

**mysterious** : secret and hard to understand. — **tench** : a freshwater fish. — **eagre** : a flood tide moving up the river. — **monotony** : sameness. — **capricious** : changeable. — **subtle** : mysterious.

## BRUCE'S ADDRESS

ROBERT BURNS

ROBERT BURNS (1759–1796) was the son of a poor Scottish peasant, in whose simple home books were the only luxury. Of a collection of English songs Burns says, “I pored over them driving my cart or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse.”

In his twenty-sixth year Burns published a volume of poems that went to the hearts of the Scottish people and made him famous. He spent two years at Edinburgh, where he received much honor, but his lack of self-control made his life a disappointment to himself and to his friends.



5

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The memory of Burns, — every man's, every boy's, every girl's head carries snatches of his songs, and they say them by heart, and what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book, but from mouth to mouth. The wind whispers them, the birds 25 whistle them, the corn, barley, and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them, nay the music boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play them; the hand organs of the Savoyards in all cities repeat them, and the chimes of bells ring them in spires. They are the property and solace of mankind. — RALPH WALDO EMERSON. 30



Scots, who have with Wallace bled,  
Scots, whom Bruce has often led ;  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victory !

5 Now 's the day, and now 's the hour ;  
See the front of battle lower ;  
See approach proud Edward's power —  
Chains and slavery !

Who will be a traitor knave ?  
10 Who can fill a coward's grave ?  
Who so base as be a slave ?  
Let him turn and flee !  
Who for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
15 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
Let him on with me !

### SELF-CONTROL

Reader, attend ! whether thy soul  
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,  
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole  
20 In low pursuit ;  
Know, prudent, cautious self-control  
Is wisdom's root.

*From A Bard's Epitaph*

## SCOTLAND

Oh Scotia! my dear, my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil

Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!

And oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent  
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!

Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved  
isle.

From *The Cotter's Saturday Night* 10

**Wallace:** a patriotic Scottish leader who tried to free his country from English rule.—**Bruce:** the Scottish king who defeated the English king at Bannockburn and won independence for his land.—**gory:** full of blood.—**Edward:** Edward II of England, the king who was defeated by Bruce.—**fa':** Scottish for fall.



## A BRAVE RESCUE AND A ROUGH RIDE

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE (1825-1900), an English novelist and poet, was born at Longworth, Berkshire, England. He was an honor graduate of Exeter College, University of Oxford. His law practice in London did not prevent his writing  
5 many books.

His novel, *Lorna Doone*, from which the following story is taken, did not attract much attention when it first appeared. Subsequently, however, it sprang into sudden fame, and in a comparatively short time ran through thirteen editions.

10 It happened upon a November evening (when I was about fifteen years old and outgrowing my strength very rapidly, my sister Annie being turned thirteen) that the ducks in the court made a terrible quacking, instead of marching off to their pen, one  
15 behind another. Thereupon Annie and I ran out to see what might be the sense of it. There were thirteen ducks, and they all quacked very movingly. They pushed their gold-colored bills here and there (yet dirty, as gold is apt to be), and they jumped  
20 on the triangles of their feet, and sounded out of their nostrils; and some of the over-excited ones ran along low on the ground, quacking grievously, with their bills snapping and bending, and the roof of their mouths exhibited.

Annie began to cry "Dilly, dilly, einy, einy, ducksey," according to the burden of a tune they seemed to have accepted as the national ducks' anthem; but instead of being soothed by it they only quacked three times as hard and ran round 5 till we were giddy. And then they shook their tails all together, and looked grave, and went round and round again. Therefore, I knew at once, by the way they were carrying on, that there must be something or other gone wholly amiss in the duck 10 world. Sister Annie perceived it, too, but with a greater quickness; for she counted them like a good duck wife, and could only tell thirteen of them, when she knew there ought to be fourteen.

And so we began to search about, and the ducks 15 ran to lead us aright, having come that far to fetch us; and when we got down to the foot of the courtyard, we found good reason for the urgency and melancholy of the duck birds. Lo! the old white drake, the father of all, a bird of high manners and 20 chivalry, always the last to help himself from the pan of barley meal, and the first to show fight to a dog or cock intruding upon his family, this fine fellow, and a pillar of the state, was now in a sad predicament, yet quacking very stoutly. For the 25 brook, wherewith he had been familiar from his

childhood, and wherein he was wont to quest for water newts, and tadpoles, and caddice worms, and other game,— this brook, which afforded him very often scanty space to dabble in, and sometimes  
5 starved the cresses, was now coming down in a great brown flood, as if the banks never belonged to it.

There is always a hurdle six feet long and four and a half in depth, swung by a chain at either  
10 end from an oak laid across the channel. Now the torrent came down so vehemently that the chains at full stretch were creaking, and the hurdle, buffeted almost flat, and thatched with the drift stuff, was going seesaw with a sulky splash on the dirty  
15 red comb of the waters. But saddest to see was between two bars, who but our venerable mallard jammed in by the joint of his shoulder, speaking aloud as he rose and fell, with his topknot full of water, with his tail washed far away from him, but  
20 often compelled to be silent, being ducked very harshly against his will by the choking fall-to of the hurdle.

For a moment I could not help laughing ; because, being borne up high and dry by a tumult of the  
25 torrent, he gave me a look from his one little eye (having lost one in fight with a turkey cock), a

gaze of appealing sorrow, and then a loud quack to second it.

Annie was crying and wringing her hands, and I was about to rush into the water, although I liked not the look of it, but hoped to hold on by the 5 hurdle, when a man on horseback came suddenly round the corner of the great ash hedge on the other side of the stream, and his horse's feet were in the water.

"Ho there!" he cried; "get thee back, boy. The 10 flood will carry thee down like a straw. I will do it for thee, and no trouble."

With that he leaned forward and spoke to his mare,—she was just of the tint of a strawberry, a young thing, very beautiful,—and she arched 15 up her neck, as misliking the job; yet, trusting him, would attempt it. She entered the flood, with her dainty fore legs sloped further and further in front of her, and her delicate ears pricked forward, and the size of her great eyes increasing; but he 20 kept her straight in the turbid rush by the pressure of his knee on her. Then she looked back and wondered at him, as the force of the torrent grew stronger, but he bade her go on; and on she went, and it foamed up over her shoulders; and she tossed 25 up her lip and scorned it, for now her courage was

waking. Then, as the rush of it swept her away, and she struck with her fore feet down the stream, he leaned from his saddle in a manner which I never could have thought possible, and caught up  
5 old Tom with his left hand, and set him between his holsters, and smiled at his faint quack of gratitude. In a moment all three were carried downstream, and the rider lay flat on his horse, and tossed the hurdle clear from him, and made for  
10 the bend of smooth water.

They landed some thirty or forty yards lower, in the midst of our kitchen garden, where the winter cabbage was; but though Annie and I crept in through the hedge, and were full of our thanks  
15 and admiring him, he would answer us never a word until he had spoken in full to the mare, as if explaining the whole to her.

“Sweetheart, I know thou couldst have leaped it,” he said, as he patted her cheek, being on the  
20 ground by this time, and she was nudging up to him, with the water pattering off from her; “but I had good reason, Winnie dear, for making thee go through it.”

She answered him kindly with her soft eyes, and  
25 sniffed at him very lovingly, and they understood one another. Then he took from his waistcoat two

peppercorns, and made the old drake swallow them, and tried him softly upon his legs, where the leading gap in the hedge was. Old Tom stood up quite bravely, and clapped his wings, and shook off the wet from his tail feathers; and then away into the 5 courtyard, and his family gathered around him, and they all made a noise in their throats, and stood up, and put their bills together, to thank God for this great deliverance.

Having taken all this trouble, and watched the 10 end of that adventure, the gentleman turned round to us with a pleasant smile on his face, as if he were lightly amused with himself; and we came up and looked at him.

“Well, what be ye gaping at?” 15

“Your mare,” said I, standing stoutly up, being a tall boy now. “I never saw such a beauty, sir. Will you let me have a ride of her?”

“Think thou couldst ride her, lad? She will have no burden but mine. Thou couldst never ride her. 20 Tut! I would be loath to kill thee.”

“Ride her!” I cried, with the bravest scorn, for she looked so kind and gentle. “There never was horse upon Exmoor but I could tackle in half an hour. Only I never ride upon saddle. Take the 25 leathers off of her.”



He looked at me with a dry little whistle, and thrust his hands into his breeches pockets, and so grinned that I could not stand it. And Annie laid hold of me in such a way that I was almost  
5 mad with her. And he laughed, and approved her for doing so. And the worst of all was — he said nothing.

“Get away, Annie, will you! Only trust me with her, good sir, and I will not override her.”

10 “For that I will go bail, my son. She is liker to override thee. But the ground is soft to fall upon, after all this rain. Now come out into the yard, young man, for the sake of your mother’s cabbages. And the mellow straw bed will be softer  
15 for thee, since pride must have its fall. I am thy mother’s cousin, boy, and I’m going up to the house. Tom Faggus is my name, as everybody knows, and this is my young mare, Winnie.”

What a fool I must have been not to know it at  
20 once! Tom Faggus, the great highwayman, and his young blood mare, the strawberry. Already her fame was noised abroad nearly as much as her master’s, and my longing to ride her grew tenfold, but fear came at the back of it. Not that I had  
25 the smallest fear of what the mare could do to me, by fair play and horse trickery, but that the glory



of sitting upon her seemed to be too great for me; especially as there were rumors abroad that she was not a mare, after all, but a witch. However, she looked like a filly all over, and wonderfully  
5 beautiful with her supple stride, and soft slope of shoulder, and glossy coat beaded with water, and prominent eyes full of docile fire.

Mr. Faggus gave his mare a wink, and she walked demurely after him, a bright young thing,  
10 flowing over with life, yet dropping her soul to a higher one, and led by love to anything, as the manner is of females, when they know what is the best for them. Then Winnie trod lightly upon the straw, because it had soft muck under it, and  
15 her delicate feet came back again.

“Up for it still, boy, be ye?” Tom Faggus stopped, and the mare stopped there; and they looked at me provokingly.

“Is she able to leap, sir? There is good take-off  
20 on this side of the brook.”

Mr. Faggus laughed very quietly; turning round to Winnie so that she might enter into it. And she, for her part, seemed to know exactly where the fun lay.

25 “Good tumble-off, you mean, my boy. Well, there can be small harm to thee. I am akin

to thy family, and know the substance of their skulls."

"Let me get up," said I, waxing wroth for reasons I cannot tell you, because they are too manifold. "Take off your saddlebag things. I <sup>5</sup> will try not to squeeze her ribs in, unless she plays nonsense with me."

Then Mr. Faggus was up on his mettle at this proud speech of mine, and John Fry was running up all the while, and Bill Dadds, and half a dozen. <sup>10</sup> Tom Faggus gave one glance around, and then dropped all regard for me. The high repute of his mare was at stake, and what was my life compared to it? Through my defiance and stupid ways here was I in a duello, and my legs not come to their <sup>15</sup> strength yet and my arms as limp as herring.

Something of this occurred to him, even in his wrath with me, for he spoke very softly to the filly, who now could scarce subdue herself; but she drew in her nostrils, and breathed to his breath, <sup>20</sup> and did all she could to answer him.

"Not too hard, my dear," he said; "let him gently down on the mixen. That will be quite enough." Then he turned the saddle off and I was up in a moment. She began at first so easily, <sup>25</sup> and pricked her ears so lovingly, and minced about

as if pleased to find so light a weight upon her, that I thought she knew I could ride a little, and feared to show any capers. With that I plugged my heels into her and Billy Dadds flung his hat up.

5 Nevertheless, she outraged not, though her eyes were frightening Annie, and John Fry took a pick to keep him safe; but she curbed to and fro with her strong fore arms rising like springs ingathered, waiting and quivering grievously, and beginning  
10 to sweat about it. Then her master gave a shrill, clear whistle, when her ears were bent toward him, and I felt her form beneath me gathering up like whalebone, and her hind legs coming under her, and I knew that I was in for it.

15 First she reared upright in the air, and struck me full on the nose with her comb, till I bled worse than Robin Snell made me; and then down with her fore feet deep in the straw, and with her hind feet going to heaven. Finding me stick to her still  
20 like wax, for my mettle was up as hers was, away she flew with me swifter than ever I went before, or since, I trow. She drove full head at the cob wall, — “O Jack! slip off!” screamed Annie, — then she turned like light, when I thought to  
25 crush her, and ground my left knee against it. “Mux me!” I cried, for my breeches were broken

and short words went the furthest; "if you kill me, you shall die with me." Then she took the gate at a leap, knocking my words between my teeth, and then over a quickset hedge, and away for the water meadows, while I lay on her neck 5 and wished I had never been born. Straight away, all in the front of the wind, and scattering clouds around her; all I knew of the speed we made was the frightful flash of her shoulders, and her mane like trees in a tempest. I felt the earth under us 10 rushing away, and the air left far behind us, and my breath came and went, and I prayed to God, and was sorry to be so late of it.

All the long swift while, without power of thought, I clung to her crest and shoulders, and 15 was proud of holding on so long, though sure of being beaten. Then in her fury at feeling me still, she rushed at another device for it and leaped the wide water trough sideways across, to and fro, till no breath was left in me. But there came a 20 shrill whistle from up the home hill, where the people had hurried to watch us, and the mare stopped as if with a bullet, then set off for home with the speed of a swallow, and going as smoothly and silently. I never had dreamed of such deli- 25 cate motion, fluent and graceful, soft as the breeze

flitting over the flowers, but swift as the summer lightning. I sat up again, but my strength was all spent, and no time left to recover it; and though she rose at our gate like a bird, I tumbled  
5 off into the mixen.

“Well done, lad!” Mr. Faggus said, good-naturally; for all were now gathered round me, as I rose from the ground, somewhat tottering, and miry, and crestfallen, but otherwise none the worse.  
10 “Not at all bad work, my boy; we may teach you to ride by and by, I see; I thought not to see you stick on so long—”

“I should have stuck on much longer, sir, if her sides had not been wet. She was so slippery—”  
15 “Boy, thou art right. She hath given many the slip. Ha! ha! Vex not, Jack, that I laugh at thee. She is like a sweetheart to me, and better than any of them be. It would have gone to my heart if thou hadst conquered. None but I can  
20 ride my Winnie mare.”

**chivalry**: courtesy. — **predicament**: difficulty. — **quest**: hunt. — **hurdle**: a gate. — **comb**: crest. — **mallard**: a drake. — **turbid**: muddy. — **loath**: unwilling. — **go bail**: offer money as security. — **docile**: gentle. — **duello**: a fight between two. — **mixen**: filthy ground. — **throw**: believe. — **cob**: clay mixed with straw. — **quickset**: hawthorn.

## FARMING

## RALPH WALDO EMERSON

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882), poet, essayist, lecturer, philosopher, was born in Boston. He was descended from a long line of scholars and clergymen. At fourteen, when he was a quiet, "spiritual-looking boy in blue nankeens," a boy who never jested nor joined in any boyish sports, he entered Harvard College. "By degrees," says one of his classmates, "the more studious members of his class began to seek him out. They found him to be unusually thoughtful and well read. He had studied the early English dramatists and knew Shakespeare almost by heart."



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After he was graduated Emerson studied for the ministry and became pastor of the Second Church in Boston. Three years 25 later, however, he resigned his pastorate, and afterwards retired from the ministry. In 1832 he visited Sicily, Italy, France, and England. While in England he met Coleridge, Landor, Wordsworth, and De Quincey, and formed with Carlyle a friendship that lasted until death. On his return to America Emerson became a 30 public lecturer and writer, and for nearly half a century was one



of the leaders of American thought. He made his home in the historic town of Concord, Massachusetts. There he lived a placid and beautiful life. His last public appearance was at the funeral of his friend Longfellow.

5     Among his principal works are *Poems, Nature, Essays, Representative Men, English Traits, Conduct of Life, Society and Solitude.*

He was the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. — MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The words of such a man, what words he finds good to speak,  
10 are worth attending to. — CARLYLE.

The glory of the farmer is that, in the division of labors, it is his part to create. All trade rests at last on his primitive activity. He stands close to nature ; he obtains from the earth the bread and  
15 the meat. The food which was not, he causes to be. The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land. Men do not like hard work, but every man has an exceptional respect for tillage, and a feeling that  
20 this is the original calling of his race, that he himself is only excused from it by some circumstance which made him delegate it for a time to other hands. If he have not some skill which recommends him to the farmer, some product for which  
25 the farmer will give him corn, he must himself return into his due place among the planters. And the profession has in all eyes its ancient charm, as standing nearest to God, the first cause.

Then the beauty of nature, the tranquillity and innocence of the countryman, his independence, and his pleasing arts,—the care of bees, of poultry, of sheep, of cows, the dairy, the care of hay, of fruits, of orchards and forests,—and the reaction 5 of these on the workman, in giving him a strength and plain dignity like the face and manners of nature, all men acknowledge. All men keep the farm in reserve as an asylum where, in case of mischance, they may hide their poverty, or a solitude, 10 if they do not succeed in society. And who knows how many glances of remorse are turned this way from the bankrupts of trade, from mortified pleaders in courts and senates, or from the victims of idleness and pleasure? Poisoned by town life and 15 town vices, the sufferer resolves: “Well, my children whom I have injured shall go back to the land, to be recruited and cured by that which should have been my nursery, and now shall be their hospital.” 20

**primitive** : early. — **delegate** : turn over to others. — **tranquillity** : quiet. — **reaction** : action in an opposite direction.

## THE PLOWMAN

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894), an American poet, essayist, novelist, and physician, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts. During both his academic and his medical course at Harvard University he was a contributor to college periodicals. He experimented with law before he studied medicine. While a law student he saw it announced that the frigate *Constitution* was to be dismantled. Filled with indignation, he wrote in rapid protest his poem *Old Ironsides*, a poem that kept "the tattered ensign" of the old ship from being torn down. Thus Holmes, a "meek-minded, modest-mannered, undersized law student, just turned twenty-one, became measurably known as a poet."

In 1847 he was elected professor of anatomy in Harvard University, a position that he filled for thirty-five years. In his lecture room the dry principles of anatomy were enlivened by a constant flow of illustrative humor. His colleagues always assigned him the last lecture period of the day, for he alone could keep the attention of the tired students.

When the *Atlantic Monthly* was started he was called into fresh literary activity by Lowell, who accepted the editorship of the magazine only on condition that Holmes should contribute regularly to its columns. To meet this new demand he began his now famous *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. From that date until his death his literary activity never ceased.

25 Clear the brown path, to meet his coulter's gleam!  
Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team,  
With toil's bright dew-drops on his sunburnt brow,  
The lord of earth, the hero of the plow!

First in the field before the reddening sun,  
Last in the shadows when the day is done,  
Line after line, along the bursting sod,  
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod ;  
Still where he treads, the stubborn clods divide,      5  
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide ;  
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,  
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves ;  
Up the steep hillside, where the laboring train  
Slants the long track that scores the level plain ;      10  
Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,  
The patient convoy breaks its destined way ;  
At every turn the loosening chains resound,  
The swinging plowshare circles glistening round,  
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,      15  
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings  
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings ;  
This is the page whose letters shall be seen  
Changed by the sun to words of living green ;      20  
This is the scholar whose immortal pen  
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men ;  
These are the lines which heaven-commanded Toil  
Shows on his deed, — the charter of the soil !

**coulter** : a cutter in front of a plow. — **convoy** : escort, used here in place of team.

## ARION AND THE DOLPHIN

HERODOTUS

HERODOTUS (484 B.C.—424(?) B.C.), often called The Father of History, was born in Halicarnassus, a Greek city in southwest Asia Minor. The historian does not seem to have had many early educational advantages, but he was a reader and a tireless  
5 traveler. He spent days in the most important cities of his own and of foreign lands, studying customs and habits, making measurements, and collecting all sorts of material for his history.

Tradition says that, offended by the ridicule of the natives of his own city, he went to Athens, where he recited a part of his  
10 history at the Olympic games. His recital impressed the cultured Greeks of Athens and moved to tears a lad of fifteen, Thucydides, who also became a famous historian.

Herodotus, however, did not make his home in Athens, but joined "the sons of freedom" in founding the colony of Thurii,  
15 in Italy. There he spent his last years, and there he revised his history. His book gives us the story of the great Persian war of invasion; tells of Cræsus, Cyrus, Cambyses, and Darius; of the Grecian victories at Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa.

It happened once upon a time, in the olden days,  
20 that a young man, Periander of Corinth, started from a port in the south of Greece to sail to Miletus. Being caught in a storm, the boat was carried out of her course as far as the island of Lesbos, where she stayed for several days, in order  
25 that the damage caused by the storm might be repaired. In the meantime Periander landed, and occupied himself in wandering about the island

and watching the inhabitants. In his wanderings he came one evening upon a group of men and women, the sight of whom made him pause with a longing to join them. They had been working hard all day, gathering the grapes and pressing them in big wooden vats, to extract the wine for which Lesbos was famous; and now, in the beautiful autumn evening, they were making merry after their labors.

In the center of the dancers sat a boy, playing upon a small lute with seven strings. To this accompaniment the dancers chanted a song in praise of Dionysus, the god of the vine. Gradually the music went faster and faster; and faster and faster the feet of the dancers sped over the ground, until they were all out of breath and lay laughing on the grass.

Then, as the boy struck another chord, all laughter was hushed and he began to sing; it was a simple, plaintive little song, but there was a magic in his voice which held the listeners spell bound. The last rays of the setting sun played about his golden curls, and lit up his sweet, childish face as he sang:

Why should you grieve for me, my love,  
When I am laid to rest?

Our lives are shaped by the gods above,  
And they know best.  
What though I stand on the farther shore,  
Others have crossed the stream before —  
5 Why weep in vain ?

Life is but a drop in the deep,  
Soon we wake from the last, lone sleep,  
And meet again.

As the last note died away a sigh came from  
10 the listeners; some of the women turned away  
their faces, and the young men began to talk  
hastily, as if to hide their emotion.

Periander waited until the group began to break  
up. Then he stepped forward and laid his hand  
15 on the boy's shoulder. The boy looked up with  
a smile.

"What is your name, my fair minstrel?" asked  
Periander.

"My name is Arion," answered the boy, as if  
20 he were used to being questioned. "I come from  
Methymna beyond the hills, where I used to tend  
the goats." And he told Periander that his mother  
and father died before he could remember, and that  
he had been brought up by an old goatherd, until  
25 a traveling minstrel, who happened one day to hear  
him singing on the hills, took charge of him and  
taught him to play the lute.

“That was one of his own songs I was singing,” said Arion. “He always liked to have me sing his songs; but when I am a man I shall make my own songs and sing them in the great cities over the sea.”

5

“And so you shall,” said Periander. “Now listen to me, Arion. Some day, perhaps, I also may be a great man, able to help you to become a great singer. Remember, when you have need of a friend, that Periander of Corinth will help you, if 10 he can.”

And when he departed Periander left a sum of money with a worthy old couple, who promised to look after the boy and see that he wanted nothing.

15

After some years, Periander became king of Corinth, and, having a love of everything beautiful, he soon gathered about him a little band of poets, artists, and musicians. One day, when he was listening to one of the court musicians, something — 20 it might have been a chord in the music—reminded him of the little Lesbian Arion. He seemed to see once more the boy with the golden light on his curls, and the upturned faces of the peasants grouped around him; and the very words of the 25 song ran in his head.



“By Apollo!” he cried, so suddenly that the musician nearly fell off his seat. “We will have the little Lesbian at court and make a famous singer of him. Where is Glaucus? Ho there!  
5 Bid Glaucus attend the king!”

When Glaucus appeared the king bade him take a boat and sail for Lesbos. “There you will make search for one Arion, a singer,” he said. “And when you have found him, say, ‘Periander  
10 of Corinth has need of his friend Arion.’ And see that you bring him safely to Corinth.”

Glaucus did as he was bidden, and in due time found Arion, now grown into a tall, graceful youth. Arion, when he heard the message,  
15 consented to accompany Glaucus to Corinth. He very soon became a great favorite among the Corinthians, and all the musicians envied him his beautiful voice and his skill in playing on the lute. No one had such power to soothe the king in his  
20 black moods; nor was it at court alone that his fame as a singer was known, for he was ever ready to sing to the people, who idolized him and called him the son of Apollo. Among other things he taught them the song and dance of the Lesbians  
25 in honor of Dionysus and the vine; it afterwards became one of the most famous songs of Greece.

Many years Arion stayed with Periander, who held him in high honor and loaded him with costly presents. His fame spread as far as Italy and Sicily, and he had many requests that he would go over and sing to the people there. At length 5 he determined to make the journey, not only from curiosity to see new countries but also because he had heard of the songs sung by the Sicilian shepherds, and had a great desire to study them. Periander tried to dissuade him, but, finding him 10 resolved, he assisted him in his preparations, and on his departure exacted from him a promise that he would return to Corinth.

Arion traveled about Italy and Sicily, and made a great fortune by his singing. But growing tired 15 at last of the wandering life, he went to Tarentum to find a ship which would take him back to Corinth. There were two or three ships ready to make the journey, among them one named the *Nausicaa*, which was manned by a crew of Corin- 20 thians. This he chose, being somewhat nervous about the large sum of money he was carrying, and thinking that he could trust the Corinthians, whom he knew, better than a crew of foreigners. The *Nausicaa* was a strange-looking vessel with a 25 single sail and long oars pulled by men who sat

on benches along the side. The prow, which was carved to represent the maiden Nausicaa, stood well out of the water, and the bulwarks descended in a graceful curve to rise again at the stern, where  
5 the captain stood and shaped his course by means of a broad paddle, which was hung over the side.

The voyage began happily enough, the wind being favorable and the captain and crew all deference and politeness. But when they were  
10 well out to sea the behavior of the crew changed; they answered Arion's questions with scant politeness, and held many whispered consultations, which, from the black glances cast at him, made him uneasy as to his safety. On the second evening, waking  
15 out of a light sleep, he heard them conspiring to throw him overboard and divide his wealth among them. Arion started up and implored them not to carry out their evil purpose. His entreaties and promises were all in vain.

20 "We give you a fair choice," said the captain brutally. "Either leap into the sea at once, or kill yourself in some other way, and we will bury you decently on shore."

Abandoning his vain appeals for mercy, Arion  
25 begged them, as a last favor, to let him sing once more before he died.

“That we will not refuse,” the captain answered ;  
“though, if you think to move us by your wailing,  
let me tell you that you waste your breath.” In real-  
ity, he was not displeased to have an opportunity  
of hearing the most famous singer in the world. 5

Arion put on the robes in which he used to sing in  
the temple of Apollo, and, taking his lute, stepped  
firmly to the prow of the vessel. There he stood,  
pale and calm, in the silvery light of the moon,  
while the little waves lifted themselves to look 10  
at him, and then ran playfully into the shadow of  
the boat, to dash their heads against the beams and  
be broken into spray. The sailors were awed in  
spite of themselves as that beautiful voice rose on  
the breeze. He sang the old song which he had 15  
sung in the Lesbian vineyards when Periander saw  
him first. And when he came to the last lines,

Life is but a drop in the deep,  
Soon we wake from the last, lone sleep,  
And meet again,

20

Arion leaped over the side of the vessel.

The captain, fearing that some of the crew  
might be moved to lend him assistance, gave the  
order to make all speed ahead. Had he waited, he  
might have seen a most wonderful sight. For, as 25

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Arion fell into the sea, the water seemed to become alive beneath him, and he felt it lifting him up and carrying him rapidly away from the ship. Then he discovered that he was seated on a great  
5 black fish, which was swimming very rapidly on the top of the water, and he knew it must be a dolphin, which had been attracted by his singing; for the dolphins, unlike most things that live in the sea, have sharp ears and are very fond of  
10 music. He touched his lute, to see if the strings had suffered from the water, and as he did so the great back quivered beneath him. Finding, therefore, that the dolphin liked the music, and thinking that he owed it some return for saving his life,  
15 Arion began to sing. Whenever he stopped the dolphin ceased from swimming; and when Arion began again, the dolphin bounded through the water with great strokes of its broad tail. It went straight across the open sea, where no ships  
20 were to be seen; for the sailors of that day did not care to lose sight of the coast, but would sail all the way around a large bay rather than straight across it. So it was that Arion came to Tænarus, in Greece, without having been seen by any man.  
25 The dolphin took him close to the shore, where Arion bade it good-by and watched it swim away.





From Tænarus he made his way on foot to Corinth. Periander was overjoyed to see him once more; and when he marveled at the strange costume in which Arion had traveled, Arion related  
5 the whole story.

Periander listened attentively, and, when it was finished, remarked gravely, "Are you then so little satisfied with your victories over the musicians, Arion, that you have determined to be king of  
10 story-tellers also?"

"Does your Majesty intend to throw doubt on my story?" asked Arion.

"Far be it from me," answered Periander. "The story pleases me, and if you will tell me  
15 another such, I will take pains to believe that also."

"Then Zeus be my witness! I will find means to prove it!" cried Arion.

"Have I not said that I doubted not?" asked Periander. "Yet I will gladly see the proof. My  
20 crown to your lute upon the issue."

"So be it," said Arion. "But first I must ask your Majesty that none may speak of my return; and when the ship *Nausicaa* comes to port, let the seamen be dealt with as I shall appoint."

25 The king assented laughing, for he deemed the tale impossible. After some days, however, it was

announced that the ship *Nausicaa* was in the harbor. Periander summoned the captain and all the crew to the palace, and asked them whether they had brought any news of his minstrel Arion. The captain replied that men said at Tarentum that Arion was still in Italy, traveling from place to place, and received everywhere with great honor. The rest of the sailors confirmed the story, and one of them added that Arion was said to prefer Italy to Greece, nor had he any intention of returning to Corinth.

At this moment a curtain was drawn and disclosed Arion, standing in his sacred robes and holding his lute, just as they had seen him last in the prow of the ship. The sailors, supposing that they beheld his spirit, were seized with terror and fell at the king's feet, confessing all their wickedness and begging for mercy. But Periander was filled with indignation and spurned them angrily. Arion interposed, urging the king to be merciful. Periander, however, would not hear of mercy.

"Your compassion bears witness to your noble spirit, Arion," he replied. "But these men have planned a most cruel and cowardly murder, and cruelly shall they suffer for it. Seize me these men, guards, and bind them."

The guards came forward and began to lead away the trembling wretches.

“Stay!” cried Arion. “It is I who am king. Did not your Majesty stake your crown against  
15 my lute, and can the royal word be broken? Back, guards! I claim my wager.”

Periander could not refrain from laughter, but confessed himself beaten by this piece of strategy.

“That being so,” said Arion, “and seeing that I  
10 find myself more easy with the lute, I will restore the royal crown to Periander.”

So the men, having restored the property of Arion, were set at liberty, and departed full of gratitude, invoking blessings on his head. And  
15 lest any man should doubt the truth of the story in time to come, Arion erected at Tænarus a bronze statue, representing a man riding on a dolphin's back.

From *Wonder Stories from Herodotus*  
by BODEN and D'ALMEIDA

**Corinth**: a wealthy and wicked city of Greece. — **Miletus**: an ancient city on the west coast of Asia Minor. — **Lesbos**: a famous island in the Grecian archipelago. It was the birthplace of Sappho, the greatest of women poets. — **Apollo**: the Grecian god of song and music. — **Tarentum**: a famous town off the Italian coast. — **Nausicaa**: a princess, whose father, King Alcinous, gave Odysseus a hospitable reception. — **deference**: respect. — **conspiring**: plotting. — **Zeus**: the chief god of the Grecians. — **strategy**: a sharp trick.

## THE COTTON BLOOM

HOWARD WEEDEN

HOWARD WEEDEN (1855–1905), an American author and artist, was born in Huntsville, Alabama. She had an ardent love for the traditions of the South, and devoted her life to the perpetuation of one phase of life in the old South, namely, the relations of slaves and their masters. Her best known books are *Songs of the Old South*, *Shadows on the Wall*, and *Bandanna Ballads*. 5

The rose has a thousand lovers because  
Of her delicate grace and perfume,  
But lovers for sturdier reasons give  
Their hearts to the cotton bloom. 10

It grows in a dazzling ample land  
Of measureless breadth and room —  
And the wealth of a splendid tropical sun  
Dowers this cotton bloom.

And Capital keeps his eyes on the field 15  
While he hears the hum of the loom,  
And his anxious visage glows and pales  
At the nod of the cotton bloom.



## TWO MASTER ARTISTS

## HENRY HAYNIE

HENRY HAYNIE (1841- ), an American author, began life, like Franklin, at a printer's case. He was studying law in Chicago when the Civil War opened. He enlisted in the first company sent out from that city. After the close of the war he entered into  
5 journalistic work, and was sent to Europe as foreign correspondent for American papers. He spent twenty years in Paris and in various parts of Europe. He is the author of *Paris Past and Present*, and of *The Captains and the Kings*, from which the following selection is drawn.

10 Once a few of Edward Détaillé's friends were invited by him to a luncheon on the anniversary of his birthday. Bouguereau was invited, but he excused himself on the plea of work to do. Breakfast over, some one proposed a call on the absent  
15 master and friend of all ; so into carriages we clambered, and by and by we entered the studio of the Rue Nôtre Dame des Champs, and there was Bouguereau with a model in pose. When they had told him of the breakfast, and how they all  
20 regretted his absence therefrom, those men of genius began to tease Bouguereau.

"Pshaw ! he thinks he can paint, poor man."

"Why, he even imagines he can draw !"

"Here, Edward ; show William how to draw !"

25 And so on.

Entering into the spirit of the fun, Détaille stepped up to the easel, gently pushed Bouguereau to one side, laid on a large, clean sheet of white paper, and with a crayon began. In the center of the paper he quickly drew the head of a cavalry-  
man. Next, at one corner near the bottom of the paper, he drew the hind hoof of a horse; then, higher up, but on the left, he drew a horse's nose; and then, in a few minutes, without having to erase a single stroke, he completed the man for whom he  
already had a head, and showed him seated on the horse for which he already had a hoof and nose.

Every one, Bouguereau alone excepted, applauded Détaille's masterful skill. But our host said nothing. Instead, he made a sign to the man who was  
serving as his model to take a pose. He laid on a clean sheet of paper, took up a crayon, and then, without once taking the point of it from the paper, he traced the outline of the model's entire body, with his face in profile. It was a perfect  
drawing, and when he laid down the pencil those famous painters all stood up, bowed to Bouguereau, and exclaimed, "Master!"

**studio:** an artist's place of work. — **model:** a person who poses for an artist to draw or paint.

## MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON

10

15

20

With my *back* to the wall!"

("Sacré! Fair, open fight, I say,  
 Is something right gallant in its way,  
 And fine for warming the blood; but who  
 Wants wolfish work like this to do?  
 Bah! 't is a butcher's business!) *How?* 5  
 (The boy is beckoning to me now:  
 I knew that his poor child's heart would fail,  
 . . . Yet his cheek 's not pale:)  
 Quick! say your say, for don't you see,



When the church clock yonder tolls out three, 10  
 You 're all to be shot?

—*What?*

‘*Excuse you one moment?*’ O, ho, ho!  
 Do you think to fool a gendarme so?”

“But, sir, here 's a watch that a friend one day 15  
 (My father's friend), just over the way,  
 Lent me; and if you 'll let me free,  
 —It still lacks seven minutes of three,—



I 'll come, on the word of a soldier's son,  
Straight back into line, when my errand 's done."

"Ha, ha! No doubt of it! Off! Begone!  
(Now, good Saint Denis, speed him on!  
5 The work will be easier since *he*'s saved;  
For I hardly see how I could have braved  
The ardor of that innocent eye,  
As he stood and heard,  
While I gave the word,  
10 Dooming him like a dog to die.")

"In time! Well, thanks, that my desire  
Was granted; and now, I am ready:— Fire!  
One word!— that 's all!  
—You 'll let me turn my *back* to the wall?"  
15 "Parbleu! Come out of the line, I say,  
Come out! (Who said that his name was *Ney*?)  
Ha! France will hear of him yet one day!"

**garçon**: the French word for boy.—**gendarmes**: French policemen.—**Commune**: a name given to the government established by the people when they overthrew the regular government of France.—**Sacré**: a French exclamation.—**Saint Denis**: the patron saint of France.—**Ney**: a gallant French general.

# ULYSSES' SEARCH FOR A NEW WORLD

DANTE ALIGHIERI

DANTE ALIGHIERI (1265-1321), an Italian poet who ranks with the greatest poets of the world, was born in Florence. His father died early, and Dante's education was supervised by his mother and by the statesman, scholar, and poet, Brunetto Latini. Dante was for a time a soldier, and also held honorable civil offices in his native city.

Florence was in his day divided into two hostile political parties, the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. The Guelphs took sides with the pope, and the Ghibellines with the emperor. During the struggles of these two parties, Dante, who belonged to the more moderate of the Guelph factions, was banished from Florence and never again saw the city that he loved so much. Yet, a half century after his death, Boccaccio was appointed by the republic of Florence to lecture in public explanation of the poet's works. Dante died in the city of Ravenna, and his tomb still stands there.

The *Divine Comedy* is Dante's greatest poem. In this poem Virgil, the great Latin poet, shows Dante through the spacious borders of hell and purgatory. But when the two poets reach heaven, Beatrice, a beautiful maiden whom Dante loved from her ninth year, and who was the inspirer of much of his poetry, 30 acts as guide in the place of Virgil.



There have been over three hundred and twenty-five editions of this poem printed, and it has been translated into the language of almost every European nation.

Dante was so great and so conscious of his own greatness that  
5 in his *Inferno* he calmly places himself among the six foremost poets; and posterity has fully ratified his judgment. — DEAN FARRAR.

The two Poets, Dante and his guide, Virgil, next looked down on a long procession of painted  
10 people, moving with very slow steps and wearing cloaks with cowls gilded on the outside. These were Hypocrites, and the cowls were in reality made of lead though they appeared to be gold, just as the Hypocrites themselves had appeared fair and  
15 good outwardly to deceive people and conceal their bad lives. These cowls were a dreadful weight and caused much suffering to their wearers, who could only move very slowly in consequence.

But I must pass on to the story of Ulysses, which  
20 is one of the most interesting from Dante's journey through Malebolge. After he and Virgil had left the slow procession of the Hypocrites some distance behind them, they came to a bridge of rock, and, looking down from it into a valley beneath, they  
25 saw a number of moving lights which reminded Dante of glowworms as he had seen them lighting up some valley after dark on earth. He felt so

much interested in these lights, which were constantly moving to and fro in the darkness, that he leaned too far over the edge of the bridge, and saved himself from falling only by catching hold of a piece of rock. As some of the lights moved nearer 5 to where he was, Dante saw that they were large flames, and was especially struck by one, which was forked or divided into two at the summit.

He was still more interested when Virgil told him that within were the two Greek warriors, 10 Ulysses and Diomed, and he entreated Virgil to allow him to remain where they were long enough to speak to them. For Dante had read about these two men in Virgil's own poem, the *Æneid*, where he relates how after besieging Troy ten years with 15 the rest of the Greek army, they caused it to be taken by stratagem, for which deception they were now being punished.

The stratagem was this. The Greeks erected an enormous wooden structure in the form of a 20 gigantic horse, but quite hollow, so that it could conceal a number of armed men inside, and when it was completed some of them, amongst whom were Ulysses and Diomed, hid inside it, and sent a man named Sinon to persuade the Trojans that destruc- 25 tion would come to the Greeks if this horse was

dragged within the city of Troy. The foolish Trojans believed that Sinon had brought a message from the gods, and that the siege would be ended if they did as he advised. So the wooden horse  
5 was dragged inside the town, and at night, when the Trojans were sleeping happily, Sinon opened a door in the side of the monster, and out sprang Ulysses and the other armed men, who in their turn opened the gates of Troy to the remainder of  
10 the Greek army waiting outside, and thus it was that Troy fell.

All this Dante knew, and he knew all about the adventures of Æneas the Trojan, who escaped from the burning city carrying his aged father on his  
15 back and leading his little son Ascanius by the hand, for Virgil relates all this in the great poem which Dante loved so much; but as to what befell Ulysses, the Greek hero, Dante did not know so well, for Virgil does not relate his fate. Homer tells us  
20 about some of his wanderings in his *Odyssey*, but even Homer does not tell us about the adventures which befell Ulysses on his last voyage, which he made after he had returned from the Trojan war.

When the flame had come near to where the  
25 poets stood, Virgil addressed the spirits within, reminding them that he had a claim on their attention

since he had written of them in his immortal verse, and asking Ulysses to tell them the story of his last voyage. Then the taller of the two flames began to swing to and fro, and from out of it, with a curious muffled sound, came the voice of the old 5 Greek warrior.

He told them how, after the long and perilous wanderings by which he had returned to his home in Ithaca when the siege of Troy was over, a restless longing came over him to start on fresh adven- 10 tures. He had long been used to the excitement of travel and warfare, for the siege of Troy had lasted ten years, and he had spent many years after that on his journey home, and had encountered many thrilling adventures on the way. It is not surpris- 15 ing that he found it difficult to settle down in one place, and though he greatly loved his wife, Penelope, and his son Telemachus, he could not resist the longing to travel further. So he bade farewell to his faithful wife, and to his old father, and to 20 his son, and started off again in a small boat, with the same companions who had before shared his dangers and difficulties.

They sailed from Greece between the coasts of Morocco on one side and of Sardinia and the other 25 Mediterranean islands on the other, and so at last,

after much toil, through the Straits of Gibraltar, and out into the great open ocean which lay beyond it; for the aim of Ulysses was to discover the far-away land which lay beyond the Western sea.

5 And now the companions of Ulysses began to waver. So far as they knew, no one had passed those boundaries before, and they were growing old and spent with toil, and probably wished to return to rest in their homes before they died.

10 But Ulysses stirred up their imagination by reminding them of the wonderful worlds which might be before them in the far West, where the sun sets; and he urged them to go forward and to remember that they had high aims before them,  
15 and that they were born to fulfill a noble purpose in the world. So, fired with a new courage and determination, they all set hand again to the oars and sped on over the great ocean, with the East behind them, and the unknown land before.

20 These grim old warriors traveled on for five months and still no sight of land came to reward them, until at last they saw in the far distance the dim shadowy outline of a high mountain, toward which they hastened, fired with joyful expectation.

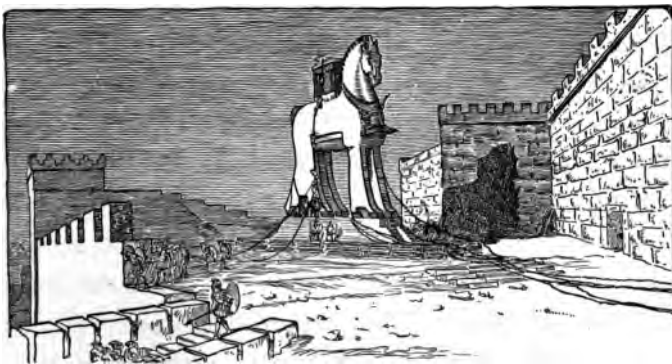
25 But death overtook them in the moment of victory, for as they drew near to it a whirlwind arose from

the shore to meet them, and struck the boat with so much force that it swung round helplessly three times before it, and at the third time the stern rose and the prow sank, and the next moment the wild waters had closed over Ulysses and his brave com-  
panions forever.

This was the story of the last voyage of Ulysses, which Dante heard now for the first time, and in spite of its tragic ending I think he must have been glad to know that the old Greek perished  
in a worthy and heroic manner, while seeking  
the unknown, ideal land beyond the sunset, which he had made it his aim to discover.

FROM NORLEY CHESTER'S *Stories from Dante*

**Malebolge** (má'lā-bōl'jā): the eighth circle in Dante's story.





CHRISTMAS ON A LOUISIANA SUGAR  
PLANTATION

GRACE KING

GRACE ELIZABETH KING (1859- ), an American novelist and short-story writer, was born in New Orleans. She has portrayed the Creole life of her native city with sympathy and with fidelity.

5 The work of the year is over. The cane crop  
has been made into sugar. The corn is stored in  
its cribs. The tired mules are turned loose in the  
pasture. The great cane carts are tilted under the  
sugar sheds; the plows are ranged in their coverts;  
10 hoes, spades, and cane knives are returned to the  
tool house. The blacksmith's fire has gone out;  
the carpenter shop is empty; the doors of the  
sugarhouse are closed and locked; its brilliant  
pageantry of light, work, and noise has passed like  
15 a dream.

Christmas is here; the work of last year is over,  
the work of next year not yet begun. God's truce  
for rest and good cheer reigns upon the plantation.  
In the master's mansion, with the lordly pillars,  
20 the domestics for a week past have been hurrying  
hither and thither, cleaning, scouring, killing, and  
cooking, preparing for the feast. And for a week

past there have been sweeping and scouring and washing of clothes in the negro quarters, and a laying out of good things for their feast. The pigsties are silent, their squealers are hanging white and clean by their hind legs, with a corn- 5 cob between their grinning jaws. Against the walls of the cabin hang bunches of squirrels—or a coon. The molasses jug is filled, the corn meal tub is brimming with freshly ground meal, the savory smell of cracknels and fresh lard is in the 10 air. While the stars come out in the clear, dark sky,—hanging so low over the flat country that the tall tops of the old live oaks seem almost to touch them,—from the master's house comes the sound of piano playing, from the negro quarters 15 that of the tinkling of the banjo, from both the singing of the joyous voices and the gleeful stamp of the dancing. But long after the great mansion has turned out its light and gone into the silence of sleep and darkness do the negro quarters keep 20 up their frolic. They waste not their holiday in sleeping,—merrymaking is rest enough for them. Before they have finished hailing the advent of Christmas the level rays of the newly risen sun have lifted the darkness from the land and Christ- 25 mas is upon them. In old times, as the not very

distant period of a lifetime ago is called, the humble little cabins of the quarters looked upon the great house of the master as the house of the master looked upon the house of its Master above the  
5 skies, each one in due order of dependence and gratitude for the blessings of this life, — the blessings of the other one were free, as they knew, to all alike. In those days, after the great house had breakfasted, a pretty procession indeed would be  
10 seen wending its sauntering way from the quarters, — old grannies and daddies who never left their cabins but this once during the year, hobbling along with their closely linked generations trailing behind them, to the last wee baby in arms, — all in their  
15 Sunday clothes and cleanliness, coming to pay their respects to the master and mistress. And in the expression of sentiment that accompanied this function a seemingly illimitable credit with divine providence was drawn upon: “God bless you,  
20 master and mistress, and God bless all your children.” “God bless you, Jerry”; “God bless you, my good old Nancy.” To the babies were given bright silver picayunes to string about their necks; to the other children apples and sticks of peppermint  
25 candy. The women received their dollar piece and calico dress; the men tobacco, with here a shirt,



there a knife, fishing tackle, spectacles, or the gratification of any little secret wish the cunning mistress had ferreted out. But to the parson always was given an annual suit of black cloth  
5 from the master's wardrobe. And while the mistress whispered to the women about their babies, or to the buxom young girls about their weddings to come off in Christmas week, and the black and white children and their dogs fraternized in the  
10 yards over their "goodies," the master and the men would stand together and look over the far-spreading fields lying bare and yellow in the sun, and they would talk of the crop they had just harvested, and of the crop they hoped to make by  
15 next Christmas, "God willing." God, the master, and the "hands," — that was the style of the old plantation partnership.

And as they stood thus on the great columned gallery, the master and his hands, looking out upon  
20 the generous soils glistening in the sun, talking of their past work and next year's hopes, what an historical enterprise they represent! What a capitalization of life and energy — three good generations of it!

25 In a corner of the plantation burying ground they all now sleep together, the first master and

the first slaves of the plantation, — the makers of it, — he in his low crumbling brick tomb, they in their “quarters” in the ground. Together, he the thrifty, shrewd head, they the willing, strong hands, cleared the ground, and drove the first 5 plow blade through the virgin soil, and planted the first seed cane in its teeming furrow. Together they cut the timber, made the bricks, forged the nails, and built the first sugarhouse in time for the grinding of the first crop. The mistress, the 10 while, when the crop was laid by and the women were not needed in the field, taught them spinning, weaving, knitting, sewing, cooking, washing, and child nursing, — the mistress’s part of the plantation work. For the planter then bought his 15 “hands” fresh from the ever-active slave ship, — naked savage Africans, virgin as the soil to the seeds of civilization. And even as they tilled the ground, so were they tilled and cultivated by master and mistress, and mayhap with as little 20 regard shown to their feelings as was shown the ground. But first of all, these early slaves, lying now in the hope of resurrection at their old master’s feet, were baptized into salvation and taught the Christmas story, and kindly helped to com- 25 prehend it by the Christmas cheer.

The sugar plantation has grown into a factory, the sugarhouse into a refinery, the "hands" are "tenants" now, and railroads swiftly course the road once laboriously trod by the hard-straining  
5 mule teams carrying the cane to the mill. The diminutive iron rollers, fed by hand, are replaced by colossal "crushers" that express the juice of a ton of cane in a revolution. The old-fashioned "common sense" of the planters is reënforced now  
10 by science. Engineers and chemists have fastened themselves upon the expenses of the grinding season. The quarters stand in a different relation to the great house, and the great house, too, stands in a different relation to its prototype above the  
15 skies. If the original master of the plantation were upon the earth to judge, he would doubtless say that there was too little God and too much money in the plantation concern to-day, too much business and too little sentiment.

20 But looking down upon the plantation from the height to which he used to point in his day to locate heaven, the height that sees the years as we see the day, and great political changes as mere shadows upon a dial, what does he and his trusty  
25 right-hand Pompey behold? — for he firmly believed that if he were saved, Pompey would be saved, too.

They would behold the same good soil that they had reclaimed from nature, still yielding her bountiful harvests, and bending over her the same soil-hued laborers, driving their plows, planting the cane in the open furrows, "hilling" the earth over 5 it with their hoes, weeding it, cultivating it, while from afar on horseback, just as of yore, the master watches his hands. They would see the brown soil become green, and the green turn to golden, and they would say what far below was being said on 10 the plantation: "It is time to cut the cane. We must be through grinding by Christmas." And when a morning comes that shows the long waving leaves of the cane whitened with frost, they will see the plantation hands sally forth, men and women 15 together, with the gleaming cane knives in their hands. Each will take a row, and as the overseer gives the word the bright blades will flash in the air, and a great swath will appear in the full surface of the field. On this side and that the rustling 20 stalks fall to the ground. Step by step the cane cutters advance, now side by side, now with gaps between; now one is left behind, now another, until two blades flash far ahead of all the others, — two rows alone are being cut out of the thick, 25 serried cane ahead of them.



Could such a sight be granted to the old planter,  
— and rest assured that he would seize it, although  
in heaven, — he would watch the contest with eyes  
that flash with the knives (as his grandson or his  
5 great-grandson is even now doing), as, swifter and  
swifter, the bright blades cleave down, and quicker  
and quicker, swish! swish! the rustling stalks fall  
to the earth; and when the end of the row is  
reached, and the woman steps out ahead, he would  
10 shout as he used to shout, and as his successor  
below is shouting now, “Bravo, Peggy, my girl!”  
for that tall, fine figure striding back across the  
field, with her head kerchief loosened from her  
head, the sweat running down her face, her great  
15 strong throat open to the frosty air, that is Peggy,  
— the champion cane cutter of the plantation.

**pageantry** : pomp. — **function** : social ceremony. — **picayune** : a small coin of the value of six cents. — **fraternized** : become friendly. — **colossal** : very large. — **express** : to press out. — **prototype** : first form. — **sally** : go forth.



## THE PARTRIDGES' ROLL CALL

WILLIAM JOSEPH LONG

WILLIAM JOSEPH LONG (1867- ), an American author, was born in North Attleboro, Massachusetts, educated at Harvard University and at the University of Heidelberg, Germany, studied theology at Andover Seminary, and was admitted to the Congregational clergy.

5

Dr. Long's books, *Wilderness Ways*, *Ways of Wood Folk*, *School of the Woods*, *A Little Brother to the Bear*, have done much to give young people a healthy interest in nature.

Now I had been straitly charged on leaving camp to bring back three partridges for our Sun- 10 day dinner. My own little flock had grown a bit tired of trout and canned foods; and a taste of young broiled partridges, which I had recently given them, had left them hungry for more. So I left the pool and my fishing rod, just as the trout 15 began to rise, to glide into the alders with my pocket rifle. There were at least a dozen birds there, full-grown and strong of wing.

Presently I heard them coming — *Whit-kwit?* *pr-r-r*, *pr-r-r*, *prut*, *prut*! — and saw five or six of 20 them running rapidly. The little leader saw me at the same instant and dodged back out of sight. Most of his flock followed him; but one bird, more inquisitive than the rest, jumped to a fallen log,

drew himself up straight as a string, and eyed me steadily. The little rifle spoke promptly; and I stowed him away comfortably, a fine plump bird, minus his head, in a big pocket of my hunting shirt.

5 At the report another partridge, questioning the unknown sound, flew to a thick spruce, pressed close against the trunk to hide himself, and stood listening intently. Whether he was waiting to hear the sound again, or was frightened and listening for the call of the leader, I could not tell. I  
10 fired quickly, and saw him sail down against the hillside, with a loud thump and a flutter of feathers behind him, to tell me that he was hard hit.

I followed him up the hill, hearing an occasional  
15 flutter of wings to guide my feet, till the sounds vanished into a great tangle of underbrush and fallen trees. I searched here ten minutes or more in vain, then listened in the vast silence for a longer period; but the bird had hidden himself away and  
20 was watching me, no doubt, out of some covert, where an owl might pass by without finding him. Reluctantly I turned away toward the swamp.

Presently I heard a swift flutter of wings. I followed it and in a moment I had the second partridge  
25 stowed away comfortably with his brother in my hunting shirt.

I had still another partridge to get for my own hungry flock; so I stole swiftly back into the alder swamp. There I found a little game path and crept along it on hands and knees, drawing cautiously near to the leader's continued calling. 5

In the midst of a thicket of low black alders, surrounded by a perfect hedge of bushes, I found him at last. He was on the lower end of a fallen log, gliding rapidly up and down, spreading wings and tail and budding ruff, as if he were drumming, 10 and sending out his peculiar call at every pause. Above him, in a long line on the same log, five other partridges were sitting perfectly quiet, save now and then, when an answer came to the leader's call, they would turn their heads and listen intently 15 till the underbrush parted cautiously and another bird flitted up beside them. Then another call, and from the distant hillside a faint *kwi-kwit* and a rush of wings in answer, and another partridge would shoot in on swift pinions to pull himself up on the 20 log beside his fellows. The line would open hospitably to let him in; then the row grew quiet again as the leader called, turning their heads from side to side for the faint answers.

There were nine on the log at last. The calling 25 grew louder and louder; yet for several minutes

now no answer came back. The flock grew uneasy; the leader ran from his log into the brush and back again, calling loudly, while a low chatter, the first break in their strange silence, ran back  
5 and forth through the family on the log. There were others to come; but where were they, and why did they tarry? It was growing late; already an owl had hooted, and the roosting place was still far away. *Prut, prut, pr-r-r-ree!* called the  
10 leader, and the chatter ceased as the whole flock listened.

I turned my head to the hillside to listen also for the laggards; but there was no answer. Save for the cry of a low-flying loon and the snap  
15 of a twig — too sharp and heavy for little feet to make — the woods were all silent. As I turned to the log again, something warm and heavy rested against my side. Then I knew; and with the knowledge came a swift thrill of regret that made  
20 me feel guilty and out of place in the silent woods. The leader was calling, the silent flock were waiting for two of their number who would never answer the call again.

I lay scarcely ten yards from the log on which  
25 the sad little drama went on in the twilight shadows, while the great silence grew deeper, as

if the wilderness itself were in sympathy and ceased its cries to listen. Once, at the first glimpse of the group, I had raised my rifle and covered the head of the largest bird; but curiosity to know what they were doing held me back. Now a deeper feeling had taken its place; the rifle slid from my hand and lay unnoticed among the fallen leaves. 5

Again the leader called. The flock drew itself up, like a row of gray-brown statues, every eye bright, every ear listening, till some vague sense of fear and danger drew them together; and they huddled on the ground in a close group, all but the leader, who stood above them, counting them over and over, apparently, and anon sending his cry out into the darkening woods. 15

I took one of the birds out of my pocket and began to smooth the rumped brown feathers. How beautiful he was, how perfectly adapted in form and color to the wilderness in which he lived! And I had taken his life, the only thing he had. Its beauty and something deeper, which is the sad mystery of all life, were gone forever. All summer long he had run about on glad little feet, delighting in nature's abundance, calling brightly to his fellows as they glided in and out in eager search through the lights and shadows. 25

Fear on the one hand, absolute obedience to his mother on the other, had been the two great factors of his life. Between them he grew strong, keen, alert, knowing perfectly when to run and when to  
5 fly and when to crouch motionless, as danger passed



close with  
blinded eyes.  
Then when his  
strength was  
perfect, and at  
last he glided  
alone through  
the wilderness  
coverts in  
watchful self-  
dependence —  
a moment's cu-  
riosity, a quick  
eager glance at  
the strange ani-  
mal standing so

still under the cedar, a flash, a noise; and all was over.

The call of the leader went searching, searching through the woods; but he gave no heed any more.

25 The hand had grown suddenly very tender as it stroked his feathers. I had taken his life; I

must answer for him now. I raised my head and gave the clear *whit-kwit* of a running partridge. Instantly the leader answered; the flock sprang to the log again and turned their heads in my direction to listen. Another call, and now the flock dropped to the ground and lay close, while the leader drew himself up straight on the log and became part of a dead stub beside him.

Something was wrong in my call; the birds were suspicious, knowing not what danger had kept their fellows silent so long. A moment's intent listening; then the leader stepped slowly down from his log and came towards me cautiously — halting, hiding, listening, gliding, swinging far out to one side and back again in stealthy advance, till he drew himself up abruptly at sight of my face peering out of the underbrush. For a long two minutes he never stirred so much as an eyelid. Then he glided swiftly back, with a faint, puzzled, questioning *kwit-kwit?* to where his flock were waiting. A low signal that I could barely hear, a swift movement — then the flock thundered away in scattered flight into the friendly woods.

**straitly** : strictly. — **pinions** : wings. — **laggard** : one who lags behind.



## FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882), a favorite American poet, was born in Portland, Maine. He taught modern languages at his alma mater, Bowdoin College, for six years, and at Harvard University for eighteen years. For the purpose of  
5 study he traveled extensively in Europe.

His home in Cambridge, the Craigie House, historic as the headquarters of Washington during the siege of Boston, became, Mr. Higginson declares, the literary center of that group of men, including Agassiz, Lowell, Holmes, Hawthorne, and others, who  
10 gave distinction to the Boston and Cambridge of earlier days.

In 1854 Longfellow resigned his professorship and gave his time entirely to literature. For six years after the tragic death of his wife the poet worked on his translation of Dante.

In 1868 he visited Europe for the last time. He spent a day  
15 with Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, and was given degrees by Oxford and Cambridge universities. At Cambridge, so he wrote, the students shouted, "Three cheers for the red man of the West!"

On his return the children of Cambridge "brought back his youth" by presenting him, on his seventy-second birthday, with  
20 a chair made from the wood of the Village Blacksmith's tree. Four schoolboys of Boston were with one exception the last to enjoy the hospitality of the "Children's Poet."

The secret of his popularity as a poet is probably that of all similar popularity, namely, the fact that his poetry expresses  
25 a universal sentiment in the simplest and most melodious manner. — GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

When the hours of Day are numbered,  
And the voices of the Night

Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful firelight 5  
Dance upon the parlor wall ;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door ;  
The belovèd, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more ; 10

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the roadside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly, 15  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given, 20  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

5 And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
10 Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
15 If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died !

**phantoms**: imaginary spirits. — **Being Beauteous**: the poet means his wife. — **depressed**: sad.



## JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN

NOTE. John Caldwell Calhoun was a distinguished American statesman. He was Congressman, United States Senator, Secretary of War, and Vice President of the United States.

His old home, Fort Hill, South Carolina, is now the seat of Clemson College, the land having been presented to the state by Mr. Calhoun's son-in-law, Clemson.

The following selection, published over the pseudonym "Temple," appeared in a Philadelphia paper in 1850.



Mr. Calhoun's ambition was of the noblest, most inspiring kind. It always sought great public ends through noble means. . . . His mind was formed to lead in great affairs; to go to the top. It was at the top always that he found his natural element. His erect form at that day, his fine eye, his constant energy and buoyant spirit, blended

with a personal courtesy intrinsically and delightfully attractive, — who that witnessed all this in him (and there are those of us who did) can ever forget it, or fail, now that his spirit has fled, to  
5 exalt to the proper height his manly bearing, devoted patriotism, and the whole bright galaxy of his merits? He did honor to Carolina. He was one of the props of the Union. The times were dark. Britain was our foe; her formidable armies  
10 were upon our shores, just fresh from victory over Napoleon's troops in Spain. Some among our friends quailed, and there were hosts of our own people against us.

The vindication of the national rights fell upon  
15 the Southern and Middle states, the new-born West coöperating. The North, as states, with splendid exceptions individually, protested against firing a gun. This is history. The gallant South stood up for the whole Union, on an indiscriminate  
20 estimate of duty to the whole, under the unparalleled aggressions of that day. Comparatively, she had scarcely a ship to be plundered or a seaman to be impressed. Calhoun never faltered. His fidelity to his country's honor, his exertions in her cause,  
25 were intense and unremitting.

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH

WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON

WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON (1821-1879), an English traveler and writer, was born at Great Ancoats, Manchester. He was called to the bar, but never engaged in the practice of law. In 1846 he moved to London, and a few years later became editor of the famous *London Athenæum*. 5

In his later life Dixon was a constant traveler. His two journeys through America led to his book, *New America*. Likewise his trips through Russia and Cyprus were followed by books on those countries. His *Her Majesty's Tower*, which contains the following sketch of Sir Walter Raleigh, is an interesting story of the lives of many of the notable prisoners of the old Tower of London. 10

With the exception of his two friends, Shakespeare and Bacon, Raleigh has had more books written about him than any other man of English 15 race. Every new generation begins with unslackening curiosity about this proud and brilliant man, — curiosity as to what he was, what he said, and what he wrought. Men who are yet young have seen a dozen new lives of Raleigh; and men who 20 are now old may live to see many more.

This public interest in Raleigh seems, at first thought, strange. The man was not lovable; he had some bad qualities; his career was apparently a failure. Yet Raleigh is one of the undoubted 25

heroes of English story,—one of the men about whom authors love to write and the public delight to read.

The reasons for what seems at first sight a contradiction are not far to seek.

In the first place, every one feels that Raleigh, when all has been said against him, was a man; a proud man, if you like; nay, a cruel and selfish man, if you insist; yet a vital force in the city, in the court, in the camp; not a form, a phrase, a convention, as the masses of men are and must be in every age and in every place. You may like an original force in your midst, or you may dislike it; most men distrust a power which disturbs them with a sense of the untried and the unknown; but you cannot help being drawn towards such a force for either love or hate. Raleigh was a man; and what a man! Even among a race of giants, to what a size he grew! Other men, when we come to them, may be great in parts; this man was great in all parts. From the highest masters in special arts he had nothing to learn. Spenser could not teach him song. Hatton was danced by him out of court and fortune. Burleigh feared his subtlety and craft. Mayerne took lessons from him in physic. Jonson consulted him on dramatic





art. Effingham praised him as a sailor. Bacon thought it an honor to contend with him for the prize of eloquence. Hawkins, Frobisher, all the adventurous seamen of his generation, looked upon  
5 him as their master. Bilson retired from a tussle with him on theology, admitting his defeat. Pett learned from Raleigh how to build ships. No man of his generation offered to compete with him as a writer of English prose. Poet, student, soldier,  
10 sailor, courtier, orator, historian, statesman, — in each and every sphere he seemed to have a special power and a separate life.

In the second place, Raleigh is still a power among us, — a power in the Old World and in the  
15 New World; hardly less visible in England than in America, where the beautiful capital of a chivalrous state bears his name. Raleigh's public life was spent in raising England to her true rank; and the mode by which he sought to raise her was  
20 by making her the mother of Free States.

In Raleigh's time the leading influence on this planet lay in Spain, — an influence which was hostile to England in every way; hostile to her religion, hostile to her commerce, hostile to her liberty,  
25 hostile to her law. Spain continued to assume that the English were a God-abandoned people

whom it was her sacred duty to chastise and save. She sent her spies and bravoës into London. She landed her troops in Connaught. By her gold and by her craft she raised up enemies against our peace beyond the Scottish border and in the Low 5 Country camps. Even when her policy was that of peace, she drove our ships from the ocean and cast our sailors into prison. She closed the Levant against our merchants and forbade all intercourse of England with America. Every foe of this coun- 10 try found in her a friend. She stirred up Rome against us. When she could not fight she never ceased to plot. In brief, at all times, in all places, our fathers had to count with Spain as their most deadly foe. 15

Against that country Raleigh set his teeth. It was Spain which he braved in Guiana, which he humiliated at Cadiz, which he outwitted in Virginia. Toward Spain the most splendid Englishman ever born nursed the hostile passion which 20 Hannibal fed against Rome.

In the end a great country wears out a great man; and after fighting Spain for forty years with the sword and with the pen, Raleigh was murdered, at the command of Philip the Third, in Palace Yard. 25

**Levant :** the Mediterranean Sea and the region around it.

## LAFAYETTE AND NAPOLEON

## SERGEANT SMITH PRENTISS

SERGEANT SMITH PRENTISS (1808-1850), an eloquent American orator, was born in Portland, Maine, and was educated at Bowdoin College. He moved South to practice law.

In 1829 he was admitted, at Natchez, to the Mississippi bar.  
5 He practiced at Natchez until 1832, when he moved to Vicksburg. After serving his adopted state as a member of the Legislature and of the national Congress, he moved to New Orleans in 1845. In that city he actively engaged in law business until his early death in 1850. Prentiss was regarded as one of the  
10 most eloquent speakers of America.

And here let us pause to compare these two wonderful men, belonging to the same age and to the same nation,—Napoleon and Lafayette. Napoleon, the child of destiny, the thunderbolt  
15 of war, the dispenser of thrones and kingdoms, he who scaled the Alps and reclined beneath the Pyramids, whose word was fate and whose wish was law; Lafayette, the volunteer of freedom, the advocate of human rights, the defender of civil  
20 liberty, the patriot, the philanthropist, the beloved of the good and the free. Napoleon, the vanquished warrior, ignobly flying from the field of Waterloo, the wild beast of Europe hunted down by the banded and affrighted nations, and caged

far away upon an ocean-girdled rock ; Lafayette, a watchword by which men are excited to deeds of noble daring, whose home has become the Mecca of freedom toward which the pilgrims of liberty turn their eyes from every quarter of the globe. 5

Napoleon was the red and fiery comet, shooting wildly through the realms of space and scattering terror and pestilence among the nations ; Lafayette was the pure and brilliant planet beneath whose grateful beams the mariner directs his bark and 10 the shepherd tends his flocks. Napoleon died, and a few old warriors, the scattered relics of Marengo and Austerlitz, bewailed their chief ; Lafayette is dead, and the tears of the civilized world attest how deep is the mourning for his loss. 15

**Waterloo** : the fierce battle in which Napoleon was defeated by the Duke of Wellington. — **Mecca** : the sacred city of the Mohammedans. — **Marengo and Austerlitz** : two battles in which Napoleon was brilliantly successful.



## PSALM VIII

## THE BIBLE

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who has set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies,  
5 that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained ;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and  
10 the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands ; thou hast put all things under  
15 his feet :

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field ;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas:

20 O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth !

## THE HISTORY OF THE APPLE TREE

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

HENRY DAVID THOREAU (1817-1862), an American naturalist and philosopher, was born in Concord, Massachusetts. There, too, lived Emerson, Alcott, and Hawthorne, all older than he, but all outliving him. After graduation at Harvard he was school-teacher, surveyor, lecturer, writer, pencil maker, farmer, recluse, 5 each in its turn.

Personally Thoreau was exceedingly odd. His habits were solitary. For weeks at a time he would tramp the woods alone. To show that man's happiness is independent of luxuries, he built, with his own hands, a hut on Walden Pond and lived there 10 alone for two years. He seldom used flesh, wine, tea, or coffee. "I want," he said, "to live as daintily and as tenderly as one would pluck a flower." His first lecture was on Society, yet he never willingly entered company. He got along so badly with his fellow-men that even the tolerant Emerson said of him, 15 "Thoreau is, with difficulty, sweet." Yet he loved the wild animals as though they had been his brothers. The wild mice ate out of his hand, and it is said of him that he would take fish out of the lake in his hands, and put them back, the fish showing no fear and making no effort to escape. 20

As Noble says, Thoreau was not "a scientific naturalist like Audubon; but he was a loving observer and a charming recorder of the phenomena of sky, field, and flood, and of the ways of flowers, trees, birds, and beasts. His writings gave a great stimulus to that sort of loving study and observation of nature." 25

It is remarkable how closely the history of the apple tree is connected with that of man. The geologist tells us that the Rose family, which includes

the apple, also the true grasses, and the mints, was introduced only a short time previous to the appearance of man on the globe.

It appears that apples made a part of the food  
5 of that unknown primitive people whose traces have lately been found at the bottom of the Swiss lakes, supposed to be older than the foundation of Rome, so old that they had no metallic implements. An entire black and shriveled crab apple  
10 has been recovered from their stores.

The apple tree has been celebrated by the Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, and Scandinavians. Goddesses are fabled to have contended for it, dragons were set to watch it, and heroes were employed to pluck it.  
15 The tree is mentioned in at least three places in the Old Testament, and its fruit in two or three more. Solomon sings, "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." And again, "Stay me with flagons,  
20 comfort me with apples." The noblest part of a man's noblest feature is named from this fruit, "the apple of the eye."

The apple tree is also mentioned by Homer and Herodotus. Ulysses saw in the glorious garden of  
25 Alcinous "pears and pomegranates and apple trees bearing beautiful fruit." And according to Homer,

apples were among the fruits which Tantalus could not pluck, the wind ever blowing their boughs away from him.

According to the prose Edda, "Iduna keeps in a box the apples which the gods, when they feel old 5 age approaching, have only to taste of to become young again. It is in this manner that they will be kept in renovated youth until Ragnarök" (or the destruction of the gods).

The apple tree is as harmless as a dove, as 10 beautiful as a rose, and as valuable as flocks and herds. It has been longer cultivated than any other, and so is more humanized; and who knows but, like the dog, it will at length be no longer traceable to its wild original? It migrates with 15 man, like the dog and horse and cow; first, perchance, from Greece to Italy, thence to England, thence to America; and our Western emigrant is still marching steadily toward the setting sun with the seeds of the apple in his pocket, or perhaps a 20 few young trees strapped to his load. At least a million apple trees are thus set farther westward this year than any cultivated ones grew last year.

The leaves and tender twigs are an agreeable food to many domestic animals, as the cow, horse, 25 sheep, and goat; and the fruit is sought after by



the first as well as by the hog. Thus there appears to have existed a natural alliance between these animals and this tree from the first. "The fruit of the Crab in the forests of France" is said to be  
5 "a great resource for the wild boar."

Not only the Indian but many indigenous insects, birds, and quadrupeds welcomed the apple tree to these shores. The tent caterpillar saddled her eggs on the very first twig that was formed, and it has  
10 since shared her affections with the wild cherry; and the cankerworm also in a measure abandoned the elm to feed on it. As it grew apace, the bluebird, robin, cherry bird, kingbird, and many more came with haste and built their nests and warbled  
15 in its boughs, and so became orchard birds and multiplied more than ever.

The downy woodpecker found such a savory morsel under its bark that he perforated it in a ring quite round the tree before he left it,—a  
20 thing which he had never done before, to my knowledge. It did not take the partridge long to find out how sweet its buds were, and every winter eve she flew, and still flies, from the wood to pluck them, much to the farmer's sorrow. The  
25 rabbit, too, was not slow to learn the taste of its twigs and bark; and when the fruit was ripe the

squirrel half rolled, half carried it to his hole; and even the musquash crept up the bank from the brook at evening, and greedily devoured it, until he had worn a path in the grass there; and when it was frozen and thawed the crow and jay were 5 glad to taste it occasionally. The owl crept into the first apple tree that became hollow, and fairly hooted with delight, finding it just the place for him; so, settling down into it, he has remained there ever since. 10

The flowers of the apple are perhaps the most beautiful of any tree, so copious and so delicious to both sight and scent. The walker is frequently tempted to turn and linger near some more than usually handsome one whose blossoms are two 15 thirds expanded. How superior it is in these respects to the pear, whose blossoms are neither colored nor fragrant!

Early apples begin to be ripe about the first of August; but I think that none of them is so good 20 to eat as some to smell. One is worth more to scent your handkerchief with than any perfume which they sell in the shops. The fragrance of some fruits is not to be forgotten along with that of flowers. Some gnarly apple which I pick up in the 25 road reminds me by its fragrance of all the wealth

of Pomona, — carrying me forward to those days when they will be collected in golden and ruddy heaps in the orchards and about the cider mills.

A week or two later, as you are going by orchards or gardens, especially in the evenings, you pass through a little region possessed by the fragrance of ripe apples, and thus enjoy them without price, and without robbing anybody.

In October, the leaves falling, the apples are more distinct on the trees. I saw one year some trees fuller of fruit than I remember to have ever seen before, — small yellow apples hanging over the road. The branches were gracefully drooping with their weight, like a barberry bush, so that the whole tree acquired a new character. Even the topmost branches, instead of standing erect, spread and drooped in all directions; and there were so many poles supporting the lower ones that they looked like pictures of banyan trees. As an old English manuscript says, “The mo appelen the tree bereth the more sche boweth to the folk.”

Surely the apple is the noblest of fruits. Let the most beautiful or the swiftest have it. That should be the “going” price of apples.

Between the fifth and twentieth of October I see the barrels under the trees. And perhaps I talk

with one who is selecting some choice barrels to fill an order. He turns a speckled one over many times before he leaves it out. If I were to tell what is passing in my mind, I should say that



every one was speckled which he had handled; for 5  
he rubs off all the bloom. Cool evenings prompt  
the farmers to make haste, and at length I see  
only the ladders here and there left leaning  
against the trees.

It would be well if we accepted these gifts with 10  
more joy and gratitude. Some old English customs

are suggestive at least. It appears that "on Christmas eve the farmers and their men in Devonshire take a large bowl of cider, with a toast in it, and, carrying it in state to the orchard, they salute the  
5 apple trees with much ceremony, in order to make them bear well next season." This salutation consists in "throwing some of the cider about the roots of the tree, placing bits of the toast on the branches," and then, "encircling one of the best  
10 bearing trees in the orchard, they drink the following toast three several times :

"Here's to thee, old apple tree,  
Whence thou mayst bud, and whence thou mayst blow,  
And whence thou mayst bear apples enow!  
15       Hats full! caps full!  
          Bushel, bushel, sacks full!  
          And my pockets full, too! Hurra!"

Also what was called "apple howling" used to be practiced in various counties of England on  
20 New Year's eve. A troop of boys visited the different orchards and, encircling the apple trees, repeated the following words :

"Stand fast, root! bear well, top!  
Pray God send us a good howling crop:  
25       Every twig, apples big;  
          Every bough, apples enow!"

They then shout in chorus, one of the boys accompanying them on a cow's horn. During this ceremony they rap the trees with their sticks. This is called "wassailing" the trees, and is thought by some to be a relic of the heathen sacrifice to Pomona. 5

Herrick sings :

Wassaille the trees that they may beare  
 You many a plum and many a peare ;  
 For more or less fruits they will bring 10  
 As you so give them wassailing.

**Homer** : a Grecian poet, often called the Father of Poetry. — **Herodotus** : the greatest of the Grecian historians. — **Ulysses** : one of the heroes of the Trojan war. — **Alcinous** : a king famous in the story of the Argonauts ; the father of Nausicaa. — **Tantalus** : a fabled king who was punished by the gods. He was put into water up to his neck, but when he tried to drink the water moved away and left him still thirsty. Our word "tantalize" is made from his name. — **Edda** : one of the books containing accounts of the Scandinavian gods. — **indigenous** : native. — **savory** : good to the taste. — **perforated** : made holes in. — **musquash** : the muskrat. — **copious** : full. — **Pomona** : the goddess of fruits.

## SUMMER AND WINTER

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822), an English poet, was born in Sussex County. At the celebrated school, Eton, he, a sturdy, fearless lover of liberty, rebelled against the school custom of fagging, kept aloof from school sports, and read books that  
 5 were mysteries to the other boys. His tart temper half angered, half amused his companions. Hence he was often "surrounded, hooted, baited like a maddened bull until he roared in wrath." "Mad Shelley" his companions called him, and in the eyes of the sober-minded Englishmen of his day he was "mad Shelley"  
 10 to his death.

An expulsion from the University of Oxford for refusing to answer questions about an infidel pamphlet that he had written, a quarrel with his father, an unhappy marriage at nineteen, a separation from his wife at twenty-two, a second marriage, — this  
 15 time to a gifted woman who was to edit his poems after his death, — a seizure by consumption, a few years in Italy, a sudden death from an overturning boat, — these are the principal events of his manhood.

In spite of the many irregularities of his life, those who knew  
 20 Shelley best found in him much to admire. To them he was tender, generous, fearful of nothing except what was low and base, warm in his love for the poor and the oppressed. Southey welcomed him to his house; Horace Smith was his friend; Leigh Hunt and Lord Byron were his intimate associates.

25 Not for this set of readers or for that, but for all who love what is loftiest and best in poetry, Shelley must always seem among the kings of song. — WILLIAM SHARP.

We doubt whether any modern poet has possessed in an equal degree some of the highest qualities of the great ancient  
 30 masters. — MACAULAY.



It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,  
Towards the end of the sunny month of June,  
When the north wind congregates in crowds  
The floating mountains of the silver clouds  
From the horizon — and the stainless sky 5  
Opens beyond them like eternity.

All things rejoiced beneath the sun, the weeds,  
The river, and the corn-fields, and the reeds ;  
The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,  
And the firm foliage of the larger trees. 10

It was a winter such as when birds die  
In the deep forests ; and the fishes lie  
Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes  
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes  
A wrinkled clod, as hard as brick ; and when 15  
Among their children comfortable men  
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold ;  
Alas, then, for the homeless beggar old !

**translucent** : clear.



## THE FIERY CROSS OF CLAN ALPINE

WALTER SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832), whose poems and romances are known and admired wherever the English language is spoken, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. But the great story-teller was not to spend his childhood among brick walls. In the country  
5 home of a kinsman, where he was sent to try the effect of bracing air on a leg shrunk by fever, the lame little fellow, "as he lay on the grass among his intimate friends, the sheep," feasted his beauty-loving eyes on the rippling Tweed and the forests and farms on its banks.

10 From earliest childhood he was interested in old stories, legends, romances, battles, sieges, knight-errantry. As soon as he heard a border-raid ballad he knew it by heart. A copy of Percy's collection of early poetry fell into his hands. His delight in it was so great that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of  
15 thirteen, he forgot his dinner and all else until he could finish the book and declaim passages of it to any one who would listen.

For the rest, he was dreamy, sometimes lazy, sometimes stirring with wonderful energy, studied as the fever took him, but read unweariedly. "Having been taken sick, he was kept two  
20 years in bed, forbidden to speak, with no other pleasure than to read the poets, novelists, historians, and geographers, illustrating the battle descriptions by setting in line little pebbles, which represented soldiers."

After he was able to walk he made excursions into all parts  
25 of the country, and stored in a wonderful memory all the scraps of history, bits of songs, and romantic narratives that he could collect. Each year for seven years he "wandered into the wild district of Liddesdale, exploring every stream and every ruin, sleeping in the shepherds' huts, gleaning legends and ballads.  
30 He read town charters, parish registers, dirty parchments, even contracts and wills. The first time that he was able to lay his

hands on one of the great old "border war horns, he startled the roadside dwellers by blowing it all along his route."

At his country home, Abbotsford, he spent vast sums, won from his writings, in building a castle in imitation of the castles of the old knights, and there he kept open house. 5

Such training goes far toward making a poet and romancer, and to explain the freshness and life of such poems as *The Lady of the Lake*, *Marmion*, and of such stories as the *Waverley Novels*.

As to Scott, I cannot express my delight at his character and 10 manners. He is a sterling, golden-hearted old worthy, full of the joyousness of youth, with an imagination continuously sending forth pictures, and a charming simplicity of manner that puts you at ease with him in a moment. — WASHINGTON IRVING.

The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer, 15  
 A slender crosslet framed with care,  
 A cubit's length in measure due ;  
 The shafts and limbs were rods of yew,  
 Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave  
 Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave, 20  
 And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,  
 Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep.  
 The cross thus formed he held on high,  
 With wasted hand and haggard eye,  
 And strange and mingled feelings woke, 25  
 While his anathema he spoke : —  
 " Woe to the clansman, who shall view  
 This symbol of sepulchral yew,  
 Forgetful that its branches grew

Where weep the heavens their holiest dew  
On Alpine's dwelling low!  
Deserter of his chieftain's trust,  
He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,  
5 But, from his sires and kindred thrust,  
Each clansman's execration just  
Shall doom him wrath and woe."  
He paused; — the word the vassals took,  
With forward step and fiery look,  
10 On high their naked brands they shook,  
Their clattering targets wildly strook;  
And first in murmur low,  
Then, like the billow in his course,  
That far to seaward finds his source,  
15 And flings to shore his mustered force,  
Burst with loud roar their answer hoarse,  
"Woe to the traitor, woe!"  
Ben-an's gray scalp the accents knew,  
The joyous wolf from covert drew,  
20 The exulting eagle screamed afar, —  
They knew the voice of Alpine's war.  
. . . . .  
Then Roderick with impatient look  
From Brian's hand the symbol took:  
"Speed, Malise, speed!" he said, and gave  
25 The crosslet to his henchman brave.



“The muster-place be Lanrick mead —  
Instant the time — speed, Malise, speed !”  
Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,  
A barge across Loch Katrine flew :  
High stood the henchman on the prow ;

- So rapidly the barge-men row,  
The bubbles, where they launched the boat,  
Were all unbroken and afloat,  
Dancing in foam and ripple still,  
5 When it had neared the mainland hill ;  
And from the silver beach's side  
Still was the prow three fathom wide,  
When lightly bounded to the land  
The messenger of blood and brand.
- 10 Speed, Malise, speed ! the dun deer's hide  
On fleeter foot was never tied.  
Speed, Malise, speed ! such cause of haste  
Thine active sinews never braced.  
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,  
15 Burst down like torrent from its crest ;  
With short and springing footstep pass  
The trembling bog and false morass ;  
Across the brook like roebuck bound,  
And thread the brake like questing hound ;  
20 The crag is high, the scaur is deep,  
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap :  
Parched are thy burning lips and brow,  
Yet by the fountain pause not now ;  
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,  
25 Stretch onward in thy fleet career !  
    . . . . .

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,  
 In arms the huts and hamlets rise ;  
 From winding glen, from upland brown,  
 They poured each hardy tenant down.  
 Nor slacked the messenger his pace ; 5  
 He showed the sign, he named the place,  
 And, pressing forward like the wind,  
 Left clamor and surprise behind.  
 The fisherman forsook the strand,  
 The swarthy smith took dirk and brand ; 10  
 With changèd cheer, the mower blithe  
 Left in the half-cut swath his scythe ;  
 The herds without a keeper strayed,  
 The plow was in mid-furrow stayed,  
 The falconer tossed his hawk away, 15  
 The hunter left the stag at bay ;  
 Prompt at the signal of alarms,  
 Each son of Alpine rushed to arms.

From *The Lady of the Lake*

**grisly** : hideous or frightful. — **crosslet** : a small cross. — **cubit** :  
 the English cubit is eighteen inches long. — **Lomond** : a beautiful  
 lake in Scotland. — **anathema** : curse. — **execration** : evil speaking.  
**-target** : a shield to protect a soldier. — **hamlet** : a village. —  
**falconer** : one who trains hawks to fight.

## WOMEN ON AN OLD-TIME SOUTHERN PLANTATION

SYDNEY GEORGE FISHER

SYDNEY GEORGE FISHER (1856- ), an American lawyer and author, was born in Philadelphia. He was graduated from the academic department of Western University, Pennsylvania, and from the law department of Harvard University. He was admitted to the bar of Philadelphia in 1883. He has been a leader in the movement for civil service reform in our government.

Mr. Fisher is the author of several historical works. Among these are: *The Making of Pennsylvania*; *The True Benjamin Franklin*; *The True William Penn*; *Men, Women, and Manners in Colonial Days*.

10 The plantation house, surrounded by its stables, barns, and negro quarters, often looked like a small village. Bathed in the soft, indolent sunlight, in the midst of luxurious vegetation, the trees filled with mocking-birds, the horses and cattle wandering everywhere, and hundreds of blacks with  
15 their songs and irresistible humor breaking forth at every moment, it was a most attractive scene, in which many a traveler lingered long. Some of the plantations were laid out with handsome  
20 grounds, avenues of trees, and the landscape gardening of England.

A great many varied duties necessarily devolved on the women at a plantation. They took care of

the sick; and as a plantation of any pretensions had usually two or three hundred slaves, this was by no means a trifling task. They superintended the spinning and weaving of cloth and the cutting and making of all the clothes for the plantation, 5 and they usually had a great number of household servants to look after. They learned to command and enforce obedience among savages. They had to train slaves in habits of order, and teach them the trades and occupations which were essential 10 to the self-supporting character of their little community. They often taught their own children to read and write. Many of them were zealous in giving religious and moral instruction to the negroes, and to this custom must be partly credited the tam- 15 ing and civilizing of the blacks, so that as years passed they became less dangerous. In the Revolution they did little or no harm to their masters, and in the Civil War they often saved valuable property and befriended their former masters when 20 they were at the mercy of invading armies.

Besides these duties, which were especially assigned to the women, it was usually important for them to have a thorough understanding of the general management of the plantation; for the 25 men were necessarily often absent, and it was not



uncommon for a woman to be left alone for several months in charge of a huge plantation.

It seems to have been a more varied and broadening life than has been generally supposed, and it developed important qualities in both the women and the men, for each plantation was a little kingdom in itself.

### THE ANGLER'S REVEILLE<sup>1</sup>

HENRY VAN DYKE

HENRY VAN DYKE (1852- ), an American minister, poet, and man of letters, was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania. After  
10 his graduation at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and at Princeton University, he entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, and in 1878 was ordained to the ministry. His first  
pastorate was at Newport, Rhode Island. After a service of five years there, he was called to the Brick Presbyterian Church of  
15 New York City. In 1900 he was elected professor of English literature in Princeton University, a position that he still holds.

What time the rose of dawn is laid across the lips  
of night,  
And all the drowsy little stars have fallen asleep  
20 in light;  
'T is then a wandering wind awakes, and runs from  
tree to tree,  
And borrows words from all the birds to sound the  
reveille.

<sup>1</sup> From *The Toiling of Felix*. Copyright, 1900. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

This is the carol the Robin throws  
Over the edge of the valley ;  
Listen how boldly it flows,  
Sally on sally :

Tirra-lirra, 5  
Down the river,  
Laughing water  
All a-quiver.  
Day is near,  
Clear, clear. 10  
Fish are breaking,  
Time for waking.  
Tup, tup, tup !  
Do you hear ?  
All clear — 15  
Wake up !

The phantom flood of dreams has ebbd and vanished with the dark,  
And like a dove the heart forsakes the prison of the ark ; 20  
Now forth she fares through friendly woods and diamond-fields of dew,  
While every voice cries out, "Rejoice!" as if the world were new.

This is the ballad the Bluebird sings,  
Unto his mate replying,  
Shaking the tune from his wings  
While he is flying :

5                Surely, surely, surely,  
                 Life is dear  
                 Even here.  
                 Blue above,  
                 You to love,  
10              Purely, purely, purely.

There's wild azalea on the hill, and roses down  
the dell,  
And just one spray of lilac still abloom beside the  
well ;  
15 The columbine adorns the rocks, the laurel buds  
grow pink,  
Along the stream white arums gleam, and violets  
bend to drink.

                 This is the song of the Yellowthroat,  
20              Fluttering gayly beside you ;  
                 Hear how each voluble note  
                 Offers to guide you :

Which way, sir ?  
I say, sir,  
Let me teach you,  
I beseech you !  
Are you wishing  
Jolly fishing ?  
This way, sir !  
I'll teach you.

5



Then come, my friend, forget your foes, and leave  
your fears behind,  
And wander forth to try your luck, with cheerful,  
quiet mind ;  
For be your fortunes great or small, you'll take  
what God may give,  
And all the day your heart shall say, " 'T is luck  
enough to live."

10

15

This is the song the Brown Thrush flings,  
 Out of his thicket of roses ;  
 Hark how it warbles and rings,  
 Mark how it closes :

5                    Luck, luck,  
                       What luck ?  
                       Good enough for me !  
                       I 'm alive, you see.  
                       Sun shining,  
 10                   No repining ;  
                       Never borrow  
                       Idle sorrow ;  
                       Drop it !  
                       Cover it up !  
 15                   Hold your cup !  
                       Joy will fill it,  
                       Don't spill it,  
                       Steady, be ready,  
                       Good luck !

- what time:** at the time when. — **reveille** (pronounced in our army *rěv à lě'*): a signal for the soldiers to arise in the morning. — **sally:** a bursting forth. — **voluble:** easily rolling. — **repining:** sorrowing.

## DOBBS

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY (1851-1889), an American editor and orator, was born in Athens, Georgia, and educated at the University of Georgia. At the age of eighteen he began his editorial life on the *Rome Courier*. In 1880, through the generosity of Cyrus W. Field of New York, who lent him twenty thousand dollars to buy a fourth interest in the *Atlanta Constitution*, he became managing editor of that paper. The success which it achieved was largely due to his genius. At the time of Grady's early death he was regarded as one of the most eloquent of our orators. 5 10

Throughout his life he had an earnest and practical sympathy for the lonely and the poor. Even in his boyhood days he would send many a little negro ragamuffin to his mother's home with such a note as this :

*Dear Mother:* Please give this child something to eat. He looks so hungry. H. W. G. 15

His had been indeed a wonderful career in many ways. He could have had any office he wanted, though he cared for none; he could move his fellow-men whenever and wherever he spoke to them; he had the genius of the organizer and the journalist; he wrought a great work of reconciliation for the nation. — TRENT. 20

I am proud of my acquaintance with Dobbs.

He was a hero whose deeds were not spread upon any of the books of men, but whose martyrdom I am sure illustrates a glowing page in God's great life book. 25

I met him late one night.

The paper, with its burden of news and gossip, had just been put to press, and I strolled out of the hot, clanking room to catch a sight of the cool morning stars and a whiff of the dew-laden breezes  
5 of the dawn.

Silhouetted against the intercepted stars I saw a tall and striking form standing like a statue in the corner.

As I came out of the door the figure approached.

10 "Is this the *Herald* office, sir?"

"Yes, sir. Can I serve you in any way?"

"Well—" hesitating for an instant, and then speaking boldly and sharply; "I wanted to know if you could not trust me for a few papers?"

15 "I suppose so; walk in to the light."

I shall never forget the impression Dobbs made on me that night, as we two walked in from the starlight to the glare of the gas-burners.

As I have said before, he had a tall and striking figure. His face was ugly. He was ungraceful,  
20 ragged, and uncouth. Yet there was a splendid glow of honesty that shone from every feature and challenged your admiration. It was not that cheap honesty that suffuses the face of your average honest man, but a vivid burst of light that, fed  
25 by principle, sent its glow from the heart. It was

not the passive honesty that is the portion of men who have no need to steal, but the triumphant honesty that has grappled with poverty, with disease, with despair, and conquered the whole brood of temptation; the honesty that has been sorely tried, 5 the honesty of martyrdom, the honesty of heroism. He was the honestest man I ever knew.

There was one feature of his dress that was pathetic. He wore a superb swallow-tailed dress coat, — a gorgeous coat, which was doubtless christened 10 at some happy wedding (his father's, I suppose), had walked side by side with dainty laces, been swept through stately quadrilles, and to-night came to me upon a shirtless back and asked "trust" for a half-dozen newspapers. 15

It had that seedy, threadbare look which makes broadcloth after its first season the most melancholy dress that somber ingenuity ever invented. It was scrupulously brushed and buttoned close up to the chin, whether to hide the lack of a shirt 20 I never in the course of six months' intimate acquaintance had the audacity to inquire. In the sleeve, on which rosy wrists had been, in days gone by, laid in loving confidence, a shriveled arm hung loosely, and from its outlet three decrepit fingers 25 driveled. His hat was old and fell around his ears.



His breeches, of a whitish material, had the peculiarity of leaving the office perfectly dirty one evening and coming back pure and clean the next morning. What amount of midnight scrubbing this  
5 required from my hero Dobbs I will not attempt to tell. Neither will I guess how he became possessed of that wonderful coat. Whether in the direst days of the poverty which had caught him, his old mother, pitying her boy's rags, had fished it up  
10 from the bottom of a trunk where, with mayhap an orange wreath or a bit of white veil, it had lain for years, the last token of a happy bridal night, and, baptizing it with her tears, had thrown it around his bare shoulders, I cannot tell. All I  
15 know is that, taken in connection with the rest of his attire, it was startling in its contrast; and that I honored the brave dignity with which he buttoned this magnificent coat against his honest rags and strode out to meet the jeers of the world and  
20 work out a living.

I knew Dobbs for six months. Day after day I saw him come at three o'clock in the morning. I saw his pale face, and that coat so audacious in its fineness, go to the press room, fold his papers,  
25 and hurry out into the weather. One night I stopped him.

"Dobbs," said I, "how much do you make a week?"

"I average five dollars and twenty cents, sir. I have twenty-seven regular customers. I get the paper at fifteen cents a week from you, and sell it to them at twenty-five cents. I make two dollars and seventy cents off of them, and I sell about twenty-five extra papers a morning."

"What do you do with your money?"

"It takes nearly all of it to support me and mother."

"You don't mean to tell me that you and your mother live on five dollars and twenty cents a week?"

"Yes, sir, we do; and pay five dollars a month rent out of that. We live pretty well, too," with a smile, possibly induced by the vision of some of those luxuries which were included under the head of "living pretty well." I was crushed.

*Five dollars and twenty cents a week!* This sum, so contemptible to me,—wasted so lightly,—I find to be the sum total of the income of an entire family—the whole support of two human beings.

. . . One morning the bookkeeper of the *Herald*, to whom my admiration for Dobbs was well known (I having frequently delivered glowing lectures upon

his character from the mailing table to an audience of carriers, clerks, and printers), approached me, and with a smack of joy in his voice said :

“ I am afraid your man Dobbs is a fraud. Some  
5 time ago he persuaded the clerk to give him credit  
on papers. He ran up a bill of about seven dollars,  
and then melted from our view. We have not seen  
or heard of him since ; expect he’s gone to trad-  
ing with the *Constitution* now, to bilk them out  
10 of a bill.”

This looked bad, but somehow or other I still  
had a firm faith in my hero. God had written  
honesty too plainly in his face for my confidence  
in him to be shaken. I knew if he had sinned or  
15 deceived that it was starvation or despair that had  
driven him to it, and I forgave him, even before I  
knew he was guilty. . . .

About a week after this happened a bombazine  
female — one of those melancholy women that occa-  
20 sionally arise like some Banquo’s ghost in my path-  
way, and always, I scarce know why, put remorse  
to twitching at my heartstrings — came into my  
sanctum and asked for me.

“ I am the mother,” said she, in a voice which  
25 sorrow had filled with tears and quavers, “ of Mr.  
Dobbs, a young man who used to buy papers from

you. He left owing you a little, and asked me to see you about it."

"Left? Where has he gone?"

"To heaven, I hope, sir. He is dead."

"Dead?"

5

"Yes, sir; my poor boy went last Thursday. He was all I had on earth, but he suffered so greatly that it seemed a mercy to let him go. He was troubled to the last about a debt he owed you. He said that you had been kind to him and would 10 think hard of him if he did not pay. He had owing to him, when he was taken sick, about three dollars. Here is an account of it in his little book. He told me with his last breath to collect the money, and not to use a cent of it until I had paid you, 15 and if I did n't get enough to meet the debt, to turn over the book to you. I have taken in one dollar and thirty cents, and"—with the air of one who has fought the good fight—"here it is." So saying, she ran her hand into a gash in the bom- 20 bazine dress, and drew out a long cloth purse, and counted out the money. This she handed me with the book.

I ran my eye over the ruggedly kept accounts and found that each man owed from a dime up to 25 fifty cents.

"Why, madam," said I, "these accounts are not worth collecting."

"That's what he was afraid of," said she, moving toward a bundle that lay upon the floor. "He  
5 told me if you said so, to give you this, and ask you to sell it if you could, and make your money. It's all he had, sir, and he would n't die easy until I told him I would. God knows"—and tears rolled down her thin and hollow cheeks—"God knows  
10 it was a struggle to promise to give it up. He wore it, and his father before him. How many times it has covered 'em both! I had hoped to carry it to the end with me, and wrap my old body in it when I died. But it was all we had which was fine,  
15 and he would n't rest till I told him I would give it to you.

"Then he smiled as brightly as a child, and kissed me, and said, 'Now I am ready to go.' He was a good boy, sir, as ever lived." And she rocked  
20 her old body to and fro with her grief.

Need I say that she had offered me the old dress coat? That sacred garment, blessed with the memory of her son and his father, and which, rather than give up, she would willingly have plucked  
25 either of the withered arms that hung at her sides from its socket.

I dropped my eyes to the account book again, — for what purpose I am not ashamed that the reader may guess.

In a few moments I spoke.

“Madam, I was mistaken in the value of these 5 accounts; most of the debtors on this book, I find upon a second look, are capitalists. The eleven dollars’ worth of accounts will sell for twelve anywhere. Your son owed me seven dollars. Leave the book with me; I will pay myself, and here is a 10 balance of five dollars which I hand to you. Your son was a good boy, and I feel honored that I can serve his mother.”

She folded up the old coat and departed.

I kept the book.

15

It was a simple record of Dobbs’s simple life. Here ran his expense list, — a dreary trickle of “bacon” and “meal” and “rent,” enlivened only once with “sugar.”

Here were his accounts, of say fifty cents each, 20 on men accounted responsible in the world’s eye, — accounts for papers furnished through snow, and sleet, and rain. Some of them showed signs of having been called for a dozen times, being frescoed with such notes as “Call Tuesday,” “Call Wednesday,” “Call Thursday,” etc. 25

In its thumbed and greasy leaves is written the record of a heroism more lofty and a martyrdom more lustrous than ever lighted the page of book before or since.

**martyrdom**: the giving up of one's life for a principle. — **silhouetted**: having the black outlines of an object thrown against some background, as the shadow is thrown against the ground. — **intercepted**: cut off. — **suffuses**: spreads over. — **quadrille**: a dance. — **somber**: sorrowful. — **decrepit**: broken down, feeble. — **driveled**: hung weakly. — **audacious**: bold. — **bilk**: cheat. — **Banquo**: one of the characters in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. He was murdered by order of Macbeth, and, according to the story, his ghost came to disturb his murderer. — **sanctum**: office. — **capitalists**: rich men. — **frescoed**: covered.

## THE CHARGE AT SANTIAGO

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE (1856— ), an American poet, is the son of the poet, Paul Hamilton Hayne. He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, but has spent most of his life at his father's country home, "Copse Wood," near Augusta, Georgia.

His first poems began to appear in papers and magazines in 1879. Since that time his contributions to American periodicals have been regular. In 1892 a volume of his verse was published under the title *Sylvan Lyrics and Other Verses*.

With the shot and shell, like a loosened hell,  
 Smiting them left and right,  
 15 They rise or fall on the sloping wall  
 Of beetling bush and height!

They do not shrink at the awful brink  
Of the rifle's hurtling breath,  
But onward press, as their ranks grow less,  
To the open arms of death.

Through a storm of lead, o'er maimed and dead, 5  
Onward and up they go,  
Till hand to hand the unflinching band  
Grapple the stubborn foe.  
O'er men that reel, 'mid glint of steel,  
Bellow or boom of gun, 10  
They leap and shout over each redoubt  
Till the final trench is won!

O charge sublime! Over dust and grime  
Each hero hurls his name  
In shot and shell, like a molten hell, 15  
To the topmost height of fame.  
And prone or stiff, under bush and cliff,  
Wounded or dead men lie,  
While the tropic sun on a grand deed done  
Looks with his piercing eye. 20

**maimed** : wounded. — **redoubt** : a small fort.



## A GALLANT GIRL

JULIA MAGRUDER AND FRANCES LEEDS

JULIA MAGRUDER (1854— ), an American author, was born in Charlottesville, Virginia. She is the author of many stories. Among these are *The Child Amy*, *Child Sketches from George Eliot*, and *A Manifest Destiny*.

5 FRANCES LEEDS was the pen name of the late Mrs. Emma Wigfall of Baltimore. She was well known as a contributor to various magazines.

In Holland, where the roadways are so often water instead of land, the canal boat takes the  
10 place of our wagons and electric cars. In many cases, also, these boats constitute the only homes of the poorer people, who are born and bred and live and die in these traveling houses.

It is an unusually pretty sight to watch these  
15 canal boats gliding along the narrow water ways, which run like some lace pattern over this land.

All the work of a simple household is done as they move on, laden with the burden of traffic, or stopping to take up passengers going from one  
20 village to another. Little gardens are often made to sprout with beauty,—a bed of tulips opening their brilliant cups in the moist air, or lettuce heads and other vegetables making squares of greenery in the broad boxes filled with earth,  
25 which are placed midway of the flat decks.



In the cold season these canal boats remain motionless for months, looking like monster birds alighted amid snow and ice to wait in patience for the return of spring.

5    Toward the latter part of a November, not so very long ago, a canal boat from Friesland ventured to the lower country with a cargo of peat for Dordrecht. Good Jan, the owner of the boat and father of the family living on it, had hoped to  
10 return to his northern country before the winter set in; but just as they were nearing their destination, Jan, with Jeffrow Donka, his wife, Joost and Katinka, the twins of twelve years, Trudchen, the girl of nine, and little Flulin, aged four, found  
15 himself held fast by a mass of ice. With a sinking heart the father, who knew the signs of winter well, realized that months must pass before the boat would be freed from its bondage.

What was to be done? Jan himself could get  
20 work in Friesland, where he was known, and so could Joost, the boy; but it was hard indeed for them to leave the mother and the little ones. 'T was the only way, however, and so it was decided that they should go, taking with them the  
25 old gray mare, Jettchen, that had towed them with such patience along the weary miles.

When Jan had given his parting kiss to his wife and left her sobbing, with Flulin in her arms, he turned to take leave of Katinka, who stood outside with Joost. Putting his hands upon her shoulders, he looked at her earnestly and said: 5  
“Remember, I look to you, Katinka, to take care of mother and the little ones. You are strong and brave and good, and when I am far away I shall not think of you as a helpless girl, but as my little man, who takes Joost’s place.” 10

Katinka’s heart swelled with pride. No comparison could be so dear, no incentive so strong to her.

That winter was the hardest that Holland had known for many years. Jan found it very difficult to send a sufficient sum of money for the actual 15 necessities of the dear ones in the ice-locked boat so far away. Jeffrow Donka fell ill, too, so that more than the usual amount was needed.

Every day Katinka would skate down to the nearest town for medicines and food. Her skating 20 was, even in her own land, almost unparalleled for swiftness. She had practiced with Joost from their earliest years, and had often beaten him in a race.

As she sped along, her basket on her arm, her cap with its stiff little frill like a band of hoar- 25 frost under the tight-fitting red hood, she darted

like a bird past the sleepy old windmills, which turned their wheels as if to ward off the fierce November blasts, and hurried like some spirit of the winter wind along the icy path. Over and  
5 over again she would pick out some skater far ahead and set herself the task of passing him. This, in most cases, she did with an ease that made her feel exultant.

One day, returning from one of these expeditions,  
10 a heavy basket on her arm, and her little heart almost as heavy within her, for the home cares seemed to be increasing every day, Katinka noticed large, highly colored advertisements posted all along her way, which announced a skating  
15 match for the next day.

There was to be a prize of fifty florins for the first race, and after the announcement were the words, "Contestants from ten to thirteen years." His Highness the Count of Waspik was to award  
20 the prizes.

"Oh!" thought Katinka; "if Joost were only here! He would show these heavy southerners what real skating is. How our old teacher, the champion skater of Friesland, would have chuckled  
25 over his pipe if Joost were here and won this prize — as win he would! How much pains he took to

teach Joost and me, and how he used to laugh and clap when I would beat Joost!"

Katinka's brain reeled with a sudden thought. Oh, to win that fifty florins for the dear ones at home in such sore need! Why should she not enter the race disguised as Joost? The posters did not say that the race was open only to boys, but she knew that was understood.

Her brain worked quickly. Had not her father called her his little man? As a little man she believed that she could win this prize.

When Katinka reached home Trudchen was waiting for her at the foot of the ladder which formed the entrance stair to the house boat.

"Why do I never go to Dort, Katinka?" she asked peevishly. "It is very dull here, with mother always in bed, and Flulin asleep."

Katinka put her arms around her little sister's neck and whispered mysteriously in her ear.

Trudchen's face glowed with a delighted interest. Here was a chance for fun, even at home! To see Katinka dressed as Joost and entering a skating match was as good as a story out of a book.

Later, when supper was over and the mother's medicine had been given and all was quiet for the night, Katinka took the nose-lamp, a small brass

object with a projection called a nose, and crept into the inner cabin. Here was kept the big painted chest which contained, among many other things, Joost's Sunday suit. The mother had not dared to  
5 trust him with it so far away from her watchful care.

The two sisters succeeded in turning the key in the stout lock, and then Katinka ordered Trudchen to turn her back until allowed to look.

Stooping behind the box, like a bird on its nest,  
10 Katinka drew a pair of scissors from her pocket and cut off the two long plaits of her blond hair. Then, one by one, she carefully adjusted the garments of her twin brother on herself.

Standing on the little mat made of her hair, she  
15 called out in a soft, imperious voice, "Ready!"

"O Katinka!" cried Trudchen, clapping her hands; "you look exactly like a boy. I could not tell it was not Joost! But your hair! What will mother say?"

20 "Mother must not know yet. You must help me to hide it from her. Here, take the hair and put it in the chest, and come to bed. I must have a good night's rest, or I shall not win the race."

The next day was cold and clear. All the morn-  
25 ing village folk from the neighboring towns passed merrily along the ice on their way to town to see

the sports. Katinka, assisted by Trudchen, escaped notice as she ran down the ladder and paused to buckle on her skates.

It was a bitter sting to Trudchen to watch the vanishing form as it sped away toward town. True, 5 Katinka had promised, if she won the race, that she would bring her more sweets than she could eat, and a pair of earrings as big as her little ears, provided she would stay at home and take good care of the sick mother and Flulin. 10

But now a spirit of fierce rebellion stirred in the child's breast as she stood there, musing and agitated, in the keen air.

Katinka felt the chill of this air very sensibly as it stirred her close-cropped hair into a little sheaf 15 of wind-tossed locks, beneath the edge of the boy's tight cap of red cloth that she wore. She missed the snug, warm hood and her comfortable little muff. She felt strange and shy in the short knee breeches and double-breasted coat. But she whis- 20 tled to herself and murmured softly now and then: "Little man. I am that now, indeed, — my father's little man."

On she darted, curving in and out among the crowd which was making toward the huge flag- 25 decked space upon the skating course.



Men with noisy horns, the managers of the ceremonies, were moving officiously about, hustling the crowd, who responded to their directions with laughing amiability. To one of these guardians of  
5 the fête Katinka whispered her desire to enter the race. To her immense relief he showed no consciousness of anything strange, as he directed her to a table on the quay where some men were sitting tying numbers on brilliant knots of ribbon. Katinka  
10 drew near, her heart fluttering with suppressed alarm. Would they make her give her name?

Just at this instant there was a blowing of horns on all sides and a wild huzza went up. It was a welcome for the Count of Waspik, whose sleigh  
15 was coming slowly along the ice, its occupant bowing to right and left with gracious smiles.

One of the men at the table rose hurriedly and asked Katinka if she wished to join the race; and scarcely waiting for her confused assent, he tossed  
20 her a brilliant green ribbon on which hung a disk of ivory marked with the number nine.

Katinka, with a sigh of relief, threw the green loop over her head and let the ivory pendant drop above her beating heart. Then with a sudden  
25 feeling of courage, now that the danger she most dreaded was past, she moved swiftly off to the blue

flag flying from a pole in the ice, where she saw a number of other racers awaiting their orders.

Katinka's self-consciousness was now completely gone. The emotions roused by this brilliant scene put to flight all her former feelings. The enthusiastic welcome to the young Count, surging about her like an organ roll of praise and tribute, stirred her senses with a rapture never felt before. The band was playing the national air and the people were laughing and shouting. 5 10

The little peasant's fealty to her prince was complete in this moment, as she turned her eyes to the sleigh where the Count was standing, bare-headed, smiling on the crowd. The child's face lighted with the fire of loyal devotion as she lifted 15 the little ivory number to her lips, as if consecrating herself to some high cause, and whispered to herself: "I will win the race. And I will win also a smile from the Count, when he hands me the prize."

There was little further delay. The Count was 20 drawn twice along the line of spectators, so that all might see his sumptuous sleigh, piled with costly furs, and hear the jingling of the silver bells on the red harness of the four black horses.

The Count's sleigh now took position near the 25 flag which was the goal of the race, and a trumpeter,

in fantastic costume, stepped forward and sent a note of clarion clearness out into the icy air. This was the signal for the beginning of the race. The guardians, as they are called, placed the little lads  
5 in a line. There were eleven of them. Katinka, being number nine, was third from the end. The spectators, recently so noisy, were as silent as if some speechless fear had fallen upon them, their broad, frank faces grave and watchful.

10 The trumpeter lifted his bright horn again and blew three rapid notes; and like a flock of doves startled from their cote, the eleven little figures shot out from under the fluttering blue banner and the race fairly began.

15 On, on they sped, the line scarcely broken for a space. To Katinka there was not an atom of fear. A feeling of perfect confidence and security swelled her little heart with joy. Under the excitement of this, she did not notice when one lad fell down,  
20 his skates turning under him, nor had she perceived the quick advance of a third boy who wore a ribbon of pink, until she heard the crowd yelling out cries of "The pink! the pink!" And then she saw that the pink had passed her.

25 Katinka laughed and bent her body forward. Some one cried out, "Green is going to fall!" and

she laughed again. She thought of the instructions of her old teacher. She was not falling, but following his rules.

One instant she flung apart her arms as if summoning the assistance of the wind. Then, folding 5 those strong little arms across her breast, she settled to the long swooping flight which a swallow dares when it sails in perfect grace across the summer sky.

There was a shout of admiration from the crowd. 10 As she shot past the pink, leaving the other colors far behind, the young Count rose and doffed his hat. Katinka saw it and her pulses beat with rapture. She felt the keen intoxication of success. Her yellow hair stood out like a halo about the 15 childish face. Shouts of "Hurrah for the green!" heard on every side, filled her with ecstasy. All alone, the others vainly following, she reached the turning point, round which she swooped with such a graceful curve that the applause rose to a whirl- 20 wind of sound. She veered past the blue flag, which marked the half distance of the race, and came back toward the Count's sleigh with a movement easy and swift.

The Count himself had not received a more en- 25 thusiastic greeting than was given to her as she

came skimming along, like the very swift spirit of the ice. As she drew near the Count's sleigh, stationed at the goal, she turned her face upward to receive the smile she had coveted.

5 The Count not only smiled; he beckoned to her with his hand, and while the crowd yelled itself hoarse, Katinka passed the goal and won the race. Then, with a gentle turn, and with no sign of breathlessness or fatigue, she floated quietly on to  
10 where the Count awaited her.

But just before she reached the sleigh there was a sudden movement in front of the horses, and a little toddling girl ran unsteadily across the ice toward her, while a startlingly familiar voice cried  
15 out: "Katinka! Katinka! Sister Kat! Me knewed you. Trudchen said you was a boy, but me saw you putting on Joost's clothes."

Katinka's brain went round. There were two guardians of the fête standing beside the Count's  
20 sleigh. "Ach!" exclaimed one of the men; "the child is a girl!" Flulin's babbling chatter, as she hung about her sister's waist, left no room for mistake as to this fact. Katinka, completely awed by the situation, said nothing. She held Flulin by the  
25 hand and allowed the men to draw them nearer to the Count, who signed to them to approach.

"Your Highness," said one of the guardians, "we have discovered that this racer is a girl."

"A girl!" cried the Count. "Then, by St. Christopher, she should teach the lads! How is this?" he added, turning to Katinka. 5

Katinka's only answer was a timid lifting of her lids. The crowd, seeing her in conversation with the Count, and not knowing what happened, began again its shouts of: "The green! Hurrah for the green!" 10

The Count, as he looked toward the spectators, caught sight of one of the posters placed on a house near by. He raised his hand for silence.

"The race is declared to be for contestants between the ages of ten and thirteen," he announced. "The sex of the racer is not mentioned, as you see. I think I give the unanimous decision of the crowd when I say that the purse is hers. Take it, my gallant girl," he added, holding out the coveted trophy; "you have won it not only 20 fairly but gloriously. May you do as well in every race that awaits you in life."

The band struck up a gay, triumphant air, and the voices of the people rose once more in enthusiastic cries of "The green! the green! Three 25 cheers for the green!"

Flushed with victory, Katinka lifted Flulin in her arms and, with the precious purse clasped tight, was making her way through the crowd when she heard a pitiful little sound and Trudchen clutched  
5 her arm.

“O Katinka! forgive me,” she sobbed. “It was all my fault. Mother was asleep and Flulin promised to be good if I would bring her, but she ran away from me when she saw you, and I dared  
10 not follow.”

“Trudchen, you did very, very wrong,” said Katinka, trying hard to be stern. “You ought not to have come. But how can I be anything but good to you when the Count has been so good  
15 to me?”

Thus ended the memorable race by which Katinka won the means of keeping all her dear ones in comfort.

**incentive**: spur. — **unparalleled**: unequaled. — **exultant**: proud.  
— **florin**: the Dutch florin was worth forty cents. — **musings**: thinking.  
— **quay**: a wharf. — **suppressed**: hidden. — **fealty**: loyalty.  
— **sumptuous**: costly. — **ecstasy**: delight.

## INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

ROBERT BROWNING

ROBERT BROWNING (1812–1889), an English poet who alone disputes with Tennyson the first place among Victorian poets, was born at Camberwell, a suburb of London, and was educated at London University. In his fourteenth year he picked up, in a bookstore in London, a copy of Shelley's poems. He was so fascinated by the beauty of Shelley's lines that he was led to become a poet himself. In his twenty-first year he published *Pauline*, his first long poem. This was followed, in 1835, by *Paracelsus*, a poem of singular beauty as well as of singular defects. From that date until his death, fifty-four years later, his vigorous pen was seldom at rest. 5 10

In 1846 he married a fellow-poet, Elizabeth Barrett, whose fame at that time was greater than his own. They made their home in the beautiful Italian city of Florence, and there, happy in their art and happy in their love, they lived until Mrs. Browning's death in 1861. Then Browning returned to England to live. 15

Browning is at his best in his shorter poems. Many of these are poetic gems, rare in beauty and vigor.

Next to Tennyson, we hardly know of another English poet who can be compared with Browning. — E. P. WHIPPLE. 20

You know we French stormed Ratisbon :

A mile or so away,

On a little mound, Napoleon

Stood on our storming-day ;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how, 25

Legs wide, arms locked behind,

As if to balance the prone brow

Oppressive with its mind.



Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans  
That soar, to earth may fall,  
Let once my army-leader, Lannes,  
Waver at yonder wall," —



5      Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew  
         A rider, bound on bound  
Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew  
         Until he reached the mound.

         Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
10      And held himself erect  
By just his horse's mane, a boy :  
         You hardly could suspect —

(So tight he kept his lips compressed,  
Scarce any blood came through)  
You looked twice ere you saw his breast  
Was all but shot in two.

“ Well,” cried he, “ Emperor, by God’s grace      5  
We’ve got you Ratisbon !  
The Marshal’s in the market-place,  
And you’ll be there anon  
To see your flag-bird flap his vans  
Where I, to heart’s desire,      10  
Perched him !” The chief’s eye flashed ; his plans  
Soared up again like fire.

The chief’s eye flashed ; but presently  
Softened itself, as sheathes  
A film the mother-eagle’s eye      15  
When her bruised eaglet breathes ;  
“ You’re wounded !” “ Nay,” the soldier’s pride  
Touched to the quick, he said :  
“ I’m killed, sire !” And his chief beside,  
Smiling the boy fell dead.      20

vans : wings.

## SHAKESPEARE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH

SIDNEY LANIER

SIDNEY LANIER (1842-1881) was an American poet and prose writer whose books are growing in popular favor. He was born in Macon, Georgia, educated in Oglethorpe College, served as a private through the Civil War, contracted consumption from the  
5 exposed life of a soldier, and, after the war, bravely held death at bay until he had accomplished a fair measure of literary work.

In addition to his artistically constructed and highly musical poems, he lectured at Johns Hopkins University, wrote *Tiger Lilies* (a novel), *The Science of English Verse*, *The Development of*  
10 *the English Novel*, *The Boy's King Arthur*, *The Boy's Percy*, *The Boy's Mabinogion*, and two large volumes entitled *Shakespeare and His Forerunners*.

For all this, one now sees clearly that he was a poet, and bent upon no middle flight. — EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

15 Without more ado, then, fancy that on the night of Friday, July 8, in the year 1575, about twelve o'clock, when all the good burgesses in Stratford were comfortably asleep, the family of John Shakespeare, residing in a double-tenement house in  
20 Henley Street, were awakened by a furious knocking at the front door.

The eldest son of the family, then only a couple of months past eleven years of age, was the first to hear the noise. He was, indeed, always a light  
25 sleeper, as if Destiny intended he should lose as

little as possible of the world which he was afterwards to weave into his poems. And so, hastily springing from his bed, he knocked at his father's door, and passed quickly down the steps, and was in the act of unbarring the front door when his father called to him: "Hold, William! wouldst thou unbar the door to every knock, like a dicing house? Let him thunder; perhaps it is some gallant, or drunken roisterer. I'll speak him from the window." Hereupon John Shakespeare thrust his head from the window of a low chamber in the second story, which projected over the lower part of the house, at the same time calling out, "Who is this below there that beats honest folk out of bed in the midnight?"

"Marry, one that wishes he was where ye have just come from," replied a voice from the street, where the family could dimly perceive a horseman who had dismounted and was holding the bridle of his horse with one hand while he banged the door with his riding whip in the other. "Open your door, Master Shakespeare; here is a great ado as far off as Killingworth" — which was the common pronunciation of Kenilworth in those days — "and Ichington, and there is no man but thee can mend it; to wit, the Queen, God save her Grace, is to

be at Killingworth to-morrow, and my lord of Leicester hath had in a great army of new serving men and folk of all degree for his pageants and his shows, and there is more men than gloves, and  
5 the usher must needs have his gloves, and even he that is to play the salvage man in the woods before the Queen must have his gloves before her Grace's grace, and thou art to send by me straightway all the gloves in thy shop to Killingworth, or else, by  
10 the usher's moaning, the heaven and the earth will clap together and Domesday come a thousand years afore his time, for lack of some dozen pieces of leather, and I would the usher were doomed to eat 'em, for sending me on a fool's errand at night."

15 But John Shakespeare had by this time hurriedly descended and opened his door, whereupon the servant — for they recognized him as such by his blue livery — entered and finished his story. "And again, Master Shakespeare, and mind thou do this,  
20 or we will have two Domesdays together, grinding us like the upper and nether millstone. My lord of Leicester's gentleman hath come flying to me as I rode out of Killingworth Great Gate, and saith: My lord of Leicester to-morrow at Long Ichington  
25 shall feast the Queen, and they will hunt from there to Killingworth in the afternoon, and my

lord of Leicester will call for his bravest new pair of hunting gloves, and I cannot find them to have them ready, for belike some of these new gentry in the castle have already stole 'em ; and my lord, if he have not his gloves to prank in before the Queen, 5 will have my head, — saith my lord's gentleman ; and therefore thou, Master Shakespeare, art to fall straightway to thy work this very instant, and upon the bravest pair of hunting gloves thou hast thou art to stitch the arms of my lord of Leicester, 10 with the two ragged staves of silver in white silk ; and thou art then to dispatch a trusty messenger on a fleet horse to Long Ichington, who shall arrive by three of the clock in the afternoon of to-morrow, and shall find my lord of Leicester's gentleman 15 and hand him the gloves thou shalt stitch."

It was but a few moments before the household of John Shakespeare presented the unusual scene of an entire family working after midnight as if it were midday. The package of gloves was made 20 up and the servant remounted his horse and galloped back toward Kenilworth. John and Mary Shakespeare then went to work on Leicester's gloves, he taking the right and she the left ; and while they stitched, William, with his eyes glisten- 25 ing, begged that he might be allowed to carry the

precious package to Long Ichington. The father was against it: the boy would have to set out before it was fairly light, in order to insure against accidents, and it was a lonesome road, and the like  
5 arguments. But the mother saw a wild longing in his young eyes; a vague flash of a dream passed before her of what might happen if William were in such fine company, and so she urged his request.

The consequence was, in short, that before day-  
10 light on Saturday morning young William Shakespeare made his way on a good horse out of Stratford and took the road to Long Ichington. As he passed along the deep Warwickshire hedges and under the boughs of many a great oak, the unspeakable  
15 enchantment of the early summer morning arose out of the grass and descended from the trees.

Presently the power and the mystery of the deep green woods came over his soul; he burst into tears of unspeakable rapture; he sang at the top of his  
20 voice, while a great dome of silver built itself in the sky before the rising sun; the birds lifted up their voices; the little brooks rippled across the road; the laborers came out into the fields; the strolling tinker, the great wagon, passed him un-  
25 noticed; the farm, the thorp, the country seat, floated by him; and so he fared through the

morning in a dream of vague delight until midday, when the hot sun beating on his head suddenly admonished him to look about.

He pulled himself together and discovered during that operation that he had an amazing appetite, 5 having eaten nothing since his early supper the night before. Upon asking the distance to Long Ichington, he was told it was but a short mile ; so, having three hours to spare, he determined to avail himself of a piece of venison pasty which Mistress 10 Shakespeare had stuffed into his pouch, before he left home, for his breakfast. Observing that a brook flowed across the way just ahead, he rode up to it, turned his horse's head into the wood, and threaded his way between the tree trunks until he found a 15 spot, some half mile from the highway, where the brook made a round and placid pool, embowered in cool foliage.

Here he dismounted, fastened his horse to a swinging bough which would allow him to nibble 20 the grass, — “for I will eat with thee, Flight,” he said to the horse, patting his neck ; “though I cared not to munch by the roadside with Jack and Jill,” — and sat down on the bank.

Here, with a little laugh of luxury, he drew off 25 his girdle and loosened his doublet. He had caused



his mother, some time previously, to sew him up a sort of leathern pouch of a size sufficient to hold two or three books which he owned, and which he was accustomed to carry with him in his long  
5 and lonesome excursions about the country. As he opened the pouch he perceived that his good mother, in her hurry, had stuffed the pasty in with his books, and so he took all out together. He had recently made a great acquisition; this  
10 was a copy of Tottel's *Miscellany of Uncertain Authors* (the first printed book of modern poetry); and he now eagerly embraced the chance to read a poem or two while he was chewing his pasty. So he spread the book open before him and fell to,  
15 feeding body and soul at the same time. Presently he came to that perfect parting song of Wyatt's,

And wilt thou leave me thus,

which first appeared in this book.

At this moment, while he was making fantastic  
20 application of the poem to his own case, a small bird flew into the green paradise of leaves just over his head and began to warble; with a smile the boy gently leaned backward until he lay on the grass, flat on his back, watching the bird.  
25 And so presently the rhythm of the poem melted



vaguely into the warble of the bird ; the plashing of the brook, the drowsy swell and passing away of breaths of warm air among the leaves, the mysterious underlull of the noontide, came over him  
5 with power ; the boy's eyes, unaccustomed to the vigils and excitements of the day before, slowly closed, and he passed away into a blissful slumber.

Leaving him sound asleep in the gentle care of the greenwood, let us now see what is toward at  
10 Long Ichington. Here Leicester had received the Queen with a great feast, and after she had rested during the heat of the day, about five o'clock they set out for Kenilworth Castle.

It had been arranged that they should hunt the  
15 hart on the way ; and as it was but seven miles from Long Ichington to Kenilworth, Leicester had planned that the wayside hunt would bring them to the Great Gate of his castle about eight in the evening, where he had in waiting for the Queen  
20 the most magnificent preparations that had ever been seen in England.

Soon after the brilliant cavalcade left Long Ichington the Queen spurred her horse into the forest. A longing to be quite alone among the great oaks  
25 possessed her ; and so, waving her hand to her attendants, with instructions to Leicester to follow,

she galloped forward until she found herself out of sight of humanity. Then she tossed the reins on her horse's neck and slowly walked him over the turf betwixt the oaks, inhaling the sweet, pungent breaths that floated about the forest, and saying to herself: "Would the air of courts was so sweet! Why be men's souls so foul, and trees so fresh?"

Presently, while she was absorbed in thought, with head declined on her bosom, her horse pointed his ears forward, lifted his head, and stopped, in such a way as, though gentle enough, had nearly thrown her from the saddle. "What, Roger!" she said; and, quickly recovering herself, looked forward. A few feet distant she saw a slender-limbed boy lying stretched on the green bank of a brook; one hand was resting on an open volume of poems, the other lying near an undevoured slice of venison pasty. The Queen's eyes sparkled; she had all a woman's eye for a cunning sight or a pretty situation. Dismounting from her horse, she stole on tiptoe to young Shakespeare, — for it was he, still dreaming of his love, — knelt by him, and bent over to kiss the lips which were parted in the ravishing smile of a dream.

The rustle of her long drapery half awoke the boy, and with eyes partly open, though not yet

freed from his dream, he murmured, "Elizabeth!" Then, coming to full consciousness, he opened his great eyes wide on the radiant face which was bending over him, and lay still, in a maze of wonder and pleasure.

"Thou hast the best taste of any lad in England," said the Queen, and broke into peals of laughter which rang through the forest. "To murmur 'Elizabeth' at waking! Do the very boys in Warwickshire dream of me, Leicester?" she cried, as the earl made his appearance between the trees, and rapidly advanced, in almost as great a maze as Shakespeare's at seeing the figure of the Queen bending over what seemed in the distance like the figure of a man.

"Leicester, here is thy most dangerous rival. Do not eye his book. Here's a lad that eats his very venison pasty seasoned with sonnets, sleeps by the sweetest pool in all thy Warwickshire woods, and, to crown all, breathes Elizabeth's name when he is but half awake."

"I pray the venison be not out of my park, got by night," said Leicester, coming up to the Queen.

"Nay," she rejoined; "we shall have thee claiming the poetry next; but thou canst not, for it is Wyatt's,—God rest his soul!—and not Leicester's."

At the second sound of his name young Shakespeare for the first time remembered his errand.

"I pray you," he said, "are you my lord of Leicester?"

"Yea," cried the Queen, with a roguish tone in her voice; "and would be my lord of the universe an he had but his way."

"Then," continued Shakespeare, "here is a packet for your Grace"; and herewith he pulled out the hunting gloves and presented them to the earl. 10 The Queen's mirth deepened, while a slight shade of half-amused chagrin crossed Leicester's face, as the boy proceeded to relate the history of the packet. "Last night," he said, "about midnight came one from Kenilworth to my father, John 15 Shakespeare, the glover, of Stratford, and banged us out of our beds at midnight, and said the Earl of Leicester would hunt with the Queen to-day, and his Grace's brave hunting gloves were stolen, and his Grace's gentleman therefore bid my father send 20 him a pair of the bravest hunting gloves to Long Ichington to-day against his Grace's calling for them; and here are they, worked with his Grace's arms, and the two ragged staves of silver in white silk," finished Shakespeare, with some pride in 25 the prompt performance of his commission.

The Queen laughed, as this narrative concluded, till the forest echoed, and rallied Leicester unmercifully. Presently she took up Shakespeare's books and cried : " Mark you, my lord of Leicester, upon  
5 what milk this baby feeds. Here is Kit Marlowe's tragedy of *Tamburlaine* and of *Edward the Second*, and thumbed, too ; and do but listen, my lord of Leicester, to this " ; and here the Queen struck an attitude and recited :

10                    " And wilt thou leave me thus,  
                      That hath loved thee so long  
                      In woe and wealth among ?  
                      And is thy heart so strong  
                      As for to leave me thus ?  
15                    Say nay ! Say nay !

" Nay," continued the Queen, in a sudden caprice, as Leicester moved with impatience to get her forward ; " nay, thine Elizabeth will not leave thee thus ; if thou drinkest in Marlowe and Wyatt,  
20 — thou hast a deep eye, look at me straight !  
— if thou drinkest Marlowe so early, come with me ; I hear my lord Leicester hath prepared me such shows and plays and poesies at Kenilworth as never mortal beheld. Mount, young Brake-  
25 speare — "

" Shakespeare," corrected the lad.

“Nay, if thou shake a spear, thou shouldst break it, lad; but come, Shakespeare, with thine Elizabeth, to Kenilworth.” And hereupon the Queen mounted with speed and dashed off for Kenilworth at such a round pace that Shakespeare 5 had great ado in following at a respectful distance.

And thus it was that young William Shakespeare came to see the “princely pleasures of Kenilworth,” which he, in *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, afterwards recalled to the mind of Queen Eliza- 10 beth by Oberon’s vision of Cupid, all armed, flying betwixt the cold moon and the earth.

NOTE. In this sketch Marlowe has been put ahead of his time.

**burgesses**: freemen of a borough. — **dicing house**: a gambling house. — **roisterer**: a noisy fellow. — **salvage**: an old word for rude or savage. — **livery**: uniform. — **belike**: probably. — **prank**: dress in a gay fashion. — **bravest**: finest. — **arms**: the family coat of arms. — **thorp**: a farm village. — **fared**: went. — **fantastic**: imaginary. — **vigils**: watchings. — **toward**: going on. — **cavalcade**: a troop of mounted persons. — **pungent**: piercing. — **an**: if. — **chagrin**: vexation. — **rallied**: teased. — **caprice**: freak. — **Oberon**: the king of the fairies. — **Cupid**: the little blind son of the goddess Venus. His darts could pierce even the gods.





## LOST IN THE SNOW

CHRISTOPHER NORTH

CHRISTOPHER NORTH (1785-1854) was the pen name of one of Scotland's gifted writers, John Wilson. He was for years the leading spirit of the famous *Blackwood's Magazine*, a magazine enriched by articles from such men as Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Hogg, and Sir David Brewster. To this magazine Wilson contributed the witty and brilliant conversations known as *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. He is also the author of a collection of stories called *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*.

Two cottagers, husband and wife, were sitting  
10 by their cheerful peat fire one winter evening, in a small, lonely hut on the edge of the wide moor, at some miles' distance from any other habitation. The affairs of the small household were all arranged for the night. The little rough pony that  
15 had drawn in a sledge from the heart of the Black Moss the fuel by whose blaze the cotters were now sitting cheerily, and the little Highland cow, whose milk enabled them to live, were standing amicably together under cover of a rude shed. The spades  
20 and the mattocks of the laborer were collected into one corner, and showed that the succeeding day was the Sabbath.

The father and the mother were sitting together without opening their lips, but with their hearts

overflowing with happiness ; for on this Saturday night they were, every minute, expecting to hear at the latch the hand of their only daughter, a maiden of about fifteen years, who was at service with a farmer over the hills.

5 The father rose from his seat and went to the door to look out into the night. The stars were in thousands, and the full moon was risen. It was almost as light as day, and the snow, that seemed incrustated with diamonds, was so hardened by the 10 frost that his daughter's homeward feet would leave no mark on its surface. He had been toiling all day among the distant Castle woods, and, stiff and wearied as he now was, he was almost tempted to go to meet his child ; but his wife's kind voice 15 dissuaded him, and, returning to the fireside, they began to talk of her whose image had been so long passing before them in their silence.

While the parents were speaking of their daughter a loud sough of wind came suddenly over the cot- 20 tage, and the leafless ash tree, under whose shelter it stood, creaked and groaned dismally as it passed by. The father started up, and, going again to the door, saw that a sudden change had come over the face of the night. The moon had nearly dis- 25 appeared, and was just visible in a dim, yellow,

glimmering den in the sky. All the remote stars were obscured, and only one or two faintly shone in the sky that half an hour before was perfectly cloudless, but that was now driving with rack and  
5 mist and sleet, the whole atmosphere being in commotion. He stood for a single moment to observe the direction of this unforeseen storm, and then hastily asked for his staff. "I thought I had been more weatherwise. A storm is coming down from  
10 the mountain, and we shall have nothing but a wild night." He then whistled to his dog and set off to meet his daughter, who might then, for aught he knew, be crossing the Black Moss. The mother accompanied her husband to the door and took a  
15 long, frightened look at the angry sky. As she kept gazing it became still more terrible. The last shred of blue was extinguished; the wind went whirling in roaring eddies, and great flakes of snow circled about in the middle air.

20 Little Hannah Lee had left her master's house as soon as the rim of the great moon was seen by her eyes, that had been long anxiously watching it from the window, rising, like a joyful dream, over the gloomy mountain tops; and all by herself she  
25 tripped along beneath the beauty of the silent heaven. She saw her own little fireside, — her

parents waiting for her arrival, the Bible opened for worship, her own little room kept so neatly for her, with its mirror hanging by the window, in which to braid her hair by the morning light ; her bed prepared for her by her mother's hand ; the primroses 5 in the garden peeping through the snow ; old Tray, who ever welcomed her home with his dim, white eyes ; the pony and the cow.

She had now reached the edge of the Black Moss, which lay halfway between her master's and her 10 father's dwelling, when she heard a loud noise coming down the glen, and in a few seconds she felt on her face some flakes of snow. She looked up the glen and saw the snowstorm coming down, fast as a flood. She felt no fears, but she ceased her 15 song ; and had there been a human eye to look upon her there, it might have seen a shadow on her face. She continued her course, and felt bolder and bolder every step that brought her nearer to her parents' house. But the snowstorm had now reached the 20 Black Moss, and the broad line of light that had lain in the direction of her home was soon swallowed up, and the child was in utter darkness. She saw nothing but the flakes of snow interminably intermingled and furiously wafted in the air, close to 25 her head ; she heard nothing but one wild, fierce,

fitful howl. The cold became intense and her little feet and hands were fast becoming benumbed into insensibility.

“It is a fearful change,” muttered the child to  
5 herself ; but still she did not fear, for she had been  
born in a moorland cottage, and lived all her days  
among the hardships of the hills. “What will



become of the poor sheep !” thought she ; but still  
she scarcely thought of her own danger. At last  
10 she could no longer discern a single mark on the  
snow, either of human steps, or of sheep tracks, or  
the footprints of a wild fowl. Suddenly, too, she

felt out of breath and exhausted ; and, shedding tears for herself at last, sank down in the snow.

The tears were frozen on her cheeks as soon as shed ; and scarcely had her little hands strength to clasp themselves together. Had human aid been within fifty yards, it could have been of no avail ; eye could not see her, ear could not hear her in that howling darkness. 5

The father was lying but a short distance from his child ; he, too, had sunk down in the drifting snow, after having, in less than an hour, exhausted all the strength of fear, pity, hope, despair, and resignation that could rise in a father's heart blindly seeking to rescue his only child from death, thinking that one desperate exertion might enable them to perish in each other's arms. There they lay, within a stone's throw of each other, while a huge snowdrift was every moment piling itself up into a more insurmountable barrier between the dying parent and his dying child. 15 20

Hannah Lee had been a servant for more than six months, and it was not to be thought that she was not beloved in her master's family. Soon after she had left the house, her master's son, a youth of about eighteen years, who had been among the hills looking after the sheep, came home. "I do 25

not like the night," said William. "There will be a fresh fall of snow soon, for a snow cloud is hanging over the birch tree, and it may be down to the Black Moss as soon as Hannah Lee." So he called  
5 his two sheep dogs that had taken their place under the long table before the window, and set out, half in joy, half in fear, to overtake Hannah and see her safely across the Black Moss.

The snow began to drift so fast that before he  
10 had reached the head of the glen there was nothing to be seen but a little bit of the wooden rail of the bridge across the Sauch-burn. William Grieve was the most active shepherd in a large pastoral parish; he had often passed the night among the wintry  
15 hills for the sake of a few sheep, and all the snow that ever fell from heaven would not have made him turn back when Hannah Lee was before him, and, as his terrified heart told him, in imminent danger of being lost.

20 As he advanced he felt that it was no longer a walk of friendship, for which he had been glad of an excuse. Death stared him in the face, and his young soul was filled with frenzy. He knew the path that Hannah must have taken, and  
25 went forward shouting aloud, and stopping every twenty yards to listen for a voice. He sent

his well-trained dogs over the snow in all directions, repeating to them her name, "Hannah Lee." Often went they off into the darkness, and as often returned, but their looks showed that every quest had been in vain. Meanwhile the snow was of a fearful depth, and falling without intermission. 5

Still there was no trace of poor Hannah Lee; and one of his dogs at last came close to his feet, worn out entirely, and afraid to leave its master; while the other was mute, and, as the shepherd 10 thought, probably unable to force its way out of some hollow or through some floundering drift.

Suddenly he heard the barking of his absent dog, while the one at his feet hurried off in the direction of the sound and soon loudly joined the 15 cry. It was not a bark of surprise, or anger, or fear, but of recognition and love. William sprang up from his bed in the snow, and, with his heart knocking at his bosom even to sickness, rushed headlong through the drifts, with a giant's strength, 20 and fell down half dead with joy and terror beside the body of Hannah Lee.

He soon lifted the cold form in his arms, and, as he kept gazing on her face in utter despair, a long, deep sigh came from her inmost bosom. "She is 25 yet alive!" he cried. He bore along the fair child



in his arms, even as if she had been a lamb. The snowdrift blew not, — the wind fell dead; a sort of glimmer, like that of an upbreking and disparting storm, gathered about him; his dogs barked and  
5 jumped and burrowed joyfully in the snow.

The short-lived rage of the storm was soon over, and William gently placed her feet on the snow, till he muffled her up in his plaid as well as in her own. She was, however, too weak to walk; and as  
10 her young master carried her along she murmured, “O William! what if my father be in the moor? For if you, who need care so little about me, have come hither, as I suppose, to save my life, you may be sure that my father sat not within doors during  
15 the storm.”

As she spoke, out shone for a moment the pallid and ghostly moon, through a rent in the gloom, and by that uncertain light came staggering forward the figure of a man. “Father! father!” cried  
20 Hannah; and his gray hairs were already on her cheek. The barking of the dogs and the shouting of the young shepherd had struck his ear as the sleep of death was stealing over him, and with the last effort of benumbed nature he had roused him-  
25 self from the fatal torpor and pressed through the snow wreath that had separated him from his child.

The night was now almost calm, and fast returning to its former beauty, when the party saw the first twinkle of the fire through the low window of the Cottage of the Moor.

**peat**: a kind of turf used for fuel. — **habitation**: house. — **amicably**: friendly. — **sough** (sŭf): a murmuring sound as of the wind. — **interminably**: endlessly. — **discern**: see. — **insurmountable**: not to be overcome. — **pastoral**: rural. — **imminent**: near at hand. — **intermission**: pause. — **torpor**: stupor.



## THE SNOWSTORM

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The gray day darkened into night,  
A night made hoary with the swarm  
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,  
As zigzag, wavering to and fro,  
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow :



And ere the early bedtime came  
The white drift piled the window-frame,  
And through the glass the clothes-line posts  
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on : 5  
The morning broke without a sun ;  
And, when the second morning shone,  
We looked upon a world unknown,  
On nothing we could call our own.  
Around the glistening wonder bent 10  
The blue walls of the firmament,  
No cloud above, no earth below, —  
A universe of sky and snow !  
The old familiar sights of ours  
Took marvellous shapes ; strange domes and towers 15  
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,  
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood ;  
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,  
A fenceless drift what once was road ;  
The bridle-post an old man sat 20  
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat ;  
The well-curb had a Chinese roof ;  
And even the long sweep, high aloof,  
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell  
Of Pisa's leaning miracle. 25

## OUR FRIEND THE DOG

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

MAURICE MAETERLINCK (1864— ), a Belgian poet, dramatist, and essayist, has won popularity in many lands. He has always been especially fond of nature.

He is thus described by an admirer: "A man of abiding and  
5 abundant cheerfulness, who finds happiness in the simplest of things, — the scent of a flower ; a cornfield in sunshine ; a deed of bravery, nobility, or of simple devotion ; the unconscious sacrifice of the peasant who toils all day to feed and clothe his children."

This animal, our good familiar dog, has performed  
10 one of the most unusual and improbable acts that we can find in the general history of life. When was this recognition of man by beast, this extraordinary passage from darkness to light, effected ? Did we seek out the poodle, the collie, or the mastiff from  
15 among the wolves and the jackals, or did he come to us of his own accord ? We cannot tell. So far as our human annals stretch he is at our side, as at present. Only the fact remains that he is there in our houses, as ancient, as rightly placed, as perfectly  
20 adapted to our habits as though he had appeared upon this earth, such as he now is, at the same time as ourselves.

We have not to gain his confidence or his friendship. He is born our friend ; while his eyes are still

closed, already he believes in us ; even before his birth he has given himself to man. But the word “friend” does not exactly depict his affectionate worship. He loves us and reveres us as though we had drawn him out of nothing. He is, before all, 5 our creature, full of gratitude and more devoted than the apple of our eye. He is our intimate and impassioned slave, whom nothing discourages, whom nothing repels, whose ardent trust and love nothing can impair. 10

depict : describe.

## MERCY

The quality of Mercy is not strained,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest ;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :  
'T is mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes 15  
The thronèd monarch better than his crown ; . . .  
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself ;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. 20

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

## FOUR FAMOUS SONGS

I. *American*

## MY COUNTRY 'T IS OF THEE

- My country, 't is of thee,  
Sweet Land of Liberty,  
Of thee I sing ;  
Land where my fathers died,  
5 Land of the Pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain-side  
Let Freedom ring.
- My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
10 Thy name I love ;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills ;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.
- 15 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees,  
Sweet Freedom's song ;  
Let mortal tongues awake ;  
Let all that breathe partake ;  
20 Let rocks their silence break, —  
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of Liberty,  
    To Thee we sing ;  
Long may our land be bright  
With Freedom's holy light ;                 5  
Protect us by Thy might,  
    Great God, our King!

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

II. *English*

GOD SAVE THE KING !

God save our gracious King !  
Long live our noble King !  
    God save the King !                         10  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us !  
    God save the King !

O Lord our God, arise !                         15  
Scatter his enemies,

    And make them fall !  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks :  
On Thee our hopes we fix —                         20  
    God save us all !



Thy choicest gifts in store  
On him be pleased to pour ;  
    Long may he reign.  
May he defend our laws,  
5 And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice,  
    God save the King!

HENRY CAREY

III. *German*

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

A voice resounds like thunder-peal,  
'Mid dashing waves and clang of steel,  
10 "The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine!  
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"  
    Dear Fatherland! No danger thine:  
    Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,  
15 Quick to avenge their country's wrong:  
With filial love their bosoms swell:  
They'll guard the sacred landmark well.  
    Dear Fatherland! No danger thine:  
    Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

20 And though in death our hopes decay,  
The Rhine will own no foreign sway;

For rich with water as its flood

Is Germany with hero blood.

Dear Fatherland! No danger thine:

Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

From yon blue sky are bending now

5

The hero-dead to hear our vow:

“As long as German hearts are free

The Rhine, the Rhine, shall German be.”

Dear Fatherland! No danger thine:

Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine. 10

“While flows one drop of German blood,

Or sword remains to guard thy flood,

While rifle rests in patriot hand,

No foe shall tread thy sacred strand.”

Dear Fatherland! No danger thine:

15

Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

Our oath resounds; the river flows;

In golden light our banner glows;

Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:

The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine! 20

Dear Fatherland! No danger thine:

Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

IV. *French*

## THE MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of France, awake to glory !  
Hark ! hark ! what myriads bid you rise !  
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary, —  
Behold their tears and hear their cries !  
5 Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding ?

*Refrain*

To arms ! to arms ! ye brave !  
10 The avenging sword unsheathe !  
March on ! march on ! all hearts resolved  
On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,  
Which treacherous kings, confederate, raise ;  
15 The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,  
And lo ! our fields and cities blaze ;  
And shall we basely view the ruin,  
While lawless force, with guilty stride,  
Spreads desolation far and wide,  
20 With crimes and blood his hands imbruing ?

*Refrain*

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
 The bold, insatiate despots dare  
 (Their thirst of gold and power unbounded)  
 To mete and vend the light and air.  
 Like beasts of burden would they load us, 5  
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore;  
 But man is man, and who is more?  
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

*Refrain*

O Liberty! can man resign thee,  
 Once having felt thy generous flame? 10  
 Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,  
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing  
 That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
 But Freedom is our sword and shield, 15  
 And all their arts are unavailing.

*Refrain*

To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
 The avenging sword unsheathe!  
 March on! march on! all hearts resolved  
 On victory or death! 20

ROUGET DE LISLE

**frustrate**: bring to nothing. — **knaveish**: rascally. — **myriads**:  
 rge numbers. — **imbruing**: soaking.

## HOW WE GOT OUR REVISED BIBLE

J. PATERSON SMYTH

J. PATERSON SMYTH, whose home is in Kingston, Ireland, is a clergyman and a writer on Biblical subjects. He has written *How to Read the Bible*, *How God Inspired the Bible*, and other books.

5 On a bright summer day toward the close of June, 1870, a distinguished company was assembled in the Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster Abbey.

In that room in days long gone by the first  
10 of the Lancastrian kings breathed out his weary life. Beneath those windows sat the Assembly of Divines when the ill-fated Charles ruled in England; here the Westminster Confession was drawn up; and here, too, under the auspices of William  
15 of Orange, was discussed the great Prayer-Book Revision of 1689, intended to join together churchmen and dissenters.

But no memory of that ancient chamber will eclipse in the future that of the work for which  
20 these men were assembled on that summer afternoon, for the Bible revision had at length been begun, and this was the appointed New Testament Company.

At the center of the long table sat the chairman, Bishop Ellicott, and around him the flower of our English scholarship. Across the Atlantic a similarly constituted company was preparing to coöperate with these to criticise the work and suggest emendations, so that on the whole nearly a hundred of the ripest scholars of England and America were connected with the new revision.

And now let us watch the revisers at their work. Before each man lies a sheet with a column of the authorized version printed in the middle, leaving a wide margin on each side for suggested alterations, the left hand for changes in the Greek text, and the right for those referring to the English rendering. These sheets are already covered with notes, the result of each reviser's private study of the passage. After prayers and reading of the minutes, the chairman reads over for the company part of the passage on the printed sheet, and asks for any suggested emendations.

At the first verse a member, referring to the notes on his sheet, remarks that certain old manuscripts read "the birth of the Christ" instead of "the birth of Jesus Christ." Dr. Scrivener and Dr. Hort state the evidence on the subject, and after a full discussion it is decided by the votes of

the meeting that the received reading has most authority in its favor; but, in order to represent fairly the state of the case, it is allowed that the margin should contain the words, "Some ancient  
5 authorities read 'of the Christ.'"

And now, the textual question being settled, the chairman asks for suggestions as to the rendering, and it is proposed that in the first verse the word "betrothed" should be substituted for "espoused,"  
10 the latter being rather an antiquated form. This also is decided by vote in the affirmative, and thus they proceed verse by verse till the close of the meeting, when the whole passage, as amended, is read over by the chairman.

15 But the reader must not think that this description represents the amount of care bestowed on the work. After this first revision of a certain portion had been completed, it was transmitted to America and reviewed by the American committee and re-  
20 turned again to England. Then it underwent a second revision, taking into account the American suggestions, and was again sent back to America to be reviewed. After these four revisions it underwent a fifth in England, chiefly with a view of  
25 removing any roughness of rendering. And there was yet a sixth, and in some cases even a seventh,

revision, for the settling of points that we need not enter on more fully here.

And so the work went on, month after month, and more than ten years had passed, and some of the most eminent of those who sat that summer day 5 in the Jerusalem Chamber were numbered among the dead, when, on the evening of November 11, 1880, the New Testament Company assembled in the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields for a special service of prayer and thanksgiving, — “of thanks- 10 giving for the happy completion of their labors, of prayer that all that had been wrong in their spirit or action might mercifully be forgiven.”

Four years afterward the Old Testament Company finished their work, and on May 5, 1885, 15 the complete revised Bible was in the hands of the public.

Adapted

**authorized version** : the King James translation of the Bible.  
— **emendations** : corrections. — **antiquated** : old.





## THE BELLS

EDGAR ALLAN POE

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849), an American poet and writer of stories, was born in Boston, where his parents, who were actors, had gone to fill a theatrical engagement. The poet came of good stock. His grandfather, General David Poe of Baltimore, was a

5

10

15

20



Revolutionary hero over whose grave Lafayette, as he kissed the sod, declared, "Here lies a noble heart." Being left an orphan at an early age, Poe was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy merchant of Richmond, Virginia.

The bright, beautiful boy was sadly spoiled in his luxurious new home. He has described his life then: "My voice was a household law, and at an age when few children have

abandoned their leading strings, I was left to the guidance of my own will, and became in all but name the master of my own actions."

For five years he attended the Manor House School, near  
25 London. Then, after five more years in Richmond, he entered the University of Virginia, to remain only a few months, served in the army; was a cadet at West Point, whence he had himself dismissed, and then entered upon a literary career that has no parallel in American literature for desperate domestic poverty  
30 and brilliant intellectual success.

Through the influence of John Pendleton Kennedy, who "brought him up from the verge of despair," he became editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* at Richmond. In a year he increased the subscription list from seven hundred to nearly five thousand. In 1838 his critical writings and his weird prose tales in *Burton's Magazine* and in *Graham's Magazine* began to attract widespread attention. In 1844 he moved to New York and made "Fordham Cottage" in the suburbs of the great city his home. There he wrote *The Raven*, *Annabel Lee*, and *The Bells*, and there his child wife died.

Poe died at Washington Hospital, Baltimore. The record on the books of the hospital says: "Cause of death—exhaustion caused by exposure."

The feelings to which he appeals are simple, but universal, and he appeals to them with a force that has never been surpassed. — MINTO.

Hear the sledges with the bells —

Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, 20

In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time, 25

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells —

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells. 30

- Hear the mellow wedding bells,  
Golden bells!  
What a world of happiness their harmony fore-  
tells!
- 5 Through the balmy air of night  
How they ring out their delight!  
From the molten-golden notes,  
And all in tune,  
What a liquid ditty floats
- 10 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats  
On the moon!  
Oh, from out the sounding cells,  
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!  
How it swells!  
15 How it dwells  
On the Future! How it tells  
Of the rapture that impels  
To the swinging and the ringing  
Of the bells, bells, bells,  
20 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells —  
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!
- Hear the loud alarum bells —  
Brazen bells!  
25 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!

In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out their affright !  
Too much horrified to speak,  
They can only shriek, shriek,  
Out of tune, 5  
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic  
fire,  
Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
With a desperate desire, 10  
And a resolute endeavor  
Now — now to sit or never,  
By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
Oh, the bells, bells, bells !  
What a tale their terror tells 15  
Of Despair !  
How they clang, and clash, and roar !  
What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air !  
Yet the ear it fully knows, 20  
By the twanging,  
And the clanging,  
How the danger ebbs and flows :  
Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
In the jangling, 25  
And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells, —  
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the  
bells —

Of the bells —

5 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells —

In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells —

Iron bells!

10 What a world of solemn thought their monody  
compels!

In the silence of the night,  
How we shiver with affright,

At the melancholy menace of their tone!

15 For every sound that floats  
From the rust within their throats  
Is a groan.

And the people — ah, the people —  
They that dwell up in the steeple,

20 All alone,  
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone —

25 They are neither man nor woman —

They are neither brute nor human —

They are ghouls :

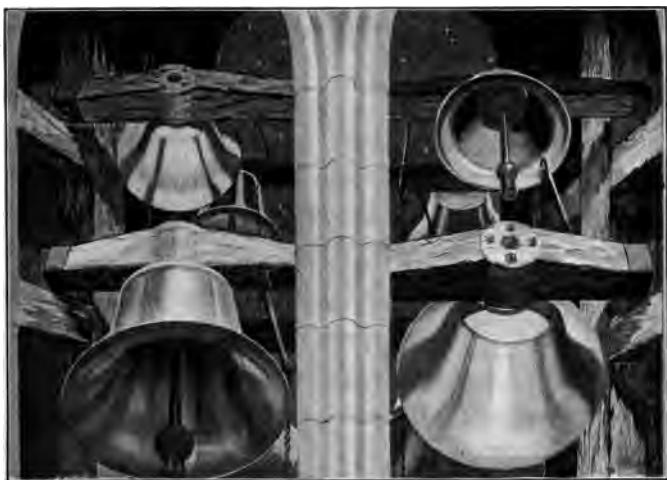
And their king it is who tolls ;

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls

5

A pæan from the bells !



And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells !

And he dances, and he yells ;

Keeping time, time, time,

10

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells —

Of the bells :

Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the throbbing of the bells —  
 Of the bells, bells, bells —  
 5 To the sobbing of the bells;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 As he knells, knells, knells,  
 In a happy Runic rhyme,  
 To the rolling of the bells —  
 10 Of the bells, bells, bells —  
 To the tolling of the bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells —  
 Bells, bells, bells —  
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

**crystalline**: like crystal. — **Runic**: the Norsemen had an alphabet of sixteen letters, each of which was called a rune. The word probably meant a mystery, as only a few knew these letters. — **tintinnabulation**: a tinkling sound. — **ditty**: a song. — **euphony**: a pleasant sound. — **alarum**: alarm. — **turbulency**: disorder. — **expostulation**: earnest reasoning against a thing or course of action. — **palpitating**: throbbing. — **monody**: a song for one voice, generally a mournful song. — **menace**: threat. — **monotone**: a single note. — **ghoul**: an imaginary demon. — **pæan**: a loud and joyous song.

## POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM

JOHN HENRY BONER

JOHN HENRY BONER (1845-1903), an American poet, was born in Salem, North Carolina. After receiving an academic education, he edited papers in Salem and in Asheville. He was reading clerk of the North Carolina Constitutional Convention in 1868, and chief clerk of the North Carolina House of Representatives in 1869-1870. In 1887 he moved to New York. There he was on the staff of the *Century Dictionary*, the *Library of American Literature*, and the *Standard Dictionary*. He was also literary editor of the *New York World* and of the *Literary Digest*. The last years of his life were spent in the civil service in Washington. 5 10

Some of his poems have already taken their places in our best anthologies and, more significant than this, in the hearts of the people. — HENRY JEROME STOCKARD.

Here lived the soul enchanted  
 By melody of song ; 15  
 Here dwelt the spirit haunted  
 By a demoniac throng ;  
 Here sang the lips elated ;  
 Here grief and death were sated ;  
 Here loved and here unmated 20  
 Was he, so frail, so strong.

Here wintry winds and cheerless  
 The dying firelight blew  
 While he whose song was peerless  
 Dreamed the drear midnight through, 25



And from dull embers chilling  
Crept shadows darkly filling  
The silent place, and thrilling  
His fancy as they grew.

5 Here, with brow bared to heaven,  
In starry night he stood,  
With the lost star of seven  
Feeling sad brotherhood.  
Here in the sobbing showers  
Of dark autumnal hours  
10 He heard suspected powers  
Shriek through the stormy wood.

From visions of Apollo  
And of Astarte's bliss,  
15 He gazed into the hollow  
And hopeless vale of Dis;  
And though earth were surrounded  
By heaven, it still was mounded  
With graves. His soul had sounded  
20 The dolorous abyss.

Proud, mad, but not defiant,  
He touched at heaven and hell.  
Fate found a rare soul pliant  
And rung her changes well.

Alternately his lyre,  
Stranded with strings of fire,  
Led earth's most happy choir  
Or flashed with Israfel.

No singer of old story 5  
Luting accustomed lays,  
No harper for new glory,  
No mendicant for praise,  
He struck high chords and splendid,  
Wherein were fiercely blended 10  
Tones that unfinished ended  
With his unfinished days.

Here through this lowly portal,  
Made sacred by his name,  
Unheralded immortal 15  
The mortal went and came.  
And fate that then denied him,  
And envy that decried him,  
And malice that belied him,  
Have cenotaphed his fame. 20

**Apollo**: a Grecian god particularly interested in music and poetry. — **Astarte**: a goddess of love and beauty. — **Dis**: another name for Pluto, the god of the lower world. — **dolorous**: sorrowful. — **abyss**: a bottomless pit. — **Israfel**: the angel of music; or the name of one of Poe's poems. — **mendicant**: beggar. — **cenotaphed**: made into a monument.

## A MOTHER'S CARE

JOHN RUSKIN

JOHN RUSKIN (1819–1900), the most eloquent and original of English art critics, was born in London. His father, a wealthy wine merchant of considerable culture, gave his son every advantage of travel and education.

- 5 A year after his graduation from Oxford University, Ruskin wrote the first volume of his *Modern Painters*. In charming sentences he undertook to show that the later landscape painters, especially Turner, excelled the old masters. Other volumes were added to the first, and in these the critic examined many types of painting.
- 10 In his books Ruskin is distinguished for his love of the beautiful in nature and in art, for his sympathy with the “toilers on sea and land,” and for his teaching that the only true wealth is wealth of mind and soul. He spent a fortune in trying to improve man’s bodily surroundings. He spent his life in an effort to uplift
- 15 the minds and hearts of men.

- We scarcely ever, in our study of education, ask this most essential of all questions about a man, What *patience* had his mother or sister with him? And most men are apt to forget it themselves.
- 20 Pardon me for speaking of myself for a moment; if I did not know things by my own part in them, I would not write of them at all. You know that people sometimes call me a good writer; others like to hear me speak. Well, my own impression
- 25 about this power, such as it may be, is that it was born with me, or gradually gained by my

own study. It is only by deliberate effort that I recall the long morning hours of toil, as regular as sunrise, by which, year after year, my mother forced me to learn all the Scotch phrases by heart, and ever so many chapters of the Bible besides, allowing not so much as a syllable to be missed or misplaced; while every sentence was required to be said over and over again till she was satisfied with the accent of it. I recollect a struggle between us of about three weeks, concerning the accent of the "of" in the lines

Shall any following spring revive  
The ashes of the urn?

I insisting, partly in childish obstinacy, and partly in true instinct for rhythm (being wholly careless on the subject both of urns and their contents), on reciting it, "The ashes *of* the urn." It was not, I say, till after three weeks' labor that my mother got the accent laid upon the "ashes" to her mind. But had it taken three years, she would have done it, having once undertaken to do it. And, assuredly, had she not done it, I had been simply an avaricious picture collector, or perhaps even a more avaricious money collector, to this day; and had she done it wrongly, no afterstudy would ever have enabled me to read so much as a single line of verse.

## THE DEATH OF SAMSON

JOHN MILTON

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674), often ranked as the greatest English poet next to Shakespeare, was born in Broad Street, London. His father, though a Puritan, was a lover of art and literature, and himself a poet of no mean ability. Milton says, "My father  
 5 designed me while yet a child to the study of polite literature, which I embraced with such avidity that, from the twelfth year of my age, I hardly ever retired to my rest from my studies till midnight." During his seven years at Cambridge his beauty and fastidious habits won him the nickname "The Lady of Christ's  
 10 College."

After five years of further study at his country home, Horton, he traveled for fifteen months, staying longest in Dante's beloved Florence.

In 1639 the rising storm of civil war between Charles the First  
 15 and Parliament brought him home. For the next twenty years he wrote in defense of Parliament and of Cromwell's government, of which he was Latin secretary.

When the Stuart family was restored in 1660, Charles offered to let him hold his position if he would uphold monarchy. Mil-  
 20 ton answered, "I will die consistently with my character."

During the rest of his life he lived in retirement and composed *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, the greatest epic poems of the English language. The blindness which darkened these years did not abate his energy nor quench his genius.

25 It is certain that this author (Milton), when in a happy mood and employed on a noble subject, is the most wonderfully sublime of any poet in any language, Homer and Lucretius and Tasso not excepted. — HUME.

Of his poetry it would require a tongue like his own to speak  
 30 the praise; it invigorates the understanding, it purifies the affections, it lifts up the heart to God. — ROBERT SOUTHNEY.

There are a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure, which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High. These 5 great men we trust we know how to prize; and of these was Milton. — MACAULAY.

*Messenger.* Occasions drew me early to this city;  
And as the gates I entered with sun-rise,  
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed 10  
Through each high street. Little I had dispatched,  
When all abroad was rumored that this day  
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people  
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.  
I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded 15  
Not to be absent at that spectacle.  
The building was a spacious theater,  
Half round on two main pillars vaulted high,  
With seats where all the lords, and each degree  
Of sort, might sit in order to behold; 20  
The other side was open, where the throng  
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand:  
I among these aloof obscurely stood.  
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice  
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and 25  
wine,  
When to their sports they turned. Immediately



Was Samson as a public servant brought,  
In their state livery clad: before him pipes  
And timbrels; on each side went armed guards;  
Both horse and foot before him and behind,  
Archers and slingers, cataphracts, and spears. 5  
At sight of him the people with a shout  
Rifted the air, clamoring their god with praise,  
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.  
He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,  
Came to the place; and what was set before him, 10  
Which without help of eye might be assayed,  
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed  
All with incredible, stupendious force,  
None daring to appear antagonist.  
At length, for intermission sake, they led him 15  
Between the pillars; he his guide requested  
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard),  
As over-tired, to let him lean awhile  
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,  
That to the archèd roof gave main support. 20  
He unsuspecting led him; which when Samson  
Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,  
And eyes fast fixed, he stood, as one who prayed,  
Or some great matter in his mind revolved:  
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud: — 25  
“Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed



I have performed, as reason was, obeying,  
Not without wonder or delight beheld ;  
Now, of my own accord, such other trial  
I mean to show you of my strength yet greater  
5 As with amaze shall strike all who behold.”  
This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed ;  
As with the force of winds and waters pent  
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars  
With horrible convulsion to and fro  
10 He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew  
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder  
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,  
Lords, ladies, captains, counselors, or priests,  
Their choice nobility and flower, not only  
15 Of this, but each Philistian city round,  
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.  
Samson with these immixed, inevitably  
Pulled down the same destruction on himself;  
The vulgar only scaped, who stood without.

**sort** : rank. — **cataphracts** : armor. — **thrall** : bondsman or slave.



## THE PLOWMAN AND HIS CHILD

GEORGE SAND

GEORGE SAND (1804-1876) was the pen name of Madame Dudevant, a celebrated French novelist. She was born in Paris, but on her father's death in her fourth year she was taken to the home of her grandmother in the department of Indre. There she was allowed to follow her own inclinations. As she grew to womanhood she learned to enjoy long horseback rides, to love nature, and to delight in philosophy. Without any guide but her own feelings she read deeply both in ancient and modern philosophy. 5

In 1821 she inherited her grandmother's estate, and in 1822 she married a retired army officer. The marriage was not a happy one. Hence in 1831 she separated from her husband, gave him her estate, and went to Paris to support her two children by her pen. 10

Her first literary work was done in partnership with Jules Sandeau, and was signed "Jules Sand." On St. George's day, Sandeau, who had been delighted by her ability, urged her to work alone, and thus get all the credit due her talents. This she decided to do. On account of the partnership and the day on which the advice was given she adopted the name, "George Sand." 15

With great energy of mind and body she threw herself into fiction. Even her nearest friends were astonished at the variety and number of her novels. Before she was past middle life she was counted among the great literary forces of her generation. Her extreme views have, however, been unpleasant to many readers. 25

I was walking on the border of a field which some peasants were carefully preparing for the approaching seedtime. The arena was vast; the

landscape was vast also, and inclosed with great lines of verdure, somewhat reddened by the approach of autumn.

The day had been clear and warm, and the earth,  
5 freshly opened by the cutting of the plowshares, exhaled a light vapor. In the upper part of the field an old man gravely held his plow of antique form, drawn by two quiet oxen with pale yellow skins, — real patriarchs of the meadow, — large in  
10 stature, rather thin, with long turned-down horns, old laborers whom long habit had made “brothers,” as they are called by our country people, and who, when separated from each other, refuse to work with a new companion and let themselves die of  
15 sorrow. The old husbandman worked slowly, in silence, without useless efforts; his docile team did not hurry any more than he; but, owing to the continuity of a labor without distraction, and the appliance of tried and well-sustained strength, his  
20 furrow was as soon turned as that of his son, who was plowing at a short distance from him, with four oxen not so stout, in a vein of stronger and more stony soil.

But that which afterwards attracted my attention  
25 tion was really a beautiful spectacle, — a noble subject for a painter. At the other extremity of the

arable field a good-looking young man was driving a magnificent team: four pairs of young animals of a dark color, a mixture of black and bay with streaks of fire, with those short frizzly heads which still savor of the wild bull, those large savage eyes, 5 those sudden motions, that nervous and jerking labor which still is irritated by the yoke and the goad, and only obeys with a start of anger the recently imposed authority. They were what are called newly yoked steers. The man who gov- 10 erned them had to clear a corner formerly devoted to pasturage and filled with century-old stumps, the task of an athlete, for which his energy, his youth, and his eight almost unbroken animals were barely sufficient. 15

A child six or seven years old, beautiful as an angel, with his shoulders covered, over his blouse, by a lambskin, which made him resemble the little St. John the Baptist of the painters of the Restoration, walked in the furrow parallel to the plow 20 and touched the flank of the oxen with a long and light stick pointed with a slightly sharpened goad.

The proud animals quivered under the small hand of the child, and made their yokes and the thongs bound over their foreheads creak, while 25 they gave violent shocks to the plow handles.

When a root stopped the plowshare the husband-  
man shouted with a powerful voice, calling each  
beast by his name, but rather to calm than excite;  
for the oxen, irritated by this resistance, leaped,

5

10

15

20



dug up the ground with their  
broad forked feet, and would  
have cast themselves out of  
the track, carrying the plow  
across the field, if, with his  
voice and goad, the young  
man had not restrained the  
four nearest him, while the  
child governed the other  
four. He also shouted, the  
poor little fellow, with a  
voice which he wished to  
make terrible, but which re-  
mained as gentle as his  
angelic face. It was all beau-  
tiful in strength or in grace,  
— the landscape, the man,

the child, the bulls under the yoke; and in spite  
of this powerful struggle in which the earth was  
overcome, there was a feeling of gentleness and  
25 deep calm which rested upon all things. When  
the obstacle was surmounted, and the team had

resumed its equal and solemn step, the husbandman, whose feigned violence was only an exercise of vigor and an expenditure of activity, immediately recovered the serenity of simple souls, and cast a look of paternal satisfaction on his child, 5 who turned to smile on him.

It was then that, on seeing this beautiful pair, the man and child, accomplish under such poetical conditions, and with so much gracefulness united with strength, a labor full of grandeur and solemnity, I felt a deep pity mingled with an involuntary 10 respect. "Happy the husbandman!" Yes, doubtless, I should be happy in his place, if my arm, suddenly become strong, and my chest become powerful, could thus fertilize and sing nature, 15 without my eyes ceasing to see and my brain to comprehend the harmony of colors and of sounds, the fineness of tones, and the gracefulness of outlines,—in one word, the mysterious beauty of things; and especially without my heart ceasing 20 to be in relation with divine feeling which presided over the immortal and sublime creation.

**peasant:** a country farmer. — **verdure:** green foliage. — **antique:** old-fashioned. — **husbandman:** farmer. — **docile:** easily controlled. — **continuity:** without stopping. — **distraction:** change. — **arable:** fit for plowing. — **surmounted:** overcome. — **feigned:** pretended. — **expenditure:** a putting forth.

THE MAN FOR THE HOUR<sup>1</sup>

JAMES BARNES

JAMES BARNES (1866- ), an American author, was born in Annapolis, Maryland. He was educated at Princeton University, and early engaged in literary pursuits in New York City. He was connected with *Scribner's Magazine* and then became one of the  
5 editors of *Harper's Weekly*.

He is the author of several biographies of naval heroes, including Drake, Bainbridge, Farragut, and others. He has also written *Naval Actions of the War of 1812*, *For King and Country*, and other books.

10 The darkest period of the American Revolution, not even excepting the disastrous days that followed the hasty retreat from Long Island, the withdrawal of the American army from New York, and the cruel winter marching through New Jersey,  
15 was that which followed the sixth year of the war. The bravest hearts and strongest minds were wavering, dissatisfaction and mutiny were in the ranks, disappointment oppressed many of the leaders, and chaos ruled in the departments that had  
20 to do the financiering of the nation.

Above the sea of trouble rose supreme the figure of the great commander in chief. Undeterred by

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obstacles, he refused to be cast down by the seeming hopelessness of situations. But Washington at last saw that matters had reached a crisis, and perceived but one way out of the difficulty, but one hope for the continuing of the struggle. He saw that help in this crisis could come from France alone. Not only her continued good will but more of her ships and her men were needed ; and let us be fair and say, as few said then (and people have forgotten it since), France was to save America. But how could she be stirred to further action ?

It was at length settled that a special minister should be sent to the court of King Louis to solicit the aid that alone could turn the tide. Then came a most important question, — who should be sent on this delicate and urgent mission ?

On Washington's personal staff was a young southerner, Colonel John Laurens. Young Laurens was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in the year 1755. He was thus at this juncture but twenty-six years of age. According to the custom that was then followed by the wealthy residents of America, he had been sent to Europe to be educated, and he had studied in the schools of Paris, of Geneva, and of London. At the outbreak of the War of the Revolution he was a student of law at the



Temple, London. Shortly after the shots fired at Lexington had echoed through England he stole away to France, and succeeded, after a struggle, in working his way by neutral vessels to Charleston.

5 Almost immediately he joined the staff of General Washington, where he was made welcome as one of the family. He had ever displayed courage and coolness, had been wounded in the battle of Germantown, and had been promoted for gallant  
10 conduct.

Laurens was a born courtier. He had polished manners, a figure that would grace the company of kings, and, moreover, he spoke French like a born Parisian. He was so handsome that his pres-  
15 ence and his bearing possessed a dominating power, made stronger by his unconsciousness and his fearless self-reliance. But besides all this outward physical attraction, he had a heart of sterling honesty and worth, a singleness of purpose, a devotion to  
20 the cause that had been proved, and a great reverence and love for his commander.

This young man was now selected to represent his country in her need. He was chosen by Washington himself, for Congress had given the com-  
25 mander in chief such power. The young officer modestly demurred, and proposed that Alexander

Hamilton, as being better qualified for a mission of so much importance, should be sent. But Washington would hear no refusal.

Hence, armed with his credentials, this young man, truly the hope of the nation, set sail from 5 Boston in the frigate *Alliance*, under the command of that fine old sailor, Commodore John Barry. With him went Major William Jackson of Philadelphia, who had been appointed his secretary and who was also his bosom friend. 10

As soon as Colonel Laurens reached Paris he called on Benjamin Franklin, who was at that time the representative of the United States at the French court, and received the necessary recognition. It might not be unfair to state that it was 15 somewhat grudgingly given. Beyond all doubt good Dr. Franklin looked upon Laurens's presence as a reflection upon his own ability.

When Laurens presented his credentials he was most graciously received at court. But to be pre- 20 sented and to obtain influence in royal circles are two different things. Although he had made ready with great care the reasons for his visit, and was prepared to prove the reciprocal interests of America and France, he perceived at the outset that 25 there was opposition.

Every day from the sixth of March to the second of May, Laurens sought to gain the all-important recognition of his claims. He called on the French Minister of Foreign Relations, and the  
5 latter was busy; he called again, and the minister was surrounded by people upon other important missions; or he found him at some court function, with powdered ladies in silks and satins present, and from that atmosphere of frivolity he could  
10 not stir him to listen to weighty questions. At other times an audience was denied Laurens. Prolific were the excuses, generously polite were the reasons, determined was the opposition.

One day after fruitless efforts to bring matters  
15 to a settlement, Laurens returned to his apartments, and the conviction that had grown on him of late framed itself definitely in his mind. Franklin had counseled patience; etiquette demanded waiting. But underlying everything the young minister saw  
20 the reason that the French minister was putting him off. By delaying the aid for which America, exhausted and impatient, was waiting, France would serve her own ends best. The longer America could struggle unaided, the more men and ships  
25 England would be forced to send, and the weaker both nations would become. France would profit

by their weakness; at the right time she would be ready to step in and make both nations do her will.

The good, aged Dr. Franklin, the appearance of whose rotund figure on the streets was the signal for all Parisians to doff their hats, was against any hasty action, and when Laurens sent him a message stating that he intended to go over the head of the French ministry and to apply to the King direct, Franklin objected. Such things were 10 unheard of in courts! It might prejudice the royal mind, it might jeopard the cause itself; but Laurens was determined. The King, he felt assured, was not hostile to either his mission or his country, despite the attitude of the ministers. With 15 his secretary he sat up late into the night preparing a paper that embraced a luminous statement of the facts, and in which the conclusions from them were clearly proved. Etiquette would have to stand aside when on the morrow the King held 20 his afternoon reception at Versailles.

Having now determined to stake all on his proposed visit to court, young Laurens considered nothing too trivial in preparing for what was ahead of him. Little things count for a great deal 25 at court; appearances go a great way where royal

favor is solicited, and John Laurens dressed for the event of the afternoon with scrupulous care. The bright costume then in fashion set off his well-built figure, and the way in which he dressed  
5 and powdered his hair had already set a fashion in the place where fashions were set for the world. Already the ladies had termed him "the handsome American." But he only smiled at this, as he smiled at his friend Jackson's admiring comments  
10 as they looked each other over before they started for the palace.

When Laurens and Major Jackson entered the audience chamber they found gathered there all the wit and beauty of the capital. Dandies in silk  
15 smallclothes and jeweled buckles, with their powdered hair carefully curled and tied with widths of ribbon, moved about from group to group, orders and decorations sparkling upon their breasts; and ladies with their high headdresses and panniered  
20 gowns courtesied and coquetted.

"The Special Minister of the United States of America," announced the gentleman-in-waiting; and Laurens stepped forward. The King was standing in the center of a semicircle, and the  
25 Queen, Marie Antoinette, was beside him. Laurens bowed low before his Majesty, and then, instead of

passing on and taking his position among the foreign ministers, he advanced to within half a pace of the royal presence and bowed again. At the same time he extended the precious memorial toward King Louis.

5

His action was an innovation in the forms of court, and was so unexpected that the King for an



instant was taken aback. He stood there perplexed, as if not knowing what to do. But Marie Antoinette was looking at the handsome figure before her. 10 Laurens was not at a loss. No embarrassment showed in his features, no awkwardness in his gestures. Gracefully he dropped on one knee and

extended the paper to the Queen. She put forth her hand, took it, and gave it to the King. He held it for a moment and then passed it to the Marquis de Ségur, the Minister of War, who  
5 gravely put it in his pocket.

The whispering had stopped among the titled crowd; every one wore a look of amazement. Laurens arose, bowed again as if unaware that his action had caused the least flutter, and then joined  
10 the foreign ministers. As soon as the ceremony was over the minister with his secretary drove back to his inn in Paris. As they went through Passy, where Franklin lived, Major Jackson broke the silence.

15 “Do you not think,” he asked, “that we had better stop at Dr. Franklin’s house and inform him of the success of your endeavors?”

“No,” returned Laurens, gravely; “I wish to see no one until I learn the results of this day’s  
20 proceedings.”

Changing his brilliant uniform for the modest habit of the citizen, he went out for a walk in the streets, and did not return until late at night.

The next morning Jackson and he were at  
25 breakfast when a note was handed them. Out in the hall a liveried lackey was waiting for an

answer. Without a sign of excitement Laurens broke the seal, and then with a triumphant smile tossed the note across the table to his friend.

"Jackson," he said, "we have cut the Gordian knot. If we were alone, I might give a cheer that 5 could be heard across the Channel."

The secretary eagerly read the note. It ran as follows: "M. Necker presents his compliments to Colonel Laurens, and requests the honor of an interview at twelve o'clock." 10

"Here is something indeed," went on the young minister, with pleasure in his voice. "Come, let us dress and pay our respects to Madame Necker."

The lackey disappeared with the answer, and an hour later Colonel Laurens and Major Jackson 15 were announced in the drawing-room of M. Necker, at that time Director General of Finance, and one of the most important figures in French politics. There were several ladies present, and among them one soon destined to be world renowned,—Madame 20 de Staël. She was then a little girl but thirteen years of age. After some minutes of light conversation M. Necker called Colonel Laurens to one side. He had an odd expression on his face, — admiration and interest were mingled; but Colonel 25 Laurens was grave.



“Monsieur,” said the French minister, “I have the honor to inform you, by instructions from his Majesty, that the loan which you solicit in your memorial of yesterday is accorded. The fifteen  
5 hundred thousand livres which you request may be sent to Major Jackson at Amsterdam, for the purchase of military stores, will be forwarded from Brussels; and any other accommodation connected with my department will be cheerfully granted.”

10 “This gives me most sincere gratification and deep pleasure,” was Colonel Laurens’s reply. “My profound thanks to his Majesty and to you for your kind offices.”

When the two young men were alone in the  
15 street they grasped each other by the hand. “This day,” said Laurens, “is the greatest in my life; and I thank God who is watching over our beloved country.”

The next day the favor of an interview was  
20 requested by the Maréchal de Castries, who, after congratulating Laurens on the success of his mission, added: “I am directed by his Majesty to inform you that the Count de Grasse, who is now at Brest with twenty-five ships of the line, bound  
25 to the West Indies, will, conformably to the request of your memorial of yesterday, rendezvous on the

American coast at the time that General Washington shall point out. The howitzers that you want cannot be furnished from the marine arsenal, as we have none of that caliber, but Major Jackson will be able to procure them in Holland. The frigate *Resolute* will carry you to America, with such part of the money as you wish to take with you. Any other facility within my department will be accorded."

Laurens soon left French soil. His work was done. It was a happy ending of the most important mission that America ever sent to a European court, and yet the hero who achieved this signal success is almost unknown to the casual reader of American history.

Abridged 15

**undeterred** : unhindered. — **juncture** : point of time. — **Temple** : an old building in London used by lawyers. — **Lexington** : one of the earliest battles of the Revolution. — **demurred** : objected or hesitated. — **credentials** : papers showing that one is acting with authority. — **reciprocal** : mutual. — **frivolity** : lack of earnestness. — **prolific** : plentiful. — **etiquette** : rules and forms of good behavior. — **rotund** : well-rounded. — **jeopard** : endanger. — **panniered dresses** : dresses expanded by a frame of bone or steel. — **innovation** : something new. — **lackey** : servant. — **Gordian knot** : the difficult knot that Alexander the Great cut with his sword. — **rendezvous** : assemble or meet at a particular place.

## CHARACTER OF STONEWALL JACKSON

G. F. R. HENDERSON

COLONEL HENDERSON is a distinguished English army officer and military critic. His *Life of General T. J. Jackson* and *The Campaign of Fredericksburg* are careful studies in military history and strategy.

- 5 Not only with the army, but with the people of the South, Jackson's influence while he lived was very great. From him thousands and tens of thousands of Confederate soldiers learned the self-denial which is the root of all religion, the self-control which is
- 10 the root of all manliness. Beyond the confines of the camps he was personally unknown. In the social and political circles of Richmond his figure was unfamiliar. When his body lay in state the majority of those who passed through the Hall of
- 15 Representatives looked upon his features for the first time. He had never been called to council by the President, and the members of the Legislature, with but few exceptions, had no acquaintances with the men who acted while they deliberated.
- 20 But his fame had spread far and wide, not merely the fame of his victories, but of his Christian character. The rare union of strength and simplicity, of childlike faith and the most fiery energy,



had attracted the sympathy of the whole country, of the North as well as of the South; and beyond the Atlantic, where with breathless interest the parent islands were watching the issue of the  
5 mighty conflict, it seemed that another Cromwell without Cromwell's ambition, or that another Wolfe with more than Wolfe's ability, had arisen among the soldiers of the youngest of nations. And this interest was intensified by his untimely end. When  
10 it was reported that Jackson had fallen, men murmured in their dismay against the fiat of the Almighty. "Why," they asked, "had one so pure and so upright been suddenly cut down?" Yet a sufficient answer was not far to seek. To the Eng-  
15 lish race, in whatever quarter of the globe it holds dominion, to the race of Alfred and De Montfort, of Bruce and Hampden, of Washington and Gordon, the ideal of manhood has ever been a high one. Self-sacrifice and the single heart are the  
20 attributes which it most delights to honor; and chief amongst its accepted heroes are those soldier saints who, sealing their devotion with their lives, have won

Death's royal purple in the foeman's lines.

25 So, from his narrow grave on the green hillside at Lexington, Jackson speaks with voice more

powerful than if, passing peacefully away, in the fullness of years and honors, he had found a resting place in some proud sepulcher, erected by a victorious and grateful commonwealth. And who is there who can refuse to listen? His creed may <sup>5</sup> not be ours; but in whom shall we find a firmer faith, a mind more humble, a sincerity more absolute? He had his temptations like the rest of us. His passions were strong; his temper was hot; forgiveness never came easily to him; and he loved <sup>10</sup> power. He dreaded strong liquor because he liked it; and if in his nature there were great capacities for good, there were none the less, had it been once perverted, great capacities for evil. Fearless and strong, self-dependent and ambitious, he had within <sup>15</sup> him the making of a Napoleon, and yet his name is without spot or blemish. From his boyhood onward, until he died on the Rappahannock, he was the very model of a Christian gentleman.

E'en as he trod that day to God, so walked he from his birth, <sup>20</sup>  
In simpleness, and gentleness, and honor, and clean mirth.

**Cromwell**: an English statesman who led the revolution against Charles the First. — **Wolfe**: an English general. — **Alfred**: one of the noblest of English kings. — **De Montfort**: a champion of English freedom. — **Bruce**: a brave and warlike Scottish king. — **Hampden**: an English patriot and leader. — **Gordon**: a daring English general.

## TALUS, OR THE IRON MAN

EDMUND SPENSER

EDMUND SPENSER (1552–1599), an English poet of first rank, was born in London. He was the greatest nondramatic poet in England in the two hundred years that intervened between the death of Chaucer and the birth of Milton.

5 Spenser was educated at Cambridge University where he was fortunate enough to win the friendship of Sir Philip Sidney, a highborn, lovable scholar. Sidney was so attracted by Spenser's poetry that he invited him to his house and introduced him to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. Leicester, known to young  
10 readers as the hero of Scott's *Kenilworth* and as the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, introduced the young poet to the Queen, who gave him an appointment in Ireland.

At Kilcolman Castle, in Ireland, Spenser did his most imperishable work. There his friend, Sir Walter Raleigh, came to visit  
15 him, and induced him to take the first three books of the *Faerie Queene* to London for publication.

In 1591 Spenser returned to Ireland. Seven years later his castle was burned by Irish rebels. Terribly distressed over this act of vandalism, and by the death of his baby in the flames of his  
20 house, he hurried to London and died a few months later. He was buried close beside Chaucer in Westminster Abbey. "Poets held his pall and cast their elegies in his grave."

We must not fear to assert, with the best judges of this and former ages, that Spenser is still the third name in the poetical  
25 literature of our country, and that he has not been surpassed, except by Dante, in any other. — HALLAM.

The early history of the good knight Arthegall was this. One day when the goddess Astræa was walking through the world, she found him, a gentle

child, playing with other infants at sports and games, and seeing him fit for her purpose, she allured him with gifts and fair speeches to go with her. So she led him far away into a lonely cave, where she kept him many years and taught him all the discipline of justice. He learned how to weigh right and wrong in an equal balance ; and as there were no human beings near, he exercised his powers on the wild beasts when they wrongfully oppressed others of their kind. So he dwelt until he grew to manhood and was well trained in all graces and virtues. Then the goddess went to the house of Jove and sought diligently till she found a powerful sword which Jove himself once used against the giant Titans, and which had since lain there unused. It was made of perfect metal, tempered with adamant and garnished with gold upon the blade, from whence it was called Chrysaor. There was no substance so hard or firm but this sword could pierce and cleave it, nor any armor which it could not divide. This sword she gave to her adopted son, and she bestowed upon him also her attendant, Talus, who was a man made of iron instead of flesh, immovable and resistless. He always carried in his hand an iron flail, with which he threshed out falsehood and unfolded truth. This done, the



goddess returned to the skies, from whence she derived her race, where ye may now see her, sixth in degree, with her balance hanging next her. Now each of the knights of these olden days had to  
5 prove his soldierly skill by doing some brave exploit. Gloriana, queen of the fairies, gave Arthegall a difficult adventure, as it was called, and, accompanied by Talus, his iron man, he set forth to show that he was a worthy knight and able  
10 to overturn wrong.

After some days of travel Arthegall met a dwarf, who told him of a cruel Saracen who dwelt a little way off, and had slain many knights through his treachery. "He is," said he, "a man expert in  
15 battle and deeds of arms, and his daughter aids him in his undertakings by her magic arts. He has gained great lordships and many goodly farms through his extortions and wrongdoings. He never allows any one to pass over his bridge without  
20 paying a heavy toll, and he has a bald groom, who mightily pilfers and pillages from the poor, while he himself tyrannizes over the rich. His name is Pollente, and he fights on his long and very narrow bridge, which is full of trapfalls,  
25 through which riders are plunged into a river, swift and dangerously deep. Then he, accustomed

by long practice, leaps into the stream and either drowns or slays his enemy; after which he takes the spoils and brings them to his daughter, who has the coffers of her treasury heaped so high that she exceeds many princes in wealth. Her name is 5  
Munera."

"Now, by my life," quoth Arthegall, "and the help of heaven, I will take no other way this day but by that bridge, so show me the way."

This the dwarf did, and ere long they came to 10  
the place. The Saracen was there, ready armed. When they reached the entrance a bald-headed villain came and asked for money, according to their law, to which Arthegall answered, "Lo, there is thy hire"; and with that dealt him a blow which 15  
laid him dead upon the ground.

When the Pagan saw this he waxed angry and set his spear in rest. Arthegall did the same, and they would have met right in the middle of the bridge; but just there the trap was let down and 20  
the Saracen leaped forward, thinking his foe would fall; but the latter was ready, and lightly sprang in. So both were together in the flood, and dashed at each other; but the Pagan had the advantage, for he was accustomed to fight in the water and 25  
his courser could swim like a fish. Arthegall

thought the best way would be to close with him; so, driving him down the tide, he seized his iron collar and would not slack his hold for anything. Thus he forced him to forsake his horse's back  
5 and betake himself to swimming. Then the fight was equal, for Arthegall was very skillful in swimming and could venture in water of any depth, as every knight should be able. In the end his foe grew faint and fled to the land; but Arthegall pursued him with bright Chrysaor, the golden sword,  
10 in his hand, and just as he reared his head above the waves to get to the bank, he smote it off, so it stumbled on the strand, gnashing its teeth. The body was carried down by the current, but Talus  
15 put the head on a high pole, fixed in the ground, where it remained for many years.

Then the knight went to the castle where the daughter was intrenched, guarded by many who defied him and hurled down showers of stones  
20 from the battlements. So, finding he could not enter, he ordered Talus to devise some means whereby they might do so. The page, on receiving this command, marched up to the gate and began to batter the door with his iron flail, shaking  
25 the floors of all the rooms and filling the castle with confusion and uproar. Then the garrison

began to hurl their stones and shoot their arrows upon him, but this moved him not a whit ; he steadfastly continued his heavy strokes. The lady came out upon the castle and besought him with fair words to cease, but he heeded not her prayers. 5



Then she began her charms, but they were of no avail. Next she thought to corrupt him, so she caused enormous sacks of riches to be heaved up on the battlements and poured over the wall, that they might gain some time while he was gather- 10  
ing the gold ; but he was not to be tempted. He still continued his assault, hammering with all his might, till at last he rent the door and made a way

for his master to enter, who straightway passed in. Immediately every one fled and hid themselves in corners here and there; and the lady, also, half dead with fright, concealed herself.

5 They sought her long, but could find her nowhere, until Talus, who could track like a bloodhound, discovered her under a heap of gold. He dragged her out by her fair locks, without pity. Though Arthegall felt compassion, yet he would not change  
10 the course of justice, which Talus always executed. So the page took the lady by her slender waist and, in spite of her loud cries, threw her over the castle wall into the slimy river. Then he seized upon all that mucky pelf and evil-gotten spoil,  
15 and, burning it to ashes, threw it likewise into the stream. Lastly, he razed the castle to the ground and defaced all its hewn stones, that there might be no hope of restoration, nor any remembrance of it; and the wicked custom of the bridge was  
20 abolished.

Adapted by M. H. TOWRY

**allured** : attracted. — **Titans** : a fabled race of giants who piled mountain on mountain in order that they might enter the home of the gods. — **razed** : leveled.

## TO AUTUMN

JOHN KEATS

JOHN KEATS (1795–1821), an English poet of high rank, was born in London. He was the son of a head hostler in a livery stable. During his early boyhood he was noted for his beauty, his fascinating manners, and his love of fighting. “He would,” says one of his schoolmates, “fight any one, morning, noon, and night.” But, in spite of his love of battle, his sprightliness, generosity, bravery, beauty, and personal charm made him a favorite in his school. Towards the close of his school course he took to constant reading. His fancy ran towards Grecian classics, history, travel, and fiction.

In his sixteenth year he was taken from school and apprenticed to a surgeon. During his period of medical

study he went once a week to read English classics with his friend, Charles Cowden Clarke. Clarke says of Spenser’s *Faerie Queene*, to which he introduced Keats, “He ramped through the scenes of the romance like a young horse turned into a spring meadow.” One of his earliest poems was in imitation of Spenser, 30 the “Poet’s Poet.”



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Before Keats was twenty-two he had given up surgery and had taken literature for his profession. His first book of poems (1817) was a flat failure; his second (1819) called forth savage attacks from the critics of the magazines; his third (1820) made him  
 5 immortal. It contained such finished poems as his four odes, the *Eve of St. Agnes*, and others. Before the poet could enjoy the success of this book he was stricken with consumption. Attended by a devoted friend, he went to Italy seeking health, but found only a grave in the Protestant cemetery in Rome.

10 The fame of Keats has steadily grown since his death. His place is certain among the foremost of English poets. He is distinctively the Bard of Beauty; and in him reigns that spirit which links him directly with the classic Greeks. — DOLE.

Keats had an instinct for fine words, which are in themselves  
 15 pictures and ideas, and had more of the power of poetic expression than any modern English poet. — LOWELL.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;

Conspiring with him how to load and bless

20 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves  
 run;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,

And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;

To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells

25 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,

And still more, later flowers for the bees,

Until they think warm days will never cease,

For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy  
 cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep, 5  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy  
hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined  
flowers:  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep 10  
Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are  
they? 15  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—  
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river shallows, borne aloft 20  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft  
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies. 25



## THE FIGHT WITH THE AUROCHS

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ (1845- ), a Polish novelist, was born just one hundred years after the famous patriot Kosciusko, who resisted Russia's attempt to conquer his native land, and who helped America to strike off British fetters. Sienkiewicz was  
5 educated at Warsaw, one of Poland's former capitals, situated almost directly west from Berlin. In 1876 he came to America; then he went to Africa, far into Asia, and all over Europe. But his temporary homes never appealed to him as did his native Warsaw.

10 In three great historic romances he has commemorated the struggle of his country against Sweden.

NOTE. Lygia, daughter of a foreign king, and Ursus, a giant slave of her father's household (who are both Christians), are in prison, awaiting punishment by torture for the burning of Rome,  
15 of which crime the Christians were accused by Nero. Vinicius, a Roman tribune, who expects to marry Lygia, finds that he must give up his gods and become a Christian.

Evening exhibitions, rare up to that period and given only occasionally, became common in Nero's  
20 time, both in the circus and amphitheater. Though the people were sated already with blood spilling, still, when the news went forth that the end of the games was approaching, and that the last of the Christians were to die at an evening spectacle,  
25 a countless audience assembled in the amphitheater.

The Augustians came to a man, for they understood that it would not be a common spectacle; they knew that Cæsar had determined to make for himself a tragedy out of the suffering of Vinicius. Tigellinus had kept secret the kind of punishment 5 intended for the betrothed of the young tribune; but that merely roused general curiosity. Those who had seen Lygia at the house of Plautius told wonders of her beauty.

Uncertainty, waiting, and curiosity had mastered 10 all spectators. Cæsar arrived earlier than usual; and immediately at his coming people whispered that something uncommon would happen, for besides Tigellinus and Vatinius, Cæsar had with him Cassius, a centurion of enormous size and 15 gigantic strength, whom he summoned only when he wished to have a defender at his side.

Every eye was turned with strained gaze to the place where Vinicius was sitting. He was exceedingly pale and his forehead was covered with drops 20 of perspiration; he was in as much doubt as were other spectators, but alarmed to the lowest depth of his soul. Petronius knew not what would happen; he was silent, except that, while turning from Nerva, he asked Vinicius whether he was ready for 25 everything, and next, whether he would remain at

the spectacle. To both questions Vinicius answered Yes, but a shudder passed through his whole body. Hitherto he had not supposed that that moment when present would be so terrible.

5 But his weakness did not last long. After a while he roused himself, or rather the stamping of the impatient multitude roused him.

“Thou art ill,” said Petronius; “give command to bear thee home.” Cæsar was looking through  
10 his great emerald at Vinicius, studying his pain with satisfaction, to describe it afterward, perhaps, in pathetic strophes and win the applause of hearers.

Vinicius shook his head. He might die in the amphitheater, but he could not go out of it. More-  
15 over, the spectacle might begin any moment.

In fact, at that very instant almost, the prefect of the city waved a red handkerchief, the hinges opposite Cæsar’s podium creaked, and out of the dark gully came Ursus, Lygia’s giant servant, into  
20 the brightly lighted arena.

He blinked, dazed evidently by the glitter of the arena; then he pushed into the center, gazing around as if to see what he had to meet. In Rome there was no lack of gladiators larger by far than  
25 the common measure of man, but Roman eyes had never seen the like of Ursus. Senators, vestals,

Cæsar, the Augustians, and the people gazed with the delight of experts at his mighty limbs as large as tree trunks, at his breast as large as two shields joined together, and his arms of a Hercules.

He was unarmed and had determined to die 5 peacefully and patiently. Meanwhile he wished to pray once more to the Saviour; so knelt on the arena, joined his hands, and raised his eyes towards the stars, which were glittering in the lofty opening of the amphitheater. 10

That act displeased the crowds. They had had enough of those Christians who died like sheep. They understood that if the giant would not defend himself the spectacle would be a failure. Some began to cry for scourgers, whose office it was to 15 lash combatants unwilling to fight. But soon all had grown silent, for no one knew what was waiting for the giant, nor whether he would not be ready to struggle when he met death eye to eye.

They had not long to wait. Suddenly the shrill 20 sound of brazen trumpets was heard, and at that signal a grating opposite Cæsar's podium was opened, and into the arena rushed, amid shouts of beast keepers, an enormous German aurochs, bearing on his head the body of a woman. 25

"Lygia! Lygia!" cried Vinicius.

Then he seized his hair near the temples, squirmed like a man who feels a sharp dart in his body, and began to repeat in hoarse accents: "I believe! I believe! O Christ, a miracle!"

5 He did not even feel that Petronius covered his head that moment with the toga. It seemed to him that death or pain had closed his eyes.

He did not look, he did not see. The feeling of some awful emptiness possessed him. In his head  
10 there remained not a thought; his lips merely repeated as if in madness: "I believe! I believe!"

This time the amphitheater was silent. The Augustians rose in their places as one man, for in the arena something uncommon had happened.  
15 The Lygian, obedient and ready to die, when he saw his queen on the horns of the wild beast sprang up, as if touched by living fire, and, bending forward, ran at the raging animal.

From all breasts a sudden cry of amazement was  
20 heard, after which came deep silence.

The Lygian fell on the raging bull in a twinkling and seized him by the horns.

"Look!" cried Petronius, snatching the toga from the head of Vinicius.

25 The latter rose; his face was pale, and he looked into the arena with a vacant stare.

All breasts ceased to breathe. In the amphitheater a fly might be heard on the wing. People could not believe their own eyes. Since Rome was Rome, no one had seen such a spectacle.

The Lygian held the wild beast by the horns. 5  
The man's feet sank in the sand to his ankles, his back was bent like a drawn bow, his head was hidden between his shoulders, on his arms the muscles came out so that the skin almost burst from their pressure ; but he had stopped the bull 10 in his tracks. And the man and the beast remained so still that the spectators thought themselves looking at a picture showing a deed of Hercules or Theseus, or a group hewn from stone. But in that apparent repose there was a tremendous exertion 15 of two struggling forces. The bull sank his feet as well as did the man in the sand, and his dark, shaggy body was curved so that it seemed a gigantic ball. Which of the two would fail first, which would fall first ? — that was the question for those 20 spectators enamored of such struggles ; a question which at that moment meant more for them than their fate, than all Rome and its lordship over the world. The Lygian was in their eyes worthy of honor and statues. Nero himself stood up as well 25 as others. He and Tigellinus, hearing of the man's

strength, had arranged this spectacle purposely, and said to each other with a jeer, "Let that slayer of Croton kill the bull which we choose for him"; so they looked now with amazement at that picture, as if not believing that it could be real.

In the amphitheater were men who had raised their arms and remained in that posture. Perspiration covered the faces of others, as if they themselves were struggling with the beast. In the  
10 circus nothing was heard save the sound of flame in the lamps and the crackle of bits of coal as they dropped from the torches. It seemed to all that the struggle was lasting for ages. But the man and the beast continued on in their monstrous exertion;  
15 one might have said that they were planted in the earth.

Meanwhile a dull roar resembling a groan was heard from the arena, after which a brief shout was wrested from every breast, and again there  
20 was silence. People thought themselves dreaming till the enormous head of the bull began to turn in the iron hands of the barbarian. The face, neck, and arms of the Lygian grew purple; his back bent still more. It was clear that he was rallying  
25 the remnant of his superhuman strength, but that he could not last long.





Duller and duller, hoarser and hoarser, more and more painful grew the groan of the bull as it mingled with the loud breathing of the giant. The head of the beast turned more and more, and from  
5 his jaws crept forth a long, foaming tongue.

A moment more, and to the ears of spectators sitting nearer came, as it were, the crack of breaking bones; then the beast rolled on the earth with his neck twisted in death.

10 The giant removed in an instant the ropes from the horns of the bull, and, raising the maiden, he stood for a moment as if only half conscious; then he raised his eyes and looked at the spectators.

The amphitheater had gone wild.

15 The walls of the building were trembling from the roar of tens of thousands of people. Everywhere were heard cries for mercy, passionate and persistent, which soon turned into one unbroken thunder. The giant had become dear to those  
20 people enamored of physical strength; he was the first personage in Rome.

He looked around awhile; then approached Cæsar's podium and, holding the body of the maiden on his outstretched arms, raised his eyes  
25 with entreaty, as if to say: "Have mercy on her! Save the maiden. I did that for her sake."

Pity burst forth suddenly like a flame. The people had had blood, death, and torture in sufficiency. Voices choked with tears began to entreat mercy for both.

Now Vinicius started up from his seat, sprang 5 over the barrier which separated the front places from the arena, and, running to Lygia, covered her body with his toga. Then he tore apart the tunic on his breast, laid bare the scars left by wounds received in the Armenian war, and stretched out 10 his hands to the audience.

At this the enthusiasm of the multitude passed everything seen in a circus before. Voices calling for mercy grew simply terrible. People not only took the part of the athlete, but arose in defense 15 of the soldier, the maiden, their love. Thousands of spectators turned to Cæsar with flashes of anger in their eyes and with clenched fists.

But Nero hesitated.

Now rage began to possess the multitude. Dust 20 rose from beneath the stamping feet and filled the amphitheater. In the midst of shouts were heard cries: "Matricide! Incendiary!"

Nero was alarmed.

He looked once more at Subrius Flavius, at 25 Scevinus the centurion, a relative of the senator,

at the soldiers; and seeing everywhere frowning brows, angry faces, and eyes fixed on him, he gave the sign for mercy.

**circus**: an inclosure for shows. — **amphitheater**: a building, generally circular in form, made to hold large crowds. — **strophes**: verses. — **podium**: a wall from the top of which seats begin in an amphitheater. — **vestals**: young women whose business it was to keep the sacred fire always burning. — **Hercules**: a fabled demigod of wonderful strength. — **aurochs**: a large animal like the American buffalo, or bison. — **toga**: the long outer garment worn by Romans. — **Theseus**: a legendary hero of Greece who slew the Minotaur. — **the sign for mercy**: given in various ways. The signal to kill was to turn the thumbs down.

From *Quo Vadis*. Translated from the Polish original by Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co., Publishers.

## SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

SIDNEY LANIER

Out of the hills of Habersham,  
5 Down the valleys of Hall,  
I hurry amain to reach the plain,  
Run the rapid and leap the fall,  
Split at the rock and together again,  
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,  
10 And flee from folly on every side  
With a lover's pain to attend the plain  
Far from the hills of Habersham,  
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,  
All through the valleys of Hall,  
The rushes cried, *Abide, abide,*  
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,  
The laving laurel turned my tide, 5  
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*  
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,  
And the little reeds sighed, *Abide, abide,*  
*Here in the hills of Habersham,*  
*Here in the valleys of Hall.* 10

High o'er the hills of Habersham,  
Veiling the valleys of Hall,  
The hickory told me manifold  
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall  
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold, 15  
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,  
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,  
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*  
*Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,*  
*These glades in the valleys of Hall.* 20

And oft in the hills of Habersham,  
And oft in the valleys of Hall,  
The white quartz shone, and the smooth  
brookstone

Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,  
And many a luminous jewel lone,  
— Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,  
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst —

- 5 Made lures with the lights of streaming stone  
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,  
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

- But oh, not the hills of Habersham,  
And oh, not the valleys of Hall  
10 Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.  
Downward the voices of Duty call —  
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main;  
The dry fields burn, and the mills' are to turn,  
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,  
15 And the lordly main from beyond the plain  
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,  
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

laving laurel: the laurel dipping or bathing in the water.



## BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA

It happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven, for I wanted him to take a walk and afterwards sup with me. On passing through some dark, narrow street he paused suddenly. "Hush!" he said eagerly; "what sound is that? It is from my Sonata in F! Hark! How well it is played!"

It was a little mean dwelling, and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the *finale* there was a sudden break, when the voice of sobbing. "I cannot play any more. It is so beautiful; it is so utterly beyond my power to do it justice. Oh, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah, my sister!" said her companion; "why create regrets when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right; and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

20

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said. "Go in!" I exclaimed. "Why should we go in?" "I will play to her," he said in an excited tone. Here is feeling — genius — understanding. I will

play to her and she will understand it." And before I could prevent him his hand was upon the door.

A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes, and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The girl blushed and the young man looked grave — somewhat annoyed.

"I — I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear — that is, you would like — that is — shall I play for you?"

There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comic and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you," said the shoemaker; "but our harpsichord is wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend. "How, then, does the Fräulein —"

He paused and colored, for the girl looked full at him and he saw that she was blind.

“I—I entreat your pardon,” he stammered. “But I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear?”

5

“Entirely.”

“And where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?”

“I used to hear a lady practicing near us, when we lived at Bruhl two years. During the summer 10 evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her.”

She seemed shy; so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first 15 chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night. And I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He was inspired; 20 and from the instant when his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the 25 latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and



her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the harpsichord, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical, sweet sounds. It was as if  
5 we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to wake.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of  
10 brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest upon the piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested  
15 upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time.

At length the young shoemaker rose and approached him eagerly, yet reverently. "Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone; "will you tell us  
20 who and what you are?"

The composer smiled as he only could smile, benevolently, indulgently. "Listen!" he said; and he played the opening bars of the Sonata in F.

A cry of delight and recognition burst from them  
25 both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with eager entreaties..

“Play to us once more — only once more!”

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window and lit up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. “I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight,” looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth.

This was followed by a wild elfin passage in triple time, — a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of spirits upon the sward. Then came a swift *agitato finale*, — a breathless, hurrying movement, descriptive of flight and uncertainty, and vague, impulsive terror, which carried us away on its wings and left us all in wonder.

“Farewell to you,” said Beethoven, pushing back his chair and turning toward the door; “farewell to you.”

“You will come again?” asked they in one breath.

He paused and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl. “Yes, yes,”

he said hurriedly; "I will come again and give the Fräulein some lessons. Farewell. I will soon come again."

They followed us in silence more eloquent than  
5 words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it."

10 We did so, and he sat over it till long past day dawn. And this was the origin of that moonlight sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

**sonata** : musical composition. — **finale** : closing part. — **harpsichord** : a musical instrument. — **Fräulein** : young lady. — **improviser** : to do something offhand. — **agitato finale** : a stormy ending of a musical selection.



## A SCENE FROM "WILLIAM TELL"

SHERIDAN KNOWLES

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES (1784-1862), a dramatic poet, was born in Ireland, but his family moved to London while young Knowles was still a child. In his twelfth year he wrote and conducted the performance of a play. This early inclination to poetry attracted the attention of the critic Hazlitt, and he took great pains to improve the lad's tastes and to help develop his talents. 5

While teaching for a living Knowles wrote his first important play, *Caius Gracchus*. His next play, *Virginus*, made the fortune of the noted actor, Macready, and brought Knowles no small measure of fame. *William Tell* is one of his most admired dramas. 10 Knowles frequently took a leading part in the acting of his own plays. In 1836 he came to America on a professional tour and was accorded a most hearty welcome.

## SCENE I

WILLIAM TELL, ALBERT, *his son*, and GESLER

GESLER. What is thy name?

TELL. My name? 15

It matters not to keep it from thee now.

My name is Tell.

GES. Tell! William Tell?

TELL. The same.

GES. What! he so famed 'bove all his country- 20  
men

For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?

And such a master of his bow, 't is said  
His arrows never miss! Indeed — I'll take  
Exquisite vengeance! Mark! I'll spare thy  
life —

5 Thy boy's too! — both of you are free — on one  
condition.

TELL. Name it.

GES. I would see you make  
A trial of your skill with that same bow  
10 You shoot so well with.

TELL. Name the trial you  
Would have me make.

GES. You look upon your boy  
As though instinctively you guessed it.

15 TELL. Look upon my boy! What mean you?  
Look upon

My boy as though I guessed it! Guessed the trial  
You'd have me make! Guessed it  
Instinctively! You do not mean — no — no —  
20 You would not have me make a trial of  
My skill upon my child! Impossible!  
I do not guess your meaning.

GES. I would see  
Thee hit an apple at the distance of  
25 A hundred paces.

TELL. Is my boy to hold it?

GES. No.

TELL. No? — I'll send the arrow through the  
core!

GES. It is to rest upon his head.

TELL. Great Heaven, you hear him! 5

GES. Thou dost hear the choice I give —  
Such trial of the skill thou art master of,  
Or death to both of you, not otherwise  
To be escaped.

TELL. O monster! 10

GES. Wilt thou do it?

ALBERT. He will! he will!

TELL. Ferocious monster! Make  
A father murder his own child!

GES. Take off 15  
His chains, if he consent.

TELL. With his own hand!

GES. Does he consent?

ALB. He does.

*JESLER signs to his officers, who proceed to take off*

*TELL'S chains, TELL all the time unconscious what  
they do*

TELL. With his own hand! 20  
Murder his child with his own hand!

The hand I've led him, when an infant, by!

T is beyond horror — 't is most horrible!

Amazement! [*His chains fall off*] What's that  
you've done to me?

Villains! put on my chains again. My hands  
Are free from blood, and have no gust for it,  
5 That they should drink my child's! Here! here!  
I'll not

Murder my boy for Gesler.

ALB. Father! father!

You will not hit me, father!

10 TELL. Hit thee! Send  
The arrow through thy brain — or, missing that,  
Shoot out an eye — or, if thine eye escape,  
Mangle the cheek I've seen thy mother's lips  
Cover with kisses! Hit thee — hit a hair

15 Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart —

GES. Dost thou consent?

TELL. Give me my bow and quiver.

GES. For what?

TELL. To shoot my boy!

20 ALB. No, father — no!

To save me! You'll be sure to hit the apple.

Will you not save me, father?

TELL. Lead me forth —

I'll make the trial!

25 ALB. Thank you!

TELL. Thank me! Do  
You know for what? I will not make the trial,  
To take him to his mother in my arms,  
And lay him down a corpse before her!

GES. Then he dies this moment — and you 5  
certainly  
Do murder him whose life you have a chance  
To save, and will not use it.

TELL. Well — I'll do it.  
I'll make the trial. 10

ALB. Father!

TELL. Speak not to me.  
Let me not hear thy voice. Thou must be dumb;  
And so should all things be. Earth should be dumb  
And Heaven — unless its thunders muttered at 15  
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it. Give me  
My bow and quiver.

GES. When all's ready.

TELL. Well! lead on!





## SCENE II

*Enter, slowly, people in evident distress, — Officers, VERNER, GESLER, TELL, ALBERT, and Soldiers, one bearing TELL'S bow and quiver, another with a basket of apples*

GES. That is your ground. Now shall they  
measure thence

A hundred paces. Take the distance.

TELL. Is the line a true one?

5 GES. True or not, what is 't to thee?

TELL. What is 't to me? A little thing,  
A very little thing, — a yard or two  
Is nothing here or there — were it a wolf  
I shot at! Never mind.

10 GES. Be thankful, slave,

Our grace accords thee life on any terms.

TELL. I will be thankful, Gesler! Villain, stop!  
You measure to the sun.

GES. And what of that?

15 What matter whether to or from the sun?

TELL. I'd have it at my back — the sun should  
shine

Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.

I cannot see to shoot against the sun —

20 I will not shoot against the sun.

GES. Give him his way. Thou hast cause to  
bless my mercy.

TELL. I shall remember it. I'd like to see  
The apple I'm to shoot at.

GES. Stay! Show me the basket! There — 5

TELL. You've picked the smallest one.

GES. I know I have.

TELL. Oh, do you? But you see  
The color on't is dark. I'd have it light,  
To see it better. 10

GES. Take it as it is.  
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hit'st it.  
TELL. True! true! I did not think of that. I  
wonder  
I did not think of that. Give me some chance 15  
To save my boy!

*[Throws away the apple with all his force]*

I will not murder him,  
If I can help it, — for the honor of  
The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone.

GES. Well, choose thyself. 20

TELL. Have I a friend among the lookers-on?

VERNER. *[Rushing forward]* Here, Tell!

TELL. I thank thee, Verner!  
He is a friend runs out into a storm  
To shake a hand with us. I must be brief: 25

When once the bow is bent, we cannot take  
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be  
The issue of this hour, the common cause  
Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun  
5 Set on the tyrant's banner! Verner! Verner!  
The boy! the boy! Thinkest thou he hath the  
courage  
To stand it?

VER. Yes.

10 TELL. How looks he?

VER. Clear and smilingly.

If you doubt it, look yourself.

TELL. No — no — my friend.

To hear it is enough.

15 VER. He bears himself so much above his years—

TELL. I know! I know.

VER. With constancy so modest!

TELL. I was sure he would —

VER. And looks with such relying love

20 And reverence upon you —

TELL. Man! man! man!

No more! Already I'm too much the father

To act the man. Verner, no more, my friend!

I would be flint — flint — flint. Don't make me feel

25 I'm not. Do not mind me! Take the boy.

And set him, Verner, with his back to me.

Set him upon his knees — and place this apple  
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me, —  
Thus, Verner ; charge him to keep steady ; tell  
him

I'll hit the apple. Verner, do all this 5  
More briefly than I tell it thee.

VER. Come, Albert! [*Leading him out*]

ALB. May I not speak with him before I go ?

VER. No.

ALB. I would only kiss his hand. 10

VER. You must not.

ALB. I must ! I cannot go from him without.

VER. It is his will you should.

ALB. His will, is it ?

I am content then. Come. 15

TELL. My boy! [*Holding out his arms to him*]

ALB. My father! [*Rushing into TELL's arms*]

TELL. If thou canst bear it, should not I? Go,  
now,

My son, and keep in mind that I can shoot. 20

Go, boy ; be thou but steady, I will hit

The apple. Go ! God bless thee — go ! My bow !

[*The bow is handed to him*]

Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou ? Thou.

Hast never failed him yet, old servant. No,

I'm sure of thee. I know thy honesty. 25

Thou art stanch — stanch. Let me see my quiver.

GES. Give him a single arrow.

TELL. Do you shoot?

SOL. I do.

5 TELL. Is it so you pick an arrow, friend?

The point, you see, is bent; the feather jagged.

*[Breaks it]*

That's all the use 't is fit for.

GES. Let him have another.

TELL. Why, 't is better than the first,

10 But yet not good enough for such an aim

As I'm to take; 't is heavy in the shaft.

I'll not shoot with it! *[Throws it away]* Let me  
see my quiver.

Bring it! 'T is not one arrow in a dozen

15 I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less

A dove like that.

GES. It matters not.

Show him the quiver.

TELL. See if the boy is ready.

*[TELL here hides an arrow under his vest]*

20 VER. He is.

TELL. I'm ready, too. *[To the people]* Keep  
silence for

Heaven's sake and do not stir; and let me have

Your prayers — your prayers; and be my witnesses



That if his life's in peril from my hand,  
'T is only for the chance of saving it.

GES. Go on.

TELL *shoots and a shout of exultation bursts from the crowd.*

TELL's head drops on his bosom; he with difficulty supports himself upon his bow

VER. [*Rushing in with ALBERT*] The boy is safe, —  
5 no hair of him is touched.

ALB. Father, I'm safe! Your Albert's safe, dear  
father. Speak to me! speak to me!

VER. He cannot, boy!

ALB. You grant him life?

10 GES. I do.

ALB. And we are free?

GES. You are. [*Crossing angrily behind*]

ALB. Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!

VER. Open his vest,  
15 And give him air.

ALBERT *opens his father's vest and the arrow drops.* TELL  
*starts, fixes his eye upon ALBERT, and clasps him to his*  
*breast*

TELL. My boy! my boy!

GES. For what

Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

TELL. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy.

gust: desire. — quiver: a case in which arrows are carried.

## A COW'S PARADISE

ELEANOR H. PATTERSON

Washed, combed, groomed, petted, and luxuriantly stabled in winter, like the finest of our race horses, and put to graze on flowery, well-watered green fields in summer, the cows of Holland can envy no animal the world over.

5

The two lions represented upon the heraldic shield of the Netherlands might well be replaced by two great black and white Holstein-Friesian cows, for the masses of the people worship cows. Cows they watch sometimes with more care than 10 they give their own children, cows they nurse through sickness, cows they save their money to buy, and of cows they talk while awake and dream while asleep.

Children are brought up with the parental reverence for cows, and no member of the human family is thought too good to sleep under the same roof with the beloved kine. The traveler landing in Holland during the springtime will see vast herds of fine cattle in every stretch of green meadows, and green meadows are everywhere in this flat and almost treeless country. Every shadeless field is defined by a stream of pure water flowing 15 20



between trim, flowery banks, which serve instead of fences to keep the cattle within bounds.

Cow stable is to us a name for an humble and unclean edifice, but a cow stable in Holland has  
5 another meaning. No parlor is purer nor more carefully tended than the habitation of the much-loved kine. The busy Dutch farmer does not usually care to give any of his time to curiosity seekers, and it is not always easy for the stranger to gain  
10 admission to his household ; but we secured a letter to a farmer near Broek, in North Holland, which admitted us to his cow house and to his residence at the same time. Both were under one roof, and one was quite as clean as the other. We  
15 were conducted to the stable first, which in reality was a wide hall with a strip of oilcloth down the center. Rows of tiny square windows, high up on both sides, were curtained with spotless lace or thin white net tied back with ribbon ; pots of blooming  
20 flowers were set on the sills of the windows looking south. Beneath each curtained window was a cow stall ; there were twenty-six in all — such luxurious and dainty little places ! On the floors, which were of porcelain, a thick layer of clean white sawdust  
25 had been placed, and this was stamped into patterns of stars and wheels and various geometrical designs.

Of course the return of the cows from the fields to their winter quarters breaks these pretty sawdust designs into a confused mass, but during the summer they are carefully preserved. Before and behind each row of stalls runs a trough of clear water, — the first for the cow to drink from, the second to wash away all impurities. In the ceiling behind every stall is fixed a kind of iron hook, whose strange and ludicrous office is to hold high in the air the cow's tail that she may not soil that carefully combed member. One wonders that the cows' tails, after many generations of this tying-up process, do not grow straight up. One extravagant book of travels tries to make us believe that the tails are often tied with blue ribbons, but this we found to be an exaggeration. 15

It is not, however, any exaggeration that the cattle every day during the winter are washed off with warm soapsuds, dried, rubbed, coddled, and talked to as if they were children, that the air of the stable is as pure as the atmosphere outside, and that no pains are spared to keep them healthy and comfortable. Under such kind treatment they become plump, glossy, and gentle animals, and repay their owners by an enormous quantity of milk. 25

**heraldic shield**: a shield with a coat of arms on it. — **kine**: cows.

## THREE OF TENNYSON'S POEMS

ALFRED TENNYSON (1809-1892), poet laureate of England and spokesman for his people for forty-two years, was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire. He was the youngest of a trio of poetical brothers, — Frederick, Charles, Alfred. At Cambridge University he gained the Chancellor's medal for a prize poem. While still an undergraduate he issued his first volume of verse, and followed this, in 1832, by another. These two volumes were so sharply criticised that Tennyson remained silent for ten years. These years he spent in untiring efforts to master the poet's art.

10 How well he succeeded is shown by his two volumes of 1842. The poems in these took critics, poetry lovers, and general readers by storm. He combined in them variety, beauty, strength, and masterly art. He soon became to England what Victor Hugo was to France. In the long years allotted to him, he continued to

15 pour forth poetic treasures until his thoughts went into the very warp and woof of English thought.

Tennyson, although alive to all the issues of his day, was always fond of retirement. His life at Farringford, his home on the Isle of Wight, and at Aldworth, his lonely home in the hills

20 of Surrey, was an ideal one for a poet.

His words gleam like pearls and opals, like rubies and emeralds. — BAYNE.

I have been reading Tennyson again and again. What a great creature he is! — CHARLES DICKENS.

25 "Truly one of the great of the earth." It was so his friend described him in the first blush of his promise; it is so that he appears to-day. — ARTHUR WAUGH.

Then a pretty drive over the Downs brought us to this house. Here the great poet lives. He is finer than his pictures, — a man of

30 good six feet and over, but stooping as he walks, for he is seventy-four years old, and we shall stoop if we ever live to that age. A big dome of a head, bald on the forehead and the top, and very

fine to look at. A deep bright eye, a grand eagle nose, a mouth which you cannot see, a black felt hat, and a loose tweed suit. These were what I noticed in the author of "In Memoriam." — BISHOP BROOKS.

Tennyson is the wisest man I ever knew. — THACKERAY. 5

### BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Every one knows it ; it is a piece of perfect work, fully felt and fully finished. — STOPFORD BROOKE.

Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !  
And I would that my tongue could utter 10  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play !  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay ! 15

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill ;  
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break, 20  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

## THE BUGLE SONG

And the third, known as the *Bugle Song*, seems to many the most perfect English lyric since the time of Shakespeare.—  
EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

- The splendor falls on castle walls  
5 And snowy summits old in story :  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying ;  
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
- 10 O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going !  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :  
15 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
- O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river :  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow for ever and for ever.  
20 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

## CROSSING THE BAR

Nothing that Tennyson has ever written is more beautiful in body and soul than *Crossing the Bar*. — HENRY VAN DYKE.

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me !  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless  
    deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark !  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark ;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.



LEE AND GRANT<sup>1</sup>

JOHN BROWN GORDON

JOHN BROWN GORDON (1832-1904), an American soldier and lecturer, was born in Upson County, Georgia. He was educated at the University of Georgia, and immediately thereafter entered on the practice of law. On the outbreak of the Civil War he entered the Confederate service as a captain and rose to be a major general.

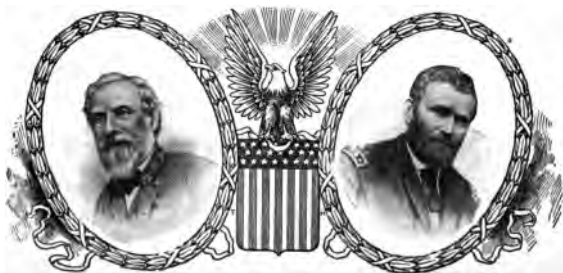
After the war closed he became governor and United States senator from Georgia. At the time of his death he was commander in chief of the United Confederate Veterans.

10 The strong and salutary characteristics of both Lee and Grant should live in history as an inspiration to coming generations. Posterity will find nobler and more wholesome incentives in their high attributes as men than in their brilliant  
15 careers as warriors. The luster of a stainless life is more lasting than the fame of any soldier; and if General Lee's self-abnegation, his unblemished purity, his triumph over alluring temptations, and his unwavering consecration to all life's duties do  
20 not lift him to the morally sublime and make him a fit ideal for young men to follow, then no human conduct can achieve such position.

<sup>1</sup> From *Reminiscences of the Civil War*. Copyright, 1904. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

And the repeated manifestations of General Grant's truly great qualities — his innate modesty, his freedom from every trace of vainglory or ostentation, his magnanimity in victory, his genuine sympathy for his brave and sensitive foemen, and his inflexible resolve to protect paroled Confederates against any assault, and vindicate, at whatever cost, the sanctity of his pledge to the vanquished — will give him a place in history no less renowned and more to be envied than that secured by his triumphs as a soldier or his honors as a civilian. The Christian invocation which came from his dying lips, on Mount McGregor, summoning the spirit of peace and unity and equality for all of his countrymen, made a fitting close to the life of this illustrious American.

**salutary** : healthful. — **incentive** : that which prompts to action. — **self-abnegation** : self-denial. — **ostentation** : love of show. — **magnanimity** : greatness of soul. — **inflexible** : not to be bent.





## AMERICAN COURAGE

SHERMAN HOAR

SHERMAN HOAR (1860-1898), an American public man, was born in Concord, Massachusetts. He was graduated from the academic department of Harvard University in 1882, and from the law department in 1885. In the year of his graduation he  
5 formed a law copartnership and began practice in the city of Boston.

In 1891 he was elected to Congress, and was afterwards, for four years, United States District Attorney. During the Spanish-American War he was a member of the Massachusetts Volunteer  
10 Aid Society and died as a result of typhoid fever contracted in that service.

One of the best of those paintings which have made the name of Edouard Détaillé famous is called "The Salute to the Wounded." In the  
15 painting one sees a country road in France, along which are marching some wounded Prussian prisoners under an escort of French cuirassiers. A French officer of high rank and his staff are seated upon their horses by the roadside and are in the  
20 act of saluting their wounded enemies, who are passing before them. The picture always has had an attraction for me, because it shows that strong patriotic feeling which led the French painters at the time of the Franco-Prussian War to find, even  
25 in the incidents of a struggle fraught with so much

shame and disaster for their nation, opportunities to paint nothing that did not put in evidence the best qualities of their national character.

Here in the United States there is no lack of that admiration for courageous self-sacrifice which the French painter has put so faithfully into his picture ; but I sometimes feel that we fail to find in the devotion, the self-denial, and the sacrifice of those who have given themselves to make and maintain our country, all the inspiration that should be derived from them, or that would be got out of them by the men of France, had those qualities been displayed by their countrymen.

I fear we undervalue the devotion to country which comes from a contemplation of what has been done and suffered in her name. I feel that we teach those who are to make or mar the future of this nation too much of what has been done elsewhere and too little of what has been done here. Courage is the characteristic of no one land or time. The world's history is full of it and the lessons it teaches. American courage, however, is of this nation ; it is ours, and if the finest national spirit is worth the creating ; if patriotism is still a quality to be engendered in our youth ; if love of country is still to be a strong power for good, those acts of

devotion and of heroic personal sacrifice with which our history is filled, are worthy of earnest study, of continued contemplation, and of perpetual consideration.

- 5    Let him, who will, sing deeds done well across the sea,  
     Here, lovely Land, men bravely live and die for Thee.

The particular example I desire to speak about is of that splendid quality of courage which dares everything not for self or country, but for an  
10 enemy. It is of that kind which is called into existence not by dreams of glory, or by love of land, but by the highest human desire, — the desire to mitigate suffering in those who are against us.

In the afternoon of the day after the battle of  
15 Fredericksburg, General Kershaw of the Confederate army was sitting in his quarters when suddenly a young South Carolinian named Kirkland entered, and, after the usual salutations, said, "General, I can't stand this." The general, thinking the state-  
20 ment a little abrupt, asked what it was he could not stand; and Kirkland replied, "Those poor fellows out yonder have been crying for water all day, and I have come to you to ask if I may go and give them some." The "poor fellows" were Union  
25 soldiers who lay wounded between the Union and

Confederate lines. To get to them Kirkland must go beyond the protection of the breastworks and expose himself to a fire from the Union sharpshooters, who, so far during that day, had made the raising of so much as a head above the Confederate works an act of extreme danger. General Kershaw at first refused to allow Kirkland to go on



his errand ; but at last, as the lad persisted in his request, declined to forbid him, leaving the responsibility for action with the boy himself. Kirkland, in perfect delight, rushed from the general's quarters to the front, where he gathered all the canteens he could carry, filled them with water, and, going over the breastworks, started to give relief to his wounded enemies. No sooner was he in the open field than

the sharpshooters, supposing he was going to plunder their comrades, began to fire at him. For some minutes he went about doing good under circumstances of most imminent personal danger. Soon, however, those to whom he was taking the water recognized the character of his undertaking. All over the field men sat up and called to him, and those too much hurt to raise themselves held up their hands and beckoned to him. Soon the sharpshooters, who luckily had not hit him, saw that he was indeed an angel of mercy and stopped their fire, and two armies looked with admiration at the young man's pluck and loving-kindness. With a beautiful tenderness Kirkland went about his work, giving of the water to all, and here and there placing a knapsack pillow under some poor wounded fellow's head, or putting in a more comfortable position some shattered leg or arm. Then he went back to his own lines and the fighting went on. Tell me of a more exalted example of personal courage and self-denial than that of that Confederate soldier, or one which more clearly deserves the name of Christian fortitude.

**cuirassier**: a soldier armed with a cuirass. — **engendered**: to cause to exist. — **mitigate**: lessen. — **sharpshooters**: soldiers who shoot unusually well.



## THE GREAT TRIO

JOHN CABELL BRECKINRIDGE

JOHN CABELL BRECKINRIDGE (1821-1875), an American statesman and soldier, was born near Lexington, Kentucky. In 1851 he was elected a member of Congress. After serving as congressman for several years he was, in 1856, elected Vice President of the  
5 United States. In 1860 he was one of the Democratic candidates for the Presidency, but was defeated by Mr. Lincoln. In the same year he was sent to the United States Senate. He resigned his seat in the Senate to enter the Confederate army, in which he received a commission as major general, and served actively in the field  
10 until his appointment as Secretary of War.

The Senate is assembled for the last time in this chamber. Henceforth it will be converted to other uses; yet it must remain forever connected with great events and sacred to the memories of the  
15 departed orators and statesmen who here engaged in high debates and shaped the policy of their country. Hereafter the American and the stranger, as they wander through the Capitol, will turn with instinctive reverence to view the spot on which so  
20 many and great materials have accumulated for history. They will recall the images of the great and the good, whose renown is the common property of the Union; and chiefly, perhaps, they will linger around the seats once occupied by the mighty three,

whose names and fame, associated in life, death has not been able to sever, — illustrious men who, in their generation, sometimes divided, sometimes led, and sometimes resisted public opinion; for they were of that higher class of statesmen who 5 seek the right and follow their convictions.

There sat Calhoun, the senator, inflexible, austere, oppressed, but not overwhelmed by his deep sense of the importance of his public functions; seeking the truth, then fearlessly following it, — a man 10 whose unsparing intellect compelled all his emotions to harmonize with the deductions of his rigorous logic, and whose noble countenance habitually wore the expression of one engaged in the performance of high public duties. 15

This was Webster's seat. He, too, was every inch a senator. Conscious of his own vast powers, he reposed with confidence on himself; and, scorning the contrivances of smaller men, he stood among his peers all the greater for the simple 20 dignity of his demeanor. Type of his northern home, he rises before the imagination, in the grand and granite outline of his form and intellect, like a great New England rock repelling a New England wave. As a writer his productions will be cherished 25 by statesmen and scholars while the English tongue



is spoken. As an orator his great efforts are historically associated with this chamber, whose very air seems to vibrate beneath the strokes of his deep tones and his weighty words.

- 5 On the outer circle sat Henry Clay, with his impetuous and ardent nature untamed by age, and exhibiting in the Senate the same vehement patriotism and passionate eloquence that of yore electrified the House of Representatives and the country.
- 10 His extraordinary personal endowments, his courage, all his noble qualities, invested him with an individuality and a charm of character which in any age would have made him a favorite of history. He loved his country above all earthly objects.
- 15 He loved liberty in all countries. Illustrious man — orator, patriot, philanthropist — whose light, at its meridian, was seen and felt in the remotest parts of the civilized world; and whose declining sun, as it hastened down the west, threw back its
- 20 level beams in hues of mellowed splendor, to illuminate and to cheer the land he loved and served so well!

**austere** : stern. — **deduction** : a truth drawn from another truth or set of truths. — **peers** : equals.

## THE BROOM MERCHANT

JOHN RUSKIN

NOTE. John Ruskin was so much pleased with this Swiss story that he himself translated it into English for his magazine.

Brooms are, as we know, among the necessities of the epoch; and in every household there are many needful articles of the kind which must be 5 provided from week to week, and which one accordingly finds, everywhere, persons glad to supply. But we pay daily less and less attention to these kindly disposed persons, since we have been able to get the articles at their lowest possible price. 10

Formerly it was not thus. The broom merchant, the egg merchant, the sand and rotten-stone merchant, were, so to speak, part of the family; one was connected with them by very close links; one knew the day on which each would arrive; and 15 according to the degree of favor they were in, one kept something nice for their dinner; and if by any chance they did not come to their day, they excused themselves next time, as for a very grave fault indeed. They considered the houses which 20 they supplied regularly as the stars of their heaven, took all the pains in the world to serve

them well, and, on quitting their trade for anything more dignified, did all they could to be replaced by either their children, or by some cousin. There was thus a reciprocal bond of fidelity on one side, 5 and of trust on the other, which unhappily relaxes itself more and more every day, in the measure that family spirit also disappears.

The broom merchant of Rychiswyl was a servant of this sort. The Saturday might sooner have been 10 left out of the almanac than the broom man not appear on the Saturday. His father, who had been a soldier, died early in life; the lad was then very young and his mother ailing. His elder sister had started in life many a day before, barefoot, and 15 had found a place in helping a woman who carried pine cones and turpentine to Berne. When she had won her spurs, that is to say, shoes and stockings, she obtained advancement in a large farm near the town. Hansli could not leave his mother, who had 20 need of his help to fetch her wood and the like. One day the farmer they lodged with said to Hansli: "My lad, it seems to me you might try and earn something now; you are big enough and sharp enough."

25 "I wish I could," said Hansli; "but I don't know how."

"I know something you could do," said the farmer. "Set to work to make brooms; there are plenty of twigs on my willows. I only get them stolen as it is; so they shall not cost you much. You shall make me two brooms a year of 5 them."

"Yes, that would be very fine and good," said Hansli; "but where shall I learn to make brooms?"

"Well, well, there's no such sorcery in the matter," said the farmer. "I'll teach you; many a 10 year now I've made all the brooms we use on the farm, and I'll back myself to make as good as are made; you'll want few tools, and may use mine at first."

All which was accordingly done; and God's 15 blessing came on the doing of it. Hansli took a fancy to the work, and the farmer was enchanted with Hansli.

"Do the thing well, so as to show people they may put confidence in you. Once get their trust 20 and your business is done," said the farmer, and Hansli obeyed him.

In the beginning, naturally, things did not go very fast; nevertheless, he sold what he could make, and as he became quicker in the making 25 the sale increased in proportion. Soon everybody

said that no one had such pretty brooms as the little merchant of Rychiswyl; and the better he succeeded, the harder he worked. His mother visibly recovered liking for life. "Now the battle's  
5 won," said she; "as soon as one can gain one's bread honorably one has the right to enjoy one's self, and what can one want more?" Always, from that time, she had every day as much as she liked to eat. Indeed, Hansli very often brought her even  
10 a little white bread back from the town, whereupon how happy she was! And how she thanked God for having kept so many good things for her old days.

Now, Hansli, on the contrary, was looking cross and provoked. Soon he began actually to grumble.  
15 "Things cannot go on much longer this way; I will not put up with it." When the farmer at last set himself to find out what that meant, Hansli declared to him that he had too many brooms to carry, and that even when the miller took them  
20 on his cart it was very inconvenient, and that he wanted a cart of his own, but he had n't any money to buy one, and did n't know anybody who was likely to lend him any.

"You are a good-for-nothing," said the peasant.  
25 "Look you, I won't have you become one of those people who think a thing's done as soon as they've



dreamt it. That's the way one spends one's money to make the fish go into other people's nets. You want to buy a cart, do you? Why don't you make one yourself?"

5 Hansli stared at the farmer with his mouth open, and great eyes.

"Yes, make it yourself; you will manage it, if you make up your mind," went on the farmer.

"You can chip wood well enough, and the wood  
10 won't cost you much — what I haven't, another peasant will have; and there must be old iron about, plenty, in the lumber room. I believe there's even an old cart somewhere, which you can have to look at — or to use, if you like.  
15 Winter will be here soon; set yourself to work, and by the spring all will be done."

Hansli opened his eyes again. "I make a cart! But how ever shall I? I never made one."

"Good-for-nothing," answered the farmer, "one  
20 must make everything once the first time. Take courage, and it's half done." Hansli was on the point of asking if the peasant had lost his head. Nevertheless, he finished by entering into the notion little by little, as a child into cold  
25 water. The peasant came now and then to help him; and in spring the new cart was ready, in

such sort that on Easter Tuesday Hansli pushed it, for the first time, to Berne. The joy and pride that this new cart gave him it is difficult to form anything like a notion of. If anybody had proposed to give him the Easter ox for it, that they 5 had promenaded at Berne the evening before, and which weighed well its twenty-five quintals, he would n't have heard of such a thing. It seemed to him that everybody stopped as they passed, to look at his cart; and whenever he got a chance he 10 put himself to explain at length what advantages that cart had over every other cart that had yet been seen in the world. He asserted very gravely that it went of itself, except only at the hills, where it was necessary to give it a touch of the hand. 15 A cookmaid said to him that she would not have thought him so clever; and that if she ever wanted a cart, she would give him her custom. That cookmaid, always afterwards, when she bought a fresh supply of brooms, had a present of two little ones 20 into the bargain, to sweep into the corners of the hearth with, — things which are very convenient for maids who like to have everything clean even in the corners.

From this moment Hansli began to take good 25 heart to his work; his cart was for him his farm;



he worked with real joy; and joy in getting anything done is, compared to ill humor, what a sharp hatchet is to a rusty one in cutting wood. The farmers of Rychiswyl were delighted with the  
5 boy. There was n't one of them who didn't say, "When you want twigs you've only to take them in my field; but don't damage the trees, and think of the wife sometimes; women use so many brooms in a year." Hansli did not fail;  
10 also was he in great favor with all the farm mistresses. They never had been in the way of setting any money aside for buying brooms; they ordered their husbands to provide them, but one knows how things go that way. But now Hansli  
15 was there before any one had time to think; and it was very seldom a mistress was obliged to say to him, "Hansli, don't forget us; we're at our last broom." Besides the convenience of this, Hansli's brooms were superb — very different from the  
20 wretched things which one's grumbling husband tied up loose, or as rough and ragged as if they had been made of oat straw. Of course, in these houses, Hansli gave his brooms for nothing; yet they were not the worst-placed pieces of his stock;  
25 for, not to speak of the twigs given him gratis, all the year round he was continually getting little

presents in bread and milk and such kinds of things, which a mistress has always under her hand, and which she gives without looking too close. Also, rarely one churned butter without saying to him, "Hansli, we beat butter to-morrow ; 5 if you like to bring a pot, you shall have some."

And as for fruit, he had more than he could eat of it ; so that it could not fail, things going on in this way, that Hans should prosper, besides being thoroughly economical. If he spent as much 10 as a threepenny piece on the day he went to the town, it was the end of the world. In the morning his mother took care he had a good breakfast, after which he took also something in his pocket, without counting that sometimes here and some- 15 times there one gave him a morsel in the kitchens where he was well known ; and finally he didn't imagine that he ought always to have something to eat the moment he had a mind to it.

**sorcery** : witchcraft. — **quintal** : a weight of one hundred pounds.

## EVOLUTION

JOHN BANISTER TABB

JOHN BANISTER TABB (1845- ), an American poet, was born in Amelia County, Virginia. During the Civil War he served on a blockade-running ship. He was captured and with Sidney Lanier spent some time as a prisoner in Point Lookout.

5 In 1884, after his ordination as a priest, he was appointed professor of English in St. Charles College, in Ellicott City, Maryland.

Father Tabb, as he is usually called, is the author of four or five very attractive volumes of verse. He has been especially happy in lyric verse.

10 Out of the dusk a shadow,  
Then, a spark ;  
Out of the cloud a silence,  
Then, a lark ;  
Out of the heart a rapture,  
15 Then, a pain ;  
Out of the dead, cold ashes,  
Life again.



## LITTLE GAVROCHE

VICTOR HUGO

VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885), a celebrated French poet and novelist, was the son of a French general. The bright boy was educated in Paris, in Italy, and in Spain where his father was stationed.

In his fifteenth year he competed for a prize offered by the French Academy. The Immortals, as the members of the Academy were called, could hardly be brought to believe that a boy had written the verses sent in by Hugo. The great writer, Chateaubriand, spoke of him as "The Sublime Boy."

Two years later, in a poem remarkable for so young a poet, he won a laurel crown in the Floral Games of Toulouse. In his twentieth year his *Odes and Ballads* gave him a leading place among the younger poets of France. King Louis the Eighteenth admired his genius so much that he conferred on him a pension of fifteen hundred francs.

Hugo became a leader in the new school of French poets, and his poems, romances, and dramas went far towards giving his followers the victory over their rivals. As he grew in fame he was elected to membership in the Academy and also made a peer; but when Louis Bonaparte overthrew the government Hugo was banished from France and a price placed on his head.

From his place of exile in the island of Guernsey he sent book after book to France to be published. Among these was his world-renowned novel, *Les Misérables*.

After the French were defeated at Sedan, Hugo returned to France. He spent an honored old age in his beloved Paris. On his eightieth birthday a multitude of his admirers gave him a great ceremonial banquet. Hugo was always devoted to children, and a part of the ceremony of this occasion included a long procession of beautifully dressed children who sang songs from the aged poet's poems.

The greatest writer whom the world has seen since Shakespeare. — SWINBURNE.

It is no small distinction to have guided a people's hope for eighteen years from his place of exile. It is a noble end of a  
5 zealous life to have worn for fifteen years the crown of a nation's literary kingship. But when these proud honors are forgotten, children's voices will still repeat and men's hearts echo a hundred songs of the greatest lyric poet of France. — HARPER.

Spring in Paris is often accompanied with keen  
10 and sharp north winds, by which one is not exactly frozen, but frost-bitten; these winds, which mar the most beautiful days, have precisely the effect of those currents of cold air which enter a warm room through the cracks of an ill-closed window  
15 or door. It seems as if the dreary door of winter were partly open and the wind were coming in at it.

One evening when these winds were blowing harshly, and the citizens had resumed their cloaks, little Gavroche, always shivering cheerfully under  
20 his rags, was standing, as if in ecstasy, before a wig maker's shop. He was adorned with a woman's woolen shawl, picked up nobody knows where, of which he had made a muffler. Little Gavroche appeared to be intensely admiring a wax bride,  
25 with bare neck and a headdress of orange flowers, which was revolving behind the sash, exhibiting, between two lamps, its smile to the passers.

As he was contemplating the bride he muttered between his teeth: "Tuesday. It is n't Tuesday. Is it Tuesday? Perhaps it is Tuesday. Yes, it is Tuesday."

Nobody ever discovered to what this monologue 5 related. If, perchance, it referred to the last time he had dined, it was three days before, for it was then Friday.

While Gavroche was examining the bride and the windows, two children of unequal height, 10 rather neatly dressed, and still smaller than he, one appearing to be seven years old, the other five, timidly turned the knob of the door and entered the shop, asking for something, charity, perhaps, in a plaintive manner which rather re- 15 sembled a groan than a prayer. They both spoke at once, and their words were unintelligible because sobs choked the voice of the younger, and the cold made the elder's teeth chatter. The barber turned with a furious face, and, without leaving his razor, 20 crowding back the elder with his left hand and the little one with his knee, pushed them into the street and shut the door, saying, "Coming and freezing people for nothing!"

The two children went on, crying. Meanwhile 25 a cloud had come up; it began to rain.

Little Gavroche ran after the children and accosted them: "What is the matter with you, youngsters?"

"We don't know where to sleep," answered the  
5 elder.

"Is that all?" said Gavroche. "That is nothing. Does anybody cry for that? Are they canaries then?"

And assuming, through his slightly bantering  
10 superiority, a tone of softened authority and gentle protection: "Babes, come with me."

"Yes, mister," said the elder.

And the two children followed him as they would have followed an archbishop. They had  
15 stopped crying.

Gavroche led them up the street in the direction of the Bastille.

Gavroche, as he traveled on, cast an indignant and retrospective glance at the barber's shop.

20 "He has no heart, that hairdresser," he muttered. "He is an Englishman."

And, looking at the cloud, he cried, "Ah! It rains again."

The two children limped along behind him.

25 As they were passing by one of those thick-grated lattices which indicate a baker's shop, for

bread like gold is kept behind iron gratings, Gavroche turned: "Ah, ha! babes, have you dined?"

"Mister," answered the elder, "we have not eaten since early this morning." 5

"You are then without father or mother?" resumed Gavroche, majestically.

"Excuse us, we have a papa and a mamma, but we don't know where they are."

"It is two hours now," continued the elder, 10 "that we have been walking; we have been looking for things in every corner, but we can find nothing."

"I know," said Gavroche. "The dogs eat up everything." 15

Meanwhile he had stopped, and for a few minutes he had been groping and fumbling in all sorts of recesses which he had in his rags.

Finally he raised his head with an air which was only intended for one of satisfaction, but 20 which was in reality triumphant.

"Let us compose ourselves, babes. Here is enough for supper for three."

And he took a sou from one of his pockets.

Without giving the two little boys time for 25 amazement, he pushed them both before him into



the baker's shop, and laid his sou on the counter, crying, "Boy! a cent's worth of bread."

The man, who was the master baker himself, took a loaf and a knife.

- 5 "In three pieces, boy," resumed Gavroche; and he added with dignity, "There are three of us."

The baker could not help smiling. When the bread was cut he put the sou in his drawer, and Gavroche said to the children, "Eat."

- 10 At the same time he handed each of them a piece of bread. There was one piece smaller than the other two; he took it for himself.

The poor children were starving, Gavroche included. While they were tearing the bread with  
15 their fine teeth, they encumbered the shop of the baker who, now that he had received his pay, was regarding them ill-humoredly.

"Come into the street," said Gavroche.

They went on in the direction of the Bastille.

- 20 Twenty years ago there was still to be seen in the southeast corner of the Place of the Bastille, near the canal basin dug in the ancient ditch of the prison citadel, a grotesque monument which has now faded away from the memory of Parisians.

- 25 We say monument, although it was only a rough model. This rough model, a vast carcass, was

an elephant forty feet high, constructed of framework and masonry, bearing on its back its tower, which resembled a house, formerly painted green by some house painter, now painted black by the sun, the rain, and the weather. In that open and deserted corner of the square the broad front of the colossus — his trunk, his tusks, his size, his four feet like columns, produced at night, under the starry sky, a startling and terrible outline.

Few strangers visited this edifice, no passer-by looked at it. It was falling into ruin; the mortar which was detached from its sides made hideous wounds upon it. It was there in its corner, gloomy, crumbling, surrounded by a rotten railing. It was huge, repulsive, and superb.

As we have said, night changed its appearance. As soon as twilight fell the old elephant became transfigured; he assumed a tranquil and terrible form in the fearful serenity of the darkness. Being of the past, he was of the night; and this obscurity was fitting to his greatness.

It was toward this corner of the square, dimly lighted by the reflection of a distant lamp, that Gavroche led the two children. The little five-year-old was drawn along by his brother, whose hand Gavroche held fast in his own.

As they came near the colossus Gavroche understood the effect which the infinitely great may produce upon the infinitely small, and said, "Youngsters, don't be frightened."

5 Then he entered through a gap in the fence into the inclosure of the elephant, and helped the babes to crawl through the breach. The two children, a little frightened, followed Gavroche without saying a word, and trusted themselves to that little  
10 Providence in rags who had given them bread and promised them a lodging.

Lying by the side of the fence was a ladder, which by day was used by the workingmen of the neighboring wood yard. Gavroche lifted it with  
15 singular vigor, and set it up against one of the elephant's forelegs. About the point where the ladder ended a sort of black hole could be seen in the under side of the colossus.

Gavroche showed the ladder and the hole to his  
20 guests, and said to them, "Mount and enter."

The two little fellows looked at each other in growing terror.

"You are afraid, babes!" exclaimed Gavroche.

And he added, "You shall see."

25 He clasped the elephant's wrinkled foot, and in a twinkling, without deigning to make use of the

ladder, he reached the crevice. He entered it as an adder glides into a hole, and disappeared, and a moment afterwards the two children saw his pallid face dimly appearing, like a faded and wan form, at the edge of the hole full of darkness. 5

"Well," cried he, "why don't you come up? You'll see how nice it is. Come up," said he, to the elder; "I'll give you a hand."

The little ones urged each other forward. The boy made them afraid and reassured them at 10 the same time, and then it rained very hard. The elder ventured. The younger, seeing his brother go up, and himself left all alone between the paws of this huge beast, had a great desire to cry, but he did not dare. 15

The elder clambered up the rounds of the ladder. He tottered badly. Gavroche, while he was on his way, encouraged him with the exclamations of a fencing master to his scholars, or of a muleteer to his mules: "Don't be afraid! That's it! Come 20 on! Put your foot there! Your hand here! Be brave!"

And when the boy came within his reach he caught him quickly and vigorously by the arm and drew him up. 25

The boy had passed through the crevice.

"Now," said Gavroche, "wait for me. Have the kindness to sit down."

And, going out by the crevice as he had entered, he let himself glide with the agility of a monkey  
5 along the elephant's leg, dropped upon his feet in the grass, caught the little five-year-old by the waist and set him halfway up the ladder; then he began to mount up behind him, crying to the elder, "I will push him; you pull him."

10 In an instant the little fellow was lifted, pushed, dragged, pulled, stuffed, crammed into the hole without having had time to know what was going on. Gavroche, entering after him, and pushing back the ladder with a kick so that it fell upon  
15 the grass, began to clap his hands, and cried: "Here we are! Hurrah for General Lafayette!"

This explosion over, he added, "Youngsters, you are in my house."

Gavroche was in fact at home.

20 The hole by which Gavroche had entered was a break hardly visible from the outside, concealed as it was, and as we have said, on the under side of the elephant, and so narrow that hardly anything but cats and boys could have passed through.

25 "Let us begin," said Gavroche, "by telling the porter that we are not in." And plunging into the



darkness like one who is familiar with his room, he took a board and stopped the hole.

Gavroche plunged again into the darkness. The children heard the spluttering of the taper plunged into the phosphoric bottle. 5

A sudden light made them wink ; Gavroche had just lighted one of those bits of strings soaked in resin, which are called cellar rats. The cellar rat, which made more smoke than flame, rendered the inside of the elephant dimly visible. 10

Gavroche's two guests looked about them, and felt somewhat as Jonah must have felt inside the whale.

The smaller one hugged close to his brother and said in a low tone, "It is dark."

"What is the matter with you?" cried Gavroche.  
"Must you have a palace?"

5 Presently the two children began to regard the apartment with less fear; but Gavroche did not allow them much longer leisure for thought.

"Quick!" said he.

And he pushed them toward the end of the room.

10 His bed was there. Gavroche's bed was complete; that is to say, there was a mattress, a covering, and an alcove with curtains.

The mattress was a straw mat; the covering was a large blanket of coarse gray wool, very warm and  
15 almost new. The alcove was made by three long laths firmly settled into the rubbish of the floor, two in front and one behind, and tied together by a string at the top, so as to form a frame. This frame supported a trellis of brass wire which was hung  
20 over it, and which was nothing more nor less than a fragment of those copper nettings which are used to cover the bird houses in menageries. Large stones were fixed upon the ground all about this trellis so as to let nothing pass. Gavroche's bed  
25 under this netting was as if in a cage. Altogether it was like an Eskimo tent.

It was this netting which took the place of curtains.

Gavroche removed the stones which kept down the netting in front, and the two folds of the trellis which lay one over the other opened. 5

"Boys, on your hands and knees!" said Gavroche.

He made his guests enter into the cage carefully; then he went in after them, creeping, pulled back the stones, and closed the opening. 10

They were all three stretched upon the straw.

"Mister," inquired the elder boy, pointing to the netting, "what is that?"

"That," said Gavroche, gravely, "is for the rats."

While he was talking he wrapped a fold of the 15 coverlid about the smaller one who murmured: "Oh! that is good. It is warm."

As he was on the edge of the mat, the elder being in the middle, Gavroche tucked the coverlid under him as a mother would have done, and 20 raised the mat under his head with some old rags in such a way as to make a pillow for the boy. Then he turned toward the elder: "Eh! we are pretty well off here?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the elder, looking at Ga- 25 vroche with the expression of a rescued angel.



The two poor little soaked children were beginning to get warm.

"Ah, now!" continued Gavroche; "what in the world were you crying for?"

5 And pointing out the little one to his brother, "I say nothing to a youngster like that, but for a big boy like you to cry is silly; it makes you look like a calf."

"Well," said the child, "we had no room, no  
10 place to go. And then we were afraid to be all alone like that in the night."

"Listen to me," continued Gavroche; "you must never whine any more for anything. I will take care of you. You will see what fun we have. In  
15 summer we will go to the park with a comrade of mine. We will go in swimming. We will go to see the skeleton man. He is alive. And then I will take you to the theater. I have tickets; I know the actors; I even played once in a piece.  
20 Oh! we shall have famous fun."

At this moment a drop of wax fell on Gavroche's hand and recalled him to the realities of life.

Said he: "There's the match used up. Attention! I can't spend more than a cent a month  
25 for my illumination. When we go to bed we must go to sleep."

The storm outside redoubled. They heard, in the intervals of the thunder, the tempest beating against the back of the colossus.

"Pour away, old rain," said Gavroche. "It does amuse me to hear the decanter emptying along the 5 house's legs. Winter is a fool; he throws away his goods, he loses his trouble, he can't wet us, and it makes him grumble."

This allusion to thunder, all the consequences of which Gavroche accepted as a philosopher of the 10 nineteenth century, was followed by a very vivid flash, so blinding that something of it entered by the crevice into the body of the elephant. Almost at the same instant the thunder burst forth very furiously. The two little boys uttered a cry and 15 rose so quickly that the trellis was almost thrown out of place; but Gavroche turned his bold face toward them and took advantage of the clap of thunder to burst into a laugh.

"Be calm, children. Don't upset the edifice. 20 That was fine thunder; give us some more."

Then he gently pushed the two children to the head of the bed, pressed their knees to stretch them out at full length, and exclaimed: "Children, we must sleep. It is very bad not to sleep. Are you 25 all right?"

"Yes," murmured the elder, "I am all right. I feel as if I had feathers under my head."

The two children hugged close to each other. Gavroche finished arranging them upon the mat and pulled the coverlid up to their ears, then blew out the taper.

Hardly was the light extinguished when a singular tremor began to agitate the trellis under which the three children were lying. It was a multitude  
10 of dull rubbings, which gave a metallic sound, as if claws and teeth were grinding the copper wire. This was accompanied by all sorts of little sharp cries.

The little boy of five, hearing this tumult over his head and shivering with fear, pushed the elder  
15 brother with his elbow. Then the little boy ventured to accost Gavroche, but very low, and holding his breath: "Mister?"

"Hey?" said Gavroche, who had just closed his eyes.

20 "What is that?"

"It is the rats," answered Gavroche.

And he laid his head again upon the mat.

The rats, in fact, which swarmed by thousands in the carcass of the elephant, had been held in  
25 awe by the flame of the candle so long as it burned; but as soon as this cavern, which was, as it were,

their city, had been restored to night, smelling there what the good story-teller calls "some fresh meat," they had rushed in upon Gavroche's tent, climbed to the top, and were biting its meshes as if they were seeking to get through this new-fashioned mosquito bar.

Still the little boy did not go to sleep.

"Mister?" he said again.

"Hey?" said Gavroche.

"What are the rats?"

10

"They are mice."

This explanation reassured the child a little. He had seen some white mice in the course of his life, and he was not afraid of them. However, he raised his voice again: "Mister?"

15

"Hey?" replied Gavroche.

"Why don't you have a cat?"

"I had one," answered Gavroche. "I brought one here, but they ate her up for me."

This second explanation undid the work of the first, and the little fellow began to tremble. The dialogue between him and Gavroche was resumed for the fourth time: "Mister?"

"Hey?"

"Who was it that was eaten up?"

25

"The cat."

"Who was it that ate the cat?"

"The rats."

"The mice?"

"Yes, the rats."

5 The child, dismayed by these mice who ate cats, continued: "Mister, would those mice eat us?"

The child's terror was complete, but Gavroche added: "Don't be afraid. They can't get in. And then I am here. Here, take hold of my hand. Be  
10 still!"

Gavroche at the same time took the little fellow's hand across his brother. The child clasped this hand against his body and felt safe. Courage and strength have such mysterious communi-  
15 cations. It was once more silent about them, the sound of voices had startled and driven away the rats. In a few minutes they might have returned and done their worst in vain; the three boys, plunged in slumber, heard nothing more.

20 Darkness covered the court of the Bastille; a cold wind, which mingled with the rain, blew in gusts, and patrolmen ransacked doors, alleys, yards, and dark corners, looking for nocturnal vagabonds. The elephant standing motionless, with open eyes  
25 in the darkness, appeared to be in reverie and well satisfied with his good deeds, for he sheltered

from the heavens and from men the three poor, sleeping children.

**ecstasy**: rapture. — **monologue**: that which is spoken by one person alone. — **accosted**: spoke to. — **bantering**: talking playfully to one. — **Bastille**: the famous prison of Paris. — **retrospective**: looking back. — **recesses**: secret places. — **sou**: a French coin of small value. — **encumbered**: took up room. — **colossus**: a huge figure. — **transfigured**: changed in looks. — **agility**: activity. — **nocturnal**: night. — **reverie**: deep thought.

## THE MISSISSIPPI

FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE CHATEAUBRIAND

CHATEAUBRIAND (1769–1848) was one of the most celebrated of the French writers of the Revolutionary period. He received his education in the college at Rennes. In early manhood, while he was traveling in North America, he heard of the outbreak of the French Revolution. He hurried home to fight against the Republic. Being wounded at the siege of Thionville, he took refuge in England, where he lived in great poverty. In 1800 he returned to Paris and soon took rank among the foremost writers of his day. Chateaubriand was a man of many oddities of character and often changed his views on even the most serious questions. 5 10

The story of "Atala," from which this selection is taken, is one of his best known works. 15

France formerly possessed in North America a vast realm extending from Labrador to Florida, and from the shores of the Atlantic to the remotest lakes of upper Canada.

Four great water courses, having their sources in the same mountains, divided this immense region: the St. Lawrence, which empties eastward into the gulf of like name; the River of the West, which  
5 bears its waters to unknown seas; the Bourbon, which hurls itself from south to north into Hudson Bay; and the Mississippi, which falls from north to south into the Gulf of Mexico.

This last river, in a course of more than a thousand  
10 sand leagues, waters a delicious land which the people of the United States call New Eden, and for which the French have left the harmonious name of Louisiana. Tributaries of the Mississippi, a thousand other rivers, — the Missouri, the Illinois,  
15 the Arkansas, the Ohio, the Wabash, the Tennessee, — fatten this land with their silt and make it fertile with their waters. When all these streams are swollen with the floods of winter, when tempests have beaten down whole tracts of forests,  
20 the uprooted trees gather at the river sources. Before long the mud cements them, vines enchain them, and plants, taking root in all directions, finish compacting these masses. Carried away by the foaming current, they descend to the Mississippi;  
25 the river seizes them, sends them on to the gulf, strands them upon sand banks, and increases thus

the number of its outlets. At intervals it lifts up its voice as it passes below the hills, and spreads its overflowing waters around forest colonnades and Indian pyramid tombs; it is the Nile of the waste. Yet grace is always joined to magnificence 5 in the scenes of nature; while the current of the middle sweeps toward the sea the dead trunks of pines and oaks, one observes reascending upon the two lateral currents along the shore, floating islands of water lilies whose yellow flowers rise up like 10 little pavilions. Green snakes, blue herons, rose flamingoes, young crocodiles, take passage on these rafts of flowers; and the colony, spreading to the wind its sails of gold, comes to land all asleep in some secluded cove. 15

The opposing banks of the Mississippi present a most extraordinary picture. On the western side savannas roll away until lost to view; their receding billows of verdure seem to mount to the azure of heaven, where they vanish away. On these 20 limitless prairies one sees herds of three or four thousand buffaloes wandering at will. Sometimes a bison bull, heavy with years, comes fending the waves as he swims to couch in the tall herbage on some isle of the Mississippi. From his forehead 25 adorned with its two crescents, from his beard



antique and oozy, you might take him for the god of the river, casting an eye of satisfaction over the height of his waves and the wild luxuriance of his banks.

5 Such is the scene upon the western shore; upon the opposite shore it changes with a wonderful contrast. Hanging over the course of the waters, grouped upon the cliffs and mountains, scattered about in the valleys, mingle trees of every form,  
10 of every hue, of every perfume, growing in company, mounting in the air to heights that weary the eye. Wild grapevines and begonias, interlacing at the bottom of these trees, climb their boughs, clamber to the very ends of their branches,  
15 spring from maple to tulip tree, from tulip tree to vervian mallow, forming a thousand crypts, a thousand arches, a thousand porticoes. Often, straying from tree to tree, festoons cross the arms of rivers, spanning them with bridges of flowers. From the  
20 heart of the woods the magnolia rears its unshaken cone; crowned with its great white flowers, it commands the entire forest, and has no rival but the palm, that lightly balances near by its fans of green.

25 Placed in these retreats by the Creator's hands, a multitude of animals diffuses enchantment and

life. At the end of sylvan avenues you can see bears, intoxicated with grapes, tottering on the branches of elms ; caribous bathing in a lake ;



black squirrels sporting in the thickness of the foliage ; mocking birds, Virginia doves, of the big- 5  
ness of sparrows, descending upon lawns reddened  
with strawberries ; green parrots with yellow heads,

purple woodpeckers, fiery cardinal birds climbing and circling to the tops of cypress trees; humming birds flashing over Florida jasmine, and bird-catching serpents hissing suspended from tree  
5 cupolas, balancing like vines.

If all is silence and repose upon the savannas on the other side of the river, here, on the contrary, all is movement and murmur. Strokes of beaks upon trunks of oak, crashing of animals as they  
10 walk, browsing and crunching fruit stones between their teeth; the rush of waves, feeble moans, dull bellowings, gentle cooings, fill these wilds with a delicate savage harmony. But when there comes a breeze to animate this solitude, to wave these  
15 floating bodies, to pour together these masses of white, of azure, of green, of rose, to mingle all colors, to combine all murmurs; then from the depth of the forest there issue sounds, before the eye there pass visions such as I should in vain  
20 attempt to describe to men who have never ranged these wild tracts of nature.

**realm** : country. — **league** : a measure of length. — **silt** : fine earth deposited by a stream. — **colonnade** : a series of columns at regular intervals. — **lateral** : side. — **secluded** : hidden. — **savanna** : a tract of level land. — **verdure** : green. — **azure** : the unclouded sky. — **fending** : keeping off. — **antique** : old. — **crypt** : a vault. — **sylvan** : woody. — **ranged** : traveled.

## HARVEST THANKSGIVING SONG

NOTE. This is a metrical arrangement of Psalm LXVII by Franz Delitzsch.

God be merciful unto us and bless us,  
May he cause his face to shine among us — (Selah)

That thy way may be known upon earth, 5  
Among all the heathen thy salvation.

Peoples shall praise thee, O God,  
The peoples shall praise thee, all of them.

Nations shall rejoice and shout for joy,  
For thou wilt judge peoples in uprightness, 10  
And the nations upon earth thou wilt lead. (Selah)

Peoples shall praise thee, O God,  
The peoples shall praise thee, all of them.

The earth hath yielded her fruit,  
God our God doth bless us. 15

God shall bless us,  
And all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

## THE FIRST AMERICAN LEGISLATURE

JOHN FISKE

JOHN FISKE (1842-1901), an American historian and philosopher, was born in Hartford, Connecticut. He was a boy of unusual brightness. At the age of twelve he had mastered algebra, geometry, navigation, and surveying. Before he was eighteen  
5 he was able to read Greek, Latin, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, French, and had made a fair beginning in Sanskrit and Hebrew.

After being graduated from Harvard University he devoted himself to a study of history and of sociology. He held in succession the positions of lecturer on philosophy, instructor in history,  
10 and assistant librarian in Harvard. He lectured on historical and sociological subjects in many of the principal cities of the world.

His reputation as a scholar of marked ability and a writer of  
15 brilliance began with his review of Buckle's *History of Civilization* and continued with unabated vigor until his death.

It is now time for us to attend a session of this House of Burgesses, to make a report of its work, and to mention some of the vicissitudes which it  
20 encountered in the course of the reign of Charles I. The place of meeting was the wooden church at Jamestown, fifty feet in length by twenty in width, built in 1619, for Lord Delaware's church had become dilapidated; a brick church, fifty-six feet by  
25 twenty-eight, was built there in 1639. From the different plantations and hundreds the burgesses

came mostly in their barges or sloops to Jamestown. In 1634 the colony was organized into counties and parishes, and the burgesses thenceforth represented counties, but they always kept their old title. At first the governor, council, and burgesses met 5 together in a single assembly, just as in Massachusetts until 1644, just as in England the Lords and Commons usually sat together before 1339.

A member of this Virginia parliament must take his breakfast of bacon and hoeecake betimes, for 10 the meeting was called together at the third beat of the drum, one hour after sunrise. The sessions were always opened with prayers, and every absence from this service was punished with a fine of one shilling. In the choir of the church 15 sat the governor and council, their coats trimmed with gold lace. By the statute of 1621, passed in this very church, no one was allowed to wear gold lace except these high officials and the commanders of hundreds, — a class of dignitaries who, in 1634, 20 were succeeded by the county lieutenants. In the body of the church, facing the choir, sat the burgesses in their best attire, with starched ruffs and coats of silk or velvet in bright colors. All sat with their hats on, in imitation of the time-hon- 25 ored custom of the House of Commons, — an early

illustration of the democratic doctrine, "I am as good as you." These burgesses had their speaker, as well as their clerk and sergeant-at-arms. Such was the first American legislature, and two of its  
5 acts in the year 1624 were especially memorable. One was the declaration, passed without any dissenting voice, "that the governor shall not lay any taxes or impositions upon the colony, their lands or commodities, otherway than by the au-  
10 thority of the general assembly, to be levied and employed as the said assembly shall appoint."

This general assembly was both a legislative and a judicial body. It enacted laws and prescribed the penalties for breaking them; it tried before a jury  
15 persons accused of crime, and saw that due punishment was inflicted upon those who were adjudged guilty; it determined civil causes, assessed the amount of damages, and saw that they were collected. From sweeping principles of constitu-  
20 tional law down to the pettiest sumptuary edicts, there was nothing which this little parliament did not superintend and direct.

It was, moreover, enacted that any person found drunk was for the first offense to be privately  
25 reproofed by the ministers; the second time this reproof was to be publicly administered; the third

time the offender must be put in irons for twelve hours and pay a fine; for any subsequent offenses he must be severely punished at the discretion of the governor and council.

To guard the community against excessive vanity in dress, it was enacted that for all public contributions every unmarried man must be assessed in church "according to his own apparel"; and every married man must be assessed "according to his own and his wife's apparel." 5 10

Not merely extravagance in dress but such social misdemeanors as flirting received due legislative condemnation. Pretty maids were known to encourage hopes in more than one suitor, and gay deceivers of the sterner sex would sometimes seek 15 to win the affections of two or more women at the same time. Wherefore it was enacted that "every minister should give notice in his church that what man or woman soever should use any word or speech tending to a contract of marriage to two 20 several persons at one time, . . . as might entangle or breed scruples in their consciences, should for such their offense either undergo corporal correction (by whipping) or be punished by fine or otherwise, according to the quality of the person so 25 offending."



Men were held to more strict accountability for the spoken or written word than in these shameless modern days. Speaking against the governor or any member of the council was liable to be punished with the pillory. It was also imprudent to speak too freely about clergymen, who were held in great reverence. No planter could dispose of so much as a pound of tobacco until he had laid aside a certain specified quantity as his assessment toward the minister's salary, which was thus assured even in the worst times, so far as legislation could go.

**vicissitudes** : changes. — **dilapidated** : fallen into a ruinous condition. — **hundreds** : the divisions of a county, supposed to have contained originally a hundred families each. — **burgesses** : members of the legislature. — **betimes** : early. — **sumptuary** : regulating expense. — **pillory** : a frame in which a person's head was fastened for punishment.



## FRANKLIN'S STORY

THOMAS JEFFERSON

THOMAS JEFFERSON (1743-1826), an American statesman, was born at Shadwell plantation, Albemarle County, Virginia. He clearly showed what three deeds of his public service of half a century he was proudest of when he wrote for his own tomb the following epitaph :

5

THOMAS JEFFERSON

AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,  
OF THE STATUTE OF VIRGINIA FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM,  
AND FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

From the time when, at the age of twenty-six, he took his seat in the Virginia House of Burgesses, until his death on the 4th of July, 1826, a history of his life is largely a history of our country.

When the Declaration of Independence was under the consideration of Congress there were 15 two or three unlucky expressions in it which gave offense to some members. I was sitting by Dr. Franklin, who perceived that I was not insensible to these criticisms. "I have made it a rule," said he, "whenever in my power, to avoid 20 becoming the draughtsman of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident which I will relate to you. When I was a journeyman printer one of my companions, an apprentice hatter, having served out his time, was 22

about to open a shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome signboard, with a proper inscription. He composed it in these words, 'John Thompson, Hatter, makes and sells hats for  
5 ready money,' with a figure of a hat subjoined; but he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed it to thought the word 'hatter' needless, because followed by the words 'makes hats,' which showed  
10 he was a hatter. It was struck out. The next observed that the word 'makes' might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats. He struck it out. A third said that he thought the words 'for ready money' were  
15 useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit. They were parted with, and the inscription now stood, 'John Thompson sells hats.' 'Sells hats!' says his next friend. Why, nobody will expect you to give them away; what then is the  
20 use of that word? It was stricken out and 'hats' followed it, the rather as there was one painted on the board. So the inscription was at last reduced to 'John Thompson' with the figure of a hat subjoined."

**draughtsman** : writer. — **subjoined** : put below. — **amendments** : changes.

## THE REAPING MACHINE

During the first half of the last century the American farmer was compelled to perform nearly all of the labor of agriculture by hand. The plow and harrow were practically the only implements drawn by horses. Wheat was sown broadcast by hand then, as in Bible times, and covered with a harrow, while corn was dropped in furrows by hand and covered with a hoe. Reaping, the most important of all the work on the farm, was still performed by hand with the sickle, which had remained unchanged in form since the earliest known history of the cultivation of cereals. Later the hand cradle in many instances replaced the sickle, but still the labor of harvest was too slow. Wheat must be harvested within a few days after it ripens, or it will shatter out and much of the crop will be lost; and the farmer's seed and labor, as well as the use of his land for a year, will be wasted. Hence our wheat crop in the day of the sickle and cradle was limited to the few acres that each farmer could reap by hand. There was no demand for threshing machines because the farmer could store his small crop in the barn in the sheaf, and flail or tramp it out on the barn floor at his leisure during the winter.

Man felt the need of a rapid and efficient means of harvesting grain centuries before the invention of the reaper. Before the beginning of the Christian era, Pliny, the Roman historian, described a  
5 method of reaping used in the fields in the lowlands of Gaul, in which was employed a reaper—a sort of cart—consisting of a box mounted on two wheels; from the front of the box projected a series of closely arranged teeth, between which the  
10 stalks of grain slid, the teeth being so close together that the heads could not draw through. An attendant walked beside the cart with a stick and beat the heads back into the box. This cart was discarded when the agriculture of Gaul declined.

15 In 1783 the Society of Arts of England distinguished itself by offering in its lists of premiums one for a practical reaping machine, and continued the offer annually for a period of thirty-six years. During this time several efforts were made to build  
20 machines that would work. In 1806 Mr. Gladstone of England built a reaping machine which proved to be impractical. The circular knife would not cut and the gaveling forks did not save the grain. Mr. Smith of Deanston, England, also built a machine which excited much curiosity. Its cutter  
25 was of the same circular type as the Gladstone,

but it, too, was inoperative. Ogle followed in 1822 with a machine which contained some of the features of the modern reaper. He did not persevere, however, and his machine was destroyed by laborers.

In 1816 Robert McCormick, a farmer living in Rockbridge County, Virginia, built a reaping machine, and continued to work with it from time to time, until he gave up the task in despair. In 1831 his son Cyrus, then twenty-two years old, 10 working on a different plan, built a machine which successfully harvested oats that season on his father's farm and on the farm of John Steele, a near neighbor, and in 1833 an extended description of the reaper was published in the *Mechanics* 15 *Magazine*. An attendant walked beside the reaper with a rake and drew the gavel to the ground beside the machine and out of the way when cutting the next round. This was the first successful reaping machine. 20

The introduction of the reaper into general use was followed by a remarkable change in commerce, transportation, manufacturing, and in the development of the great natural resources of the country. Our exports of wheat and flour, which had remained 25 stationary during the first half of the nineteenth

century, began to increase rapidly in volume. Railroad construction took on new life, and the labor released on the farm doubled the output of our factories in the ten years from 1850 to 1860, and  
5 in the forty years following multiplied the production of manufactured goods ninefold in value and perhaps twentyfold in volume, while our population increased less than threefold.

The reaping machine was constantly improved  
10 until the early seventies, when the automatic binding device was invented. To-day the modern self-binder cuts and binds twenty acres of grain a day, and is used extensively in all the principal grain-growing countries.

15 The opinion that the wonderful wealth and commerce of the United States have sprung entirely from our natural resources is too generally held. During the first seventy years of our national life our abundant natural resources failed to bring us  
20 any great increase in commerce or in the products of agriculture, trades, and industries. Notwithstanding the fact that the virgin soil was practically free to the settler, our production of wheat was insufficient to supply our people with bread,  
25 and the little that was imported was taken from the mouths of the poor.

In the beginning of the century just closed only three per cent of the people of America lived in the cities ; the remainder lived on the farms and in the small towns, and depended upon agriculture for food ; there was little manufacturing, America 5 being dependent upon the mother country for almost everything except the products of the soil. It therefore seems strange that the people in the United States as late as 1845 did not raise enough wheat for their bread. In that year only four and 10 one-third bushels of wheat per person were raised in the United States, while in the year 1859 five and one-half bushels per person were raised.

About the middle of the last century there appears to have been a remarkable change in the food- 15 producing power of the American people. From a low rank among nations we have advanced to the highest position, with a producing power in agriculture and manufactures that almost rivals that of all Europe. The source of this remarkable 20 increase in our economic power is the result of invention, — invention in the line of labor-saving agricultural machines. Our food supply increased decade by decade ; from the 4.33 bushels of wheat per person in 1845 it had increased to 5.50 bushels 25 in 1859, to 7.45 bushels in 1869, and to 10 bushels



in 1891. It is estimated that of this amount five and one-half bushels are consumed per person, thus leaving nearly one half of the production for export.

5 Surprising as these statements are, however, this only half tells the story. From the ninety-seven per cent of people on farms in 1800, the number decreased to eighty per cent in 1850, and in 1900 to thirty-three per cent. The farms are to-day, there-  
10 fore, producing with less than one third of the labor of the country sufficient not only to feed the people upon them but also the sixty-seven per cent that live in the cities ; and the exports of farm products during the year 1900 amounted to \$950,000,000  
15 out of the total of \$1,400,000,000 that was sent to foreign countries. This showing, which is almost incredible, was made possible only by the genius of the American inventor and the intelligence and energy of the American farmer.

20 In all the history of the world this achievement stands without a parallel. Much, of course, has been due to the fertile soil of the great plains and valleys in which we live ; much, to the beneficent government that has given security of property,  
25 and by its patent system encouraged invention ; much, to the great railroads which have transported

our products across the country; but more is due to the genius of our inventors, who recognized the necessity of improved methods on the farm, and who under great difficulties and in the face of



opposition provided the farmers of America with 5  
machines and implements which have enabled  
them to produce more cheaply than in any other  
land under the sun, whereby they have been enabled  
to sell their products in the markets of the world.

**discarded:** thrown away. — **gaveling:** holding.

## CHARLES DICKENS

## WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811–1863), a distinguished English novelist, was born in India, but at the age of five was taken to England. After some years of preparation at the old Charterhouse school, he entered Cambridge University,  
5 but did not remain to take a degree. His fondness for caricature was shown at this early date by his work on *The Snob*, a college magazine, and by his burlesque on *Timbuctoo*, the subject for a prize-poem contest in which Tennyson was victorious.

After leaving Cambridge he studied art in Rome and in some  
10 of the German cities. At Weimar he met Goethe and was much impressed by his power. Returning to England, the loss of his fortune made it necessary that he should go to work, and he began his career as a writer for *Fraser's Magazine*. The columns of the humorous *Punch* were next enlivened by Thackeray's pen.  
15 For ten years he poured into the pages of *Punch* "ballads, songs, burlesques ; lectures on English history ; papers humorous, wise, witty, pathetic."

It was not, however, until 1848, when Thackeray was thirty-seven and Dickens, a year younger, was already famous, that  
20 Thackeray made an enduring name for himself by the publication of *Vanity Fair*, still counted as one of the greatest of English novels. The rest of his short life was occupied with novel writing and with lecturing.

There is a man in our days whose words are not framed to  
25 tickle delicate ears ; who, to my thinking, comes before the great ones of society much as the son of Imlah came before the throned kings of Judah and Israel ; and who speaks truth as deep, with a power as prophetlike and as vital, — a mien as dauntless and as daring. — CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

30 One of the qualities we most admire in him is his comprehensive spirit of humanity. — *The Edinburgh Review*.

As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all,—upon our children, upon people educated and uneducated, upon the myriads here and at home, who speak our common tongue,—have not you, 5 have not I, all of us, reason to be thankful to this kind friend who soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes, made such multitudes of children happy, endowed us with such a sweet store of 10 gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments? There are creations of Mr. Dickens's which seem to me to rank as personal benefits,—figures so delightful that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does 15 for being brought into the society of very good men and women. That atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness; you come away better for your contact 20 with them; your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs. Was there ever a better charity sermon preached in the world than Dickens's *Christmas Carol*? I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the 25 means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at

Christmas time ; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good feeling, of Christmas punch brewing ; an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for  
5 this man's love of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their  
10 father. I know one who, when she is happy, reads *Nicholas Nickleby* ; when she is unhappy, reads *Nicholas Nickleby* ; when she is tired, reads *Nicholas Nickleby* ; when she is in bed, reads *Nicholas Nickleby* ; when she has nothing to do, reads  
15 *Nicholas Nickleby* ; when she has something to do, reads *Nicholas Nickleby* ; and when she has finished the book, reads *Nicholas Nickleby* over again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said, " I like Mr. Dickens's books much better than your  
20 books, papa " ; and frequently expressed her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can ? Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way ; lucky is he who has such a charming gift  
25 of nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him.

## LYRIC OF ACTION

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE (1830-1886), an American poet, belonged to a cultured family of Charleston, South Carolina. After his father's death he became the ward of his uncle, Robert Y. Hayne, the opponent of Daniel Webster in the celebrated debate that will always be one of the glories of America. After his graduation at Charleston College he turned with longing to a literary life, a longing that he thus expressed :

Yet would I rather in the outward state  
Of Song's immortal temple lay me down,  
A beggar basking by that radiant gate,  
Than bend beneath the haughtiest empire's crown. 10

The outbreak of the Civil War rudely interrupted his growing fame as a poet. He promptly volunteered for service, and was assigned to duty on the staff of Governor Pickens. Ill health, however, soon forced his retirement from the field. 15

The war brought many disasters upon Hayne. His friends were killed or scattered; his home, including a large library, was burned; and his ample fortune was swept away. Without murmuring and without resentment, he retired to the pines, built near Augusta, Georgia, a modest home, and there slowly achieved an enduring fame. 20

'T is the part of a coward to brood

O'er the past that is withered and dead :

What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?

What though the heart's music be fled? 25

Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,

Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul,

"Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth  
Are a burden too heavy to bear,  
What hope can rebloom on the desolate waste  
Of a jealous and craven despair?  
5 Down, down with the fetters of fear!  
In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise,  
With the faith that illumines and the will that defies.

"*Too late!*" through God's infinite world,  
From his throne to life's nethermost fires,  
10 "*Too late!*" is a phantom that flies at the dawn  
Of the soul that repents and aspires.  
If pure thou hast made thy desires,  
There's no height the strong wings of immortals  
may gain  
15 Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive for  
in vain.

Then, up to the contest with fate,  
Unbound by the past, which is dead!  
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?  
20 What though the heart's music be fled?  
Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead;  
And sublime as the seraph who rules in the sun  
Beams the promise of joy when the conflict is won!

## THE HEBREW RACE

## ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE

ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE (1830-1894), an American statesman, was born in Buncombe County, North Carolina. He was educated at Washington College, Tennessee, and at the University of North Carolina. Even as a college boy he was distinguished for wit, common sense, tact, and good-fellowship. 5

In 1852 he was admitted to the bar, and two years later was elected to the state legislature. In 1857 he was sent to Congress. In May, 1861, North Carolina having seceded, he entered the Confederate army with the rank of captain. In August of the same year he was promoted to be colonel of his regiment. 10

In 1862 he was called from the field to serve his people as governor. Through the trying days of civil war his administration was able and popular. At the close of the war he was imprisoned for two months in the old Capitol Prison in Washington.

In 1870 Vance, after having practiced law for a year or two, 15 was elected to the United States Senate, but was not permitted to take his seat. In 1876 he was a third time elected governor. Before his term of office was out he was elected to the Senate, and served his state in that body until his death. 20

The Jew is beyond doubt the most remarkable man of the world, past or present. Of all the stories of the sons of men, there is none so wild, so wonderful, so full of extreme mutation, so replete with suffering and horror, so abounding in extraordinary providences, so overflowing with scenic romance. There is no man who approaches him in the extent and character of the influence



which he has exercised over the human family. His history is the history of our civilization and progress in this world, and our faith and hope in that which is to come. From him have we derived  
5 the form and pattern of all that is excellent in earth or in heaven.

He was the priest and faith-giver to mankind, and as such, in spite of the jibe and jeer, he must ever be considered as occupying a peculiar and  
10 sacred relation to all other peoples of the world. Even now, though the Jews have long since ceased to exist as a consolidated nation inhabiting a common country, and for eighteen hundred years have been scattered far and near over the wide earth,  
15 their strange customs, their distinct features, personal peculiarities, and their scattered unity make them still a wonder and an astonishment.

Time would not permit me, if I had the power, to describe the chief city of the Jews, their religious and political capital—"Jerusalem the Holy,"  
20 "the dwelling of peace." In the days of Jewish prosperity it was in all things a fair type of this strange country and people. Enthroned upon the hills of Judah, overflowing with riches,—the free-  
25 will offerings of a devoted people,—decked with the barbaric splendor of Eastern taste, it was the

rival in power and wondrous beauty of the most magnificent cities of antiquity. Nearly every one of her competitors has moldered into dust. The bat and the owl inhabit their towers, and the fox litters her young in the corridors of their palaces, 5 but Jerusalem still sits in solitary grandeur upon the lonely hills, and though faded, feeble, and ruinous, still towers in moral splendor above all the spires and domes and pinnacles ever erected by human hands.

Abridged. 10

**mutation:** change. — **replete:** full.



## LOVE OF HOME

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

The man who kindles the fire on the hearthstone of an honest and righteous home burns the best incense to liberty. He does not love mankind less who loves his neighbor most.

- 5 The germ of the best patriotism is in the love that a man has for the home he inhabits, for the soil he tills, for the trees that give him shade, and the hills that stand in his pathway. I teach my son to love Georgia, — to love the soil that he stands  
10 on, — the broad acres that hold her substance, the dimpling valleys in which her beauty rests, the forests that sing her songs of lullaby and of praise, and the brooks that run with her rippling laughter. The love of home — deep-rooted and abid-  
15 ing — that blurs the eyes of the dying soldier with the vision of an old homestead amid green fields and clustering trees, that follows the busy man through the clamoring world, persistent though put aside, and at last draws his tired feet from  
20 the highway and leads him through shady lanes and well-remembered paths until, amid the scenes of his boyhood, he gathers up the broken threads

of his life and owns the soil of his conqueror, — this, lodged in the heart of the citizen, is the saving principle of our government. We note the barracks of our standing army with its rolling drum and its fluttering flag as points of strength and 5 protection. But the citizen standing in the doorway of his home, contented on his threshold, his family gathered about his hearthstone, while the evening of a well-spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest, — he shall save the Republic when the drum tap is futile and the barracks 10 are exhausted.

This love shall not be pent up or provincial. The home should be consecrated to humanity, and from its roof-tree should fly the flag of the Re- 15 public. Every simple fruit gathered there, every sacrifice endured, and every victory won should bring better joy and inspiration in the knowledge that it will deepen the glory of our Republic and widen the harvest of humanity. Be not like the 20 peasant of France who hates the Paris he cannot comprehend, but emulate the example of your fathers in the South, who, holding to the sovereignty of the states, yet gave to the Republic its chief glory of statesmanship, and under Jackson 25 at New Orleans, and Taylor and Scott in Mexico,

saved it twice from the storm of war. Inherit without fear or shame the principle of local self-government by which your fathers stood. For though entangled with an institution foreign to  
5 this soil, which, thank God, not planted by their hands, is now swept away, that principle holds the imperishable truth that shall yet save this Republic.

Exalt the citizen. As the state is the unit of the government, he is the unit of the state. Teach  
10 him that his home is his castle, and his sovereignty rests beneath his hat. Make him self-respecting, self-reliant, and responsible. Let him lean on the state for nothing that his own arm can do, and on the government for nothing that his state can do.  
15 Let him cultivate independence to the point of sacrifice, and learn that humble things with unbartered liberty are better than splendors bought with its price. Let him neither surrender his individuality to government nor merge it with the mob. Let  
20 him stand upright and fearless, a freeman born of freemen, sturdy in his own strength, dowering his family in the sweat of his brow, loving to his state, loyal to his Republic, earnest in his allegiance wherever it rests, but building his altar  
25 in the midst of his household gods and shrining in his own heart the uttermost temple of its liberty.

## THE SOLDIER'S FANCY

THOMAS DIXON, JR.

THOMAS DIXON, JR. (1864— ), an American novelist, was born in Shelby, North Carolina. After his college course at Wake Forest College he studied law, and was elected to the North Carolina legislature, but resigned his seat to enter the Baptist ministry. He held pastorates in Raleigh, Boston, and New York City. 5

In recent years he has made his home at Dixondale, Virginia, and devoted his time largely to writing fiction. Among his latest books are *The Leopard's Spots*, *One Woman*, *The Clansman*.

Elsie Stoneman took her seat beside the cot of the wounded Confederate and began softly to sing 10 and play.

A little farther along the same row a soldier was dying, a faint choking just audible in his throat. An attendant sat beside him and would not leave till the last. The ordinary chat and hum 15 of the ward went on, indifferent to peace, victory, life, or death. Before the finality of the hospital all other events of earth fade. Some were playing cards or checkers, some laughing and joking, and others reading. 20

At the first soft note from the singer the games ceased and the reader put down his book.

The banjo had come to Washington with the negroes following the wake of the army. Elsie

had laid aside her guitar and learned to play all the stirring camp songs of the South. Her voice was low, soothing, and tender. It held every silent listener in a spell.

- 5 As she played and sang the songs the wounded man loved, her eyes lingered in pity on his sun-bronzed face, pinched and drawn with fever. He



- was sleeping the stupid sleep that gives no rest. She could count the irregular pounding of his heart  
10 in the throb of the big vein on his neck. His lips were dry and burned, and the little boyish mustache curled upward from the row of white teeth, as if scorched by the fiery breath.

He began to talk in flighty sentences, and she listened. His mother — his sister —

At length he opened his eyes, — great, dark brown eyes, unnaturally bright, with a yearning look in their depths as they rested on Elsie. He tried to smile and feebly said, “There’s — a — fly — on — my — left — ear — my — guns — can’t — somehow — reach — him — won’t — you —” 5

She sprang forward and brushed the fly away.

Again he opened his eyes. 10

“Excuse — me — for — asking, — but am I alive?”

“Yes, indeed,” was the cheerful answer.

“Well, now, then, is this me, or is it not me, or has a cannon shot me?” 15

“It’s you. The cannon did n’t shoot you, but three muskets did. Now you must be good and not talk.”

“I’ll be good if you won’t leave me —”

Elsie turned her head away smiling, and he went 20 on slowly: “But I’m dead, I know. I’m sleeping on a cot with a canopy over it. I am not hungry any more, and an angel has been hovering over me playing on a harp of gold.”

“Only a little Yankee girl playing the banjo.” 25

“Can’t fool me; I’m in heaven.”



"You're in the hospital."

"Funny hospital. Look at that harp and Gabriel's big trumpet hanging close by it."

"No," she laughed. "This is the Patent Office  
5 building that covers two blocks, now a temporary hospital. There are seventy thousand wounded soldiers in town, and more coming on every train. The thirty-five hospitals are overcrowded."

He closed his eyes a moment in silence, and then  
10 spoke with a tremor. "I'm afraid you don't know who I am—I can't impose on you—I'm a rebel—"

"Yes, I know. You are Colonel Ben Cameron. It makes no difference to me now which side you fought on."

15 "Well, I'm in heaven — been dead a long time. I can prove it, if you'll play again."

"What shall I play?"

"First, *O Johnny Booker, help dis Nigger.*"

She played and sang it beautifully.

20 "Now, *Wake up in the Morning.*"

Again he listened with wide, staring eyes that saw nothing except visions within.

"Now, then, *The Old Gray Hoss.*"

As the last notes died away he tried once more  
25 to smile at her. "One more — *Hard Times an Wuss er Comin.*"

With deft, sure touch and soft negro dialect she sang it through.

"Now, did n't I tell you that you could n't fool me? No Yankee girl could play and sing those songs. I'm in heaven, and you're an angel." 5

"Are n't you ashamed of yourself to be paying compliments with one foot in the grave?"

"That's the time to get on good terms with the angels; but I'm dead —"

Elsie laughed in spite of herself. 10

"I know it," he went on, "because you have shining golden hair and amber eyes instead of blue ones. I never in my life before saw a girl with such eyes and hair."

"But you're young yet." 15

"Never — was — such — a — girl — on — earth — you're — an —"

She lifted her finger in warning, and his eyelids drooped in exhausted stupor.

"You must n't talk any more," she whispered, 20 shaking her head.

A commotion at the door caused Elsie to turn from the cot. A sweet, motherly woman of fifty, in an old, faded, black dress, was pleading with the guard to be allowed to pass. 25

"Can't do it, ma'am. It's against the rules."

"But I must go in. I've tramped for four days through a wilderness of hospitals, and I know he must be here."

"Special orders, ma'am; wounded rebels in here  
5 that belong in prison."

"Very well, young man," said the pleading voice.  
"My baby boy's in this place, wounded and about to die. I'm going in there. You can shoot me if you like, or you can turn your head the other way."

10 She stepped quickly past the soldier, who merely stared with dim eyes out the door and saw nothing.

She stood for a moment with a look of helpless bewilderment.

Against the walls were ponderous glass cases  
15 filled with models of every kind of invention the genius of man had dreamed. Between these cases were deep lateral openings, eight feet wide, crowded with the sick, and long rows of them were stretched through the center of the hall. A gallery ran  
20 around above the cases, and this was filled with cots. The clatter of the feet of passing surgeons and nurses over the marble floor added to the weird impression.

Elsie saw the look of helpless appeal in the  
25 mother's face and hurried forward to meet her.

"Is this Mrs. Cameron of South Carolina?"

The trembling figure grasped her hand eagerly. "Yes, yes, my dear; and I'm looking for my boy, who is wounded unto death. Can you help me?"

"I thought I recognized you from a miniature I've seen," she answered softly. "I'll lead you 5 direct to his cot."

In a moment she was beside him, and Elsie walked away to the open window, through which came the chirp of sparrows from the lilac bushes in full bloom below. 10

The mother threw one look of infinite tenderness on the drawn face, and her hands suddenly clasped in prayer: "I thank Thee, Lord, for this hour. Thou hast heard the cry of my soul and led my feet." 15

She gently knelt, kissed the hot lips, smoothed the dark, tangled hair back from his forehead, and her hand rested over his eyes.

A faint flush tinged his face.

"It's you, mamma — I — know — you — that's 20 your — hand — or — else — it's — God's."

She slipped her arms about him.

"My hero! my darling! my baby!"

"I'll get well now, mamma,— never fear."

## THE WISDOM OF GOVERNOR SANCHE PANZA

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES (1547-1616), the great Spanish poet and novelist, the author of *Don Quixote*, was a contemporary of Shakespeare and Spenser. Although fond of poetry when he was young, he was so attracted by a stirring life that he went to  
5 Rome as page to a cardinal. He later became a soldier and took a valiant part in the battle of Lepanto. This engagement resulted in a glorious victory for Spain over the Turks. Cervantes was captured by the Moors some time later, and confined in prison for five years. After extraordinary suffering, borne, according  
15 to an eyewitness, with remarkable fortitude, he was ransomed by his mother and sisters, aided by some generous Christian merchants of Algiers.

The loss of an arm at the battle of Lepanto rendered Cervantes unfit for an active life, and he turned to writing plays. He made,  
15 however, a bare living, until in his fortieth year he published *Don Quixote*. This almost incomparable romance made him the literary hero of his nation, and he soon became wealthy. He died on the same day that Shakespeare died, —April 23, 1616.

A certain strong man of former time fought stoutly at  
20 Lepanto; worked stoutly as Algerine slave; stoutly delivered himself from such working; with stout cheerfulness endured famine and nakedness and the world's ingratitude; and, sitting in jail, with one arm left him, wrote our joyfulest and all but deepest book and named it *Don Quixote*. — THOMAS CARLYLE.

25 NOTE. Sancho Panza is a simple country fellow, possessed of considerable shrewdness and good sense. To amuse a certain duke, Sancho is made to believe that he has been appointed governor of an island, and his behavior wins much admiration.

Sancho, with all his attendants, came to a town that had a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the best where the duke had any power. As soon as he came to the gates (for it was walled) the chief officers and inhabitants, in their formalities, came 5 out to receive him, the bells rang, and all the people gave general demonstration of their joy.

The new governor was then carried in mighty pomp to the great church, to give Heaven thanks; and after some ridiculous ceremonies they delivered 10 him the keys of the gates and received him as perpetual governor of the island of Barataria. In the meantime the garb, the port, the huge beard, and the short and thick shape of the new governor made every one who knew nothing of the jest won- 15 der; and even those who were privy to the plot, who were many, were not a little surprised.

In short, from the church they carried him to the court of justice, where, when they had placed him in his seat, "My Lord Governor," said the 20 duke's steward to him, "it is an ancient custom here, that he who takes possession of this famous island must answer to some difficult and intricate question that is propounded to him; and, by the return he makes, the people feel the pulse of his 25 understanding and, by an estimate of his abilities,

judge whether they ought to rejoice or to be sorry for his coming."

All the while the steward was speaking Sancho was staring at an inscription in large characters on  
5 the wall over against his seat; and, as he could not read, he asked what was the meaning of that which he saw painted there upon the wall.

"Sir," said they, "it is an account of the day when your lordship took possession of this island;  
10 and the inscription runs thus: 'This day, being such a day of this month, in such a year, the Lord Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, which may he long enjoy.'"

"And who is he," asked Sancho, "whom they  
15 call Don Sancho Panza?"

"Your lordship," answered the steward; "for we know of no other Panza in this island but yourself, who now sit in this chair."

"Well, friend," said Sancho, "pray take notice  
20 that Don does not belong to me, nor was it borne by any of my family before me. Plain Sancho Panza is my name; my father was called Sancho, my grandfather Sancho, and all of us have been Panzas, without any Don or Donna added to our  
25 name. Now do I already guess your Dons are as thick as stones in this island. But it is enough





that Heaven knows my meaning ; if my government happens to last but four days to an end, it shall go hard but I will clear the island of those swarms of Dons that must needs be as troublesome  
5 as so many flesh flies. Come, now, for your question, good Mr. Steward, and I will answer it as well as I can, whether the town be sorry or pleased."

At the same instant two men came into the court, the one dressed like a country fellow, the  
10 other looking like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand.

"If it please you, my lord," cried the tailor, "I and this farmer here are come before your Worship. This honest man came to my shop yesterday, for, saving your presence, I am a tailor and,  
15 Heaven be praised, free of my company ; so, my lord, he showed me a piece of cloth. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'is there enough of this to make a cap?'

Whereupon I measured the stuff and answered  
20 him, 'Yes,' if it like your Worship. Now, as I imagined, do you see, he could not but imagine (and perhaps he imagined right enough) that I had a mind to cabbage some of his cloth, judging hard of us honest tailors. 'Prithee,' quoth he, 'look  
25 there be not enough for two caps.' Now I smelt him out and told him there was. Whereupon the

old knave (if it like your Worship), going on to the same tune, bade me look again, and see whether it would not make three; and at last, if it would not make five. I was resolved to humor my customer, and said it might; so we struck a bargain. 5 Just now the man is come for his caps, which I gave him, but when I asked him for my money he will have me give him his cloth again, or pay him for it."

"Is this true, honest man?" said Sancho Panza 10 to the farmer.

"Yes, if it please you," answered the fellow; "but pray let him show the five caps he has made me."

"With all my heart," cried the tailor; and with 15 that, pulling his hand from under his cloak, he held up five little tiny caps, hanging upon his four fingers and thumb, as upon so many pins.

"There," quoth he, "you see the five caps this good gaffer asks for; and may I never whip a stitch 20 more if I have wronged him of the least snip of his cloth, and let any workman be judge."

The sight of the caps and the oddness of the cause set the whole court a-laughing. Only Sancho sat gravely considering awhile, and then, "Me- 25 thinks," said he, "this suit here needs not be long

depending, but may be decided without any more  
ado, with a great deal of equity ; and therefore the  
judgment of the court is that the tailor shall lose  
his making, and the countryman his cloth, and that  
5 the caps be given to the poor prisoners, and so let  
there be an end of the business."

If this sentence provoked the laughter of the  
whole court, the next no less raised their admira-  
tion. For after the governor's order was executed  
10 two old men appeared before him, one of them  
with a large cane in his hand, which he used as a  
staff. "My lord," said the other, who had none,  
"some time ago I lent this man ten gold crowns  
to do him a kindness, which money he was to repay  
15 me on demand. I did not ask him for it again in  
a good while, lest it should prove a greater incon-  
venience to him to repay me than he labored under  
when he borrowed it. However, perceiving that he  
took no care to pay me, I have asked him for my  
20 due ; nay, I have been forced to dun him hard for  
it. But still he did not only refuse to pay me again  
but denied he owed me anything, and said that if  
I lent him so much money he certainly returned  
it. Now, because I have no witness of the loan,  
25 nor he of the pretended payment, I beseech your  
lordship to put him to his oath, and if he will

swear he has paid me I will freely forgive him before God and the world."

"What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?" asked Sancho.

"Sir," answered the old man, "I own he lent me 5 the gold; and since he requires my oath, I beg you will be pleased to hold down your rod of justice, that I may swear upon it how I have honestly and truly returned him his money."

Thereupon the governor held down his rod, and 10 in the meantime the defendant gave his cane to the plaintiff to hold, as if it hindered him, while he was to make a cross and swear over the judge's rod. This done, he declared that it was true the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had 15 really returned him the same sum into his own hands; and that because he supposed the plaintiff had forgotten it, he was continually asking him for it.

The great governor, hearing this, asked the cred- 20 itor what he had to reply. He made answer that since his adversary had sworn it he was satisfied; for he believed him to be a better Christian than offer to forswear himself, and that perhaps he had forgotten he had been repaid. Then the defend- 25 ant took his cane again, and, having made a low

obaisance to the judge, was immediately leaving the court; which, when Sancho perceived, reflecting on the passage of the cane, and admiring the creditor's patience, after he had studied awhile  
5 with his head leaning over his stomach and his forefingers on his nose, on a sudden he ordered the old man with the staff to be called back.

When he was returned Sancho said to him, "Honest man, let me see that cane a little; I  
10 have a use for it."

"With all my heart," answered the other. "Sir, here it is." And with that he gave it to him.

Sancho took it, and, giving it to the other old man, "There," said he, "go your ways, and Heaven  
15 be with you, for now you are fully paid."

"How so, my lord?" cried the old man. "Do you judge this cane to be worth ten gold crowns?"

"Certainly," said the governor, "or else I am the greatest dunce in the world. And now you shall  
20 see whether I have not a headpiece fit to govern a whole kingdom upon a shift."

This said, he ordered the cane to be broken in open court, which was no sooner done than out dropped the ten crowns. All the spectators were  
25 amazed, and began to look on their governor as a second Solomon. They asked him how he knew

that the ten crowns were in the cane. He told them that having observed how the defendant gave it to the plaintiff to hold while he took his oath, and then swore he had truly returned the money into his own hands, after which he took his cane again from the plaintiff, this considered, it came into his head that the money was lodged within the reed; from whence may be learned that though sometimes those that govern are destitute of sense, yet it often pleases God to direct them in their judgment. Besides, he had heard the curate of his parish tell of such another business, and he had so special a memory that, were it not that he was so unlucky as to forget all he had a mind to remember, there could not have been a better in the whole island. At last the two old men went away, the one to his satisfaction, the other with eternal shame and disgrace; and the beholders were astonished; insomuch that the person who was commissioned to register Sancho's words and actions, and observe his behavior, was not able to determine whether he should not give him the character of a wise man, instead of that of a fool, which he had been thought to deserve.

**gaffer**: an old fellow. — **special**: remarkable.

## OPPORTUNITY

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND (1836- ) was born at Lyons, New York, but after her marriage made New Orleans her home. Both in a social and in a literary way she has identified herself with her new home.

- 5 To every life there comes a time supreme ;  
    One day, one night, one morning, or one noon,  
    One freighted hour, one moment opportune,  
    One rift through which sublime fulfillments  
        gleam ;
- 10 One time when fate goes tiding with the stream,  
    One Once in balance 'twixt Too Late, Too Soon,  
    And ready for the passing instant's boon  
    That shall in favor tip the wavering beam.
- Ah ! happy he who, knowing how to wait,  
15     Knows also how to watch and how to stand  
    On life's broad deck alert, and at the prow,  
To seize the happy moment big with fate  
    From Opportunity's extended hand  
    When the great clock of Destiny strikes Now !

## HUBERT AND PRINCE ARTHUR

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616), usually classed as the greatest of English poets, was born in the little town of Stratford on the Avon River. Owing to his father's loss of fortune, young Shakespeare received little school training, but early went to work. At eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, a woman nearly eight 5 years older than himself. A few years after his marriage he went to London alone and friendless; six years later he was receiving the applause of the gifted and the noble. To the trades of actor and writer of plays he added those of manager of a theater. Saving money like a tradesman, he bought his old home 10 at Stratford, where his family continued to live, invested his capital, and watched his financial interests with zealous care. He seems to have been rather indifferent to his literary fame, for he never collected nor edited his plays.

A few years before his death he retired from business, returned 15 to Stratford, and lived in comfort among his old neighbors. "The latter part of his life," says Rowe, "was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends."

In an age adorned by such men as Sidney, Raleigh, Spenser, 20 Marlowe, Jonson, Bacon, Beaumont, and Fletcher, Shakespeare easily outstripped them all. His plays are the richest legacy that man has ever left to man.

The works of Shakespeare are miracles of art. — LORD MA-  
CAULAY. 25

Shakespeare is of no age. He speaks a language that thrills in our blood in spite of the separation of two hundred years. —  
JOHN WILSON.

He was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient, poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul. — JOHN 30  
DRYDEN.



*Enter HUBERT and two Attendants*

HUB. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou  
stand

Within the arras: when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
5 And bind the boy which you shall find with me  
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

FIRST ATTEN. I hope your warrant will bear  
out the deed.

HUB. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look  
10 to 't. *[Exeunt Attendants]*

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter ARTHUR*

ARTH. Good morrow, Hubert.

HUB. Good morrow, little prince.

ARTH. As little prince, having so great a title  
15 To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

HUB. Indeed, I have been merrier.

ARTH. Mercy on me!

Methinks no body should be sad but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
20 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,  
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,  
I should be as merry as the day is long;

And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My uncle practices more harm to me :

He is afraid of me and I of him :

Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?

No, indeed, is't not ; and I would to heaven 5

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

HUB. [*Aside*] If I talk to him, with his innocent  
prate

He will awake my mercy which lies dead :

Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch. 10

ARTH. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale  
to-day :

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,

That I might sit all night and watch with you :

I warrant I love you more than you do me. 15

HUB. [*Aside*] His words do take possession of  
my bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper*]

[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum !

Turning spiteous torture out of door ! 20

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.

Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?

ARTH. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ? 25

HUB. Young boy, I must.

ARTH. And will you ?

HUB. And I will.

ARTH. Have you the heart ? When your head  
did but ache,

5 I knit my handkerchief about your brows,  
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,  
And I did never ask it you again ;  
And with my hand at midnight held your head,  
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
10 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,  
Saying, "What lack you ?" and, "Where lies your  
grief ?"

Or, "What good love may I perform for you ?"  
Many a poor man's son would have lain still  
15 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;  
But you at your sick service had a prince.  
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love  
And call it cunning : do, an if you will :  
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,  
20 Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes ?  
These eyes that never did nor never shall  
So much as frown on you.

HUB. I have sworn to do it ;  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

25 ARTH. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it !  
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears  
And quench his fiery indignation  
Even in the matter of mine innocence;  
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eye. 5  
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?  
An if an angel should have come to me  
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but  
Hubert's. 10  
HUB. Come forth. [Stamps

*Reënter Attendants, with a cord, irons, etc.*

Do as I bid you do.

ARTH. O save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes  
are out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men. 15

HUB. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him  
here.

ARTH. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-  
rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still. 20  
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!  
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,  
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;  
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angrily :  
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
Whatever torment you do put me to.

HUB. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

5 FIRST ATTEN. I am best pleased to be from  
such a deed. *[Exeunt Attendants]*

ARTH. Alas, I then have chid away my friend !  
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :

Let him come back, that his compassion may  
10 Give life to yours.

HUB. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

ARTH. Is there no remedy ?

HUB. None, but to lose your eyes.

ARTH. O heaven, that there were but a mote in  
15 yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense !

Then feeling what small things are boisterous  
there,

20 Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

HUB. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your  
tongue.

ARTH. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of  
tongues

25 Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :

Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert ;

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes : O, spare mine eyes,  
Though to no use, but still to look on you !  
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold  
And would not harm me.

5

HUB. I can heat it, boy.

ARTH. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with  
grief,

Being create for comfort, to be used  
In undeserved extremes : see else yourself ;  
There is no malice in this burning coal ;  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out  
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

10

HUB. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTH. And if you do, you will but make it  
blush

20

And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.  
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes ;  
And like a dog that is compelled to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.  
All things that you should use to do me wrong  
Deny their office : only you do lack  
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

HUB. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine  
eyes

25

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :  
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

ARTH. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this  
5 while  
You were disguised.

HUB. Peace ; no more. Adieu.  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead ;  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports :  
10 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

ARTH. O heaven ! I thank you, Hubert.

HUB. Silence ; no more : go closely in with me :  
15 Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt*

arras : a screen of cloth. — prate : prattle. — rheum : tears. —  
chid : scolded. — tarre : urge, set on.







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